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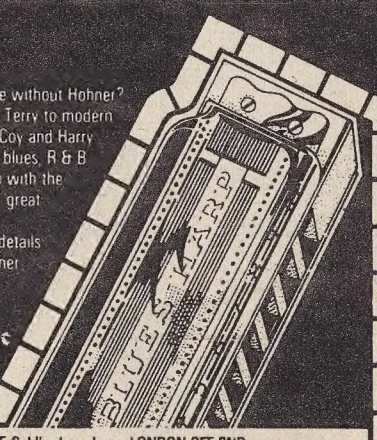

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending July 10, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	SKWEEZE ME, PLEEZE ME	Slade (Polydor)
2	2	WELCOME HOME	Peters & Lee (Philips)
9	3	LIFE ON MARS	David Bowie (RCA)
3	4	RUBBER BULLETS	10 c.c. (UK)
6	5	BORN TO BE WITH YOU	Dave Edmunds (Rockpile)
4	6	ALBATROSS	Fleetwood Mac (CBS)
10	7	LIVE AND LET DIE	Wings (Apply)
11	8	TAKE ME TO THE MARDI GRAS	Paul Simon (CBS)
5	9	SNOOPY VERSUS THE RED BARON	Hot Shots (Mooncrest)
8	10	GIVE ME LOVE (GIVE ME PEACE ON EARTH)	George Harrison (Apple)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending July 10, 1968

Last this Week	This Week		
1	1	BABY COME BACK	Equals (President)
3	2	SON OF HICKORY HOLLER'S TRAMP	O. C. Smith (CBS)
5	3	I PRETEND	Des O'Connor (Columbia)
2	4	JUMPIN' JACK FLASH	Rolling Stones (Decca)
10	5	YESTERDAY'S GONE	Cupid's Inspiration (Nems)
11	6	YUMMY YUMMY YUMMY	Ohio Express (Pye)
6	7	HURDY GURDY MAN	Donovan (Pye)
9	8	LOVIN' THINGS	Marmalade (CBS)
4	9	BLUE EYES	Don Partridge (Columbia)
8	10	MY NAME IS JACK	Manfred Mann (Fontana)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending July 12, 1963

Last This Week	This Week		
3	1	I'M CONFESSIN'	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
1	2	I LIKE IT	Gerry & the Pacemakers (Columbia)
13	3	DEVIL IN DISGUISE	Elvis Presley (RCA)
2	4	ATLANTIS	Shadows (Columbia)
24	5	SWEETS FOR MY SWEET	Searchers (Pye)
5	6	TAKE THESE CHAINS FROM MY HEART	Ray Charles (HMV)
17	7	WELCOME TO MY WORLD	Jim Reeves (RCA)
6	8	DECK OF CARDS	Wink Martindale (London)
4	8	IF YOU GOTTA MAKE A FOOL OF SOMEBODY	Freddie & the Dreamers (Columbia)
10	10	DA DOO RON RON	Crystals (London)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending July 15, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Highest position	Weeks in chart
1	(1)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	8	1
2	(2)	SMURF SONG	Father Abraham (Decca)	5	2
3	(4)	AIRPORT	Motors (Virgin)	5	3
4	(8)	DANCING IN THE CITY	Marshall Hain (Harvest)	5	4
5	(5)	MAN WITH THE CHILD IN HIS EYES	Kate Bush (EMI)	5	5
6	(7)	LIKE CLOCKWORK	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	4	6
7	(13)	A LITTLE BIT OF SOAP	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	3	7
8	(3)	MISS YOU	Rolling Stones (EMI)	6	2
9	(6)	ANNIE'S SONG	James Galway (Red Seal)	8	4
10	(28)	THE BIGGEST BLOW	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	2	10
11	(16)	BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE	Taste Of Honey (Capitol)	3	11
12	(23)	SUBSTITUTE	Clout (Carrere)	3	12
13	(14)	USE TA BE MY GIRL	O'Jays (Warner Bros)	4	13
14	(10)	MIND BLOWING DECISIONS	Heatwave (GTO)	5	10
15	(9)	MAKING UP AGAIN	Goldie (Bronze)	6	7
16	(15)	ARGENTINE MELODY	San Jose (MCA)	3	15
17	(30)	WILD WEST HERO	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	3	17
18	(18)	DON'T FEAR THE REAPER	Blue Oyster Cult (CBS)	6	18
19	(—)	COME ON DANCE DANCE	Saturday Night Band (CBS)	2	19
20	(21)	FROM EAST TO WEST	Voyage (GTO/Hansa)	3	20
21	(11)	RIVERS OF BABYLON	Boney M (Atlantic)	12	1
22	(—)	MANY TOO MANY	Genesis (Charisma)	1	22
23	(12)	DAVY'S ON THE ROAD AGAIN	Manfred Mann's Earth Band (Bronze)	7	6
24	(26)	RUN FOR HOME	Lindisfarne (Mercury)	2	24
25	(20)	(WHITE MAN) IN HAMMERSMITH PALAIS	Clash (CBS)	2	20
26	(17)	OH CAROL	Smokie (Rak)	8	5
27	(—)	SHAME	Evelyn "Champagne" King (RCA)	2	27
28	(—)	CARRY ON WAYWARD SON	Kansas (Kirshner)	1	28
29	(—)	FOREVER AUTUMN	Justin Hayward (CBS)	1	29
30	(—)	STAY	Jackson Browne (Asylum)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

BOOTZILLA — Bootsy's Rubber Band (Warner Bros); 5-7-0-5 — City Boy (Vertigo); YOU AND I — Rick James (Motown). PRODIGAL SON — Steele Pulse (Island).

ALBUMS

Week ending July 15, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Highest position	Weeks in chart
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various (RSO)	12	1
2	(5)	STREET LEGAL	Bob Dylan (CBS)	3	5
3	(3)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones (EMI)	5	3
4	(2)	LIVE & DANGEROUS	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	6	2
5	(4)	OCTAVE	Moody Blues (Threshold)	5	4
6	(7)	KICK INSIDE	Kate Bush (EMI)	19	1
7	(6)	ABBA THE ALBUM	Abba (Epic)	25	1
8	(15)	TONIC FOR THE TROOPS	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	2	8
9	(—)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Hollies (EMI)	1	9
10	(8)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES	Ian Dury (Stiff)	24	5
11	(26)	WAR OF THE WORLDS	Various (World Records)	12	11
12	(12)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE	Genesis (Charisma)	15	2
13	(10)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf (Epic)	17	6
14	(—)	GREASE	Original Soundtrack (RSO)	1	14
15	(9)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	13	4
16	(17)	PASTICHE	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	20	7
14	(10)	THE STUD	Soundtrack (Ronco)	13	2
18	(21)	PETER GABRIEL	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	4	13
19	(11)	BLACK & WHITE	Stranglers (United Artists)	8	1
20	(—)	ROCK RULES	Various (K-Tel)	1	20
21	(16)	I KNOW 'COS I WAS THERE	Max Boyce (EMI)	7	14
22	(23)	REAL LIFE	Magazine (Virgin)	3	22
23	(—)	GOODBYE GIRL	David Gates (Electra)	1	23
24	(—)	BACK & FOURTH	Lindisfarne (Mercury)	1	24
25	(19)	DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	4	14
26	(—)	YOU'RE GONNA GET IT	Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers (Island)	1	26
27	(—)	LENA MARTELL COLLECTION	Lena Martell (Ronco)	3	21
28	(—)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Nat King Cole (Capitol)	15	1
29	(13)	POWER IN THE DARKNESS	Tom Robinson Band (EMI)	8	6
30	(19)	DAVID GILMOUR	David Gilmour (Harvest)	5	19

BUBBLING UNDER

THE WORLD'S WORST RECORD — Various (K-Tel); DIRE STRAITS — Dire Straits (Vertigo); HARDER THAN THE REST — Culture (Virgin); LOVE ME AGAIN — Rita Coolidge (A & M).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending July 15, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(2)	BAKER STREET	Gerry Rafferty
2	(1)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb
3	(4)	MISS YOU	Rolling Stones
4	(7)	STILL THE SAME	Bob Seger
5	(6)	USA TA BE MY GIRL	The O'Jays
6	(3)	IT'S A HEARTACHE	Bonnie Tyler
7	(5)	TAKE A CHANCE ON ME	Abba
8	(13)	LAST DANCE	Donna Summer
9	(9)	YOU BELONG TO ME	Carly Simon
10	(10)	THE GROOVE LINE	Heatwave
11	(12)	BLUER THAN BLUE	Michael Johnson
12	(16)	GREASE	Frankie Valli
13	(8)	DANCE WITH ME	Peter Brown
14	(18)	THREE TIMES A LADY	Commodores
15	(11)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	Olivia Newton-John/John Travolta
16	(14)	TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD	Meat Loaf
17	(21)	LOVE WILL FIND A WAY	Pablo Cruise
18	(22)	RUNAWAY	Jefferson Starship
19	(19)	I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN	Eruption
20	(28)	LIFE'S BEEN GOOD	Joe Walsh
21	(26)	COPACABANA (AT THE COPA)	Barry Manilow
22	(23)	FOLLOW YOU FOLLOW ME	Genesis
23	(27)	MY ANGEL BABY	Toby Beau
24	(24)	WONDERFUL TONIGHT	Eric Clapton
25	(25)	ONLY THE GOOD DIE YOUNG	Billy Joel
26	(30)	MAGNET AND STEELE	Walter Egan
27	(—)	KING TUT	Steve Martin
28	(—)	FM (NO STATIC AT ALL)	Steely Dan
29	(—)	I'M NOT GONNA LET IT BOTHER ME TONIGHT	Atlanta Rhythm Section
30	(—)	HOT BLOODED	Foreigner

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending July 15th, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(5)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones
2	(2)	CITY TO CITY	Gerry Rafferty
3	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees & Various Artists
4	(9)	GREASE	Various Artists
5	(6)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb
6	(3)	NATURAL HIGH	Commodores
7	(4)	STRANGER IN TOWN	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
8	(8)	DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN	Bruce Springsteen
9	(7)	FEELS SO GOOD	Chuck Mangione
10	(13)	BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS	Joe Walsh
11	(10)	THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY	Various Artists
12	(17)	SONGBIRD	Barbra Streisand
13	(12)	LONDON TOWN	Wings
14	(15)	EARTH	Jefferson Starship
15	(14)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
16	(—)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner
17	(18)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow
18	(11)	BOYS IN THE TREES	Carly Simon
19	(19)	SO FULL OF LOVE	The O'Jays
20	(20)	IT'S A HEARTACHE	Bonnie Tyler
21	(—)	OCTAVE	Moody Blues
22	(23)	ABBA THE ALBUM	Abba
23	(16)	FM	Various Artists
24	(25)	DOUBLE PLATINUM	Kiss
25	(21)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
26	(—)	WORLDS AWAY	Pablo
27	(28)	AJA	Steely Dan
28	(22)	CENTRAL HEATING	Heatwave
29	(—)	YOU'RE GONNA GET IT	Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers
30	(—)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS DESK

The Stranglers' HUGH CORNWELL

STRANGLERS ANONYMOUS!

THE STRANGLERS may have to "do a Sex Pistols" by appearing under assumed names in smaller clubs, if they are ever to perform in London. This would have the dual effect of restricting audience numbers at low-capacity venues, and thwarting any GLC attempt to ban them — as their true identity would not be revealed until they went onstage. And they are now seriously considering this possibility, in the light of their continued bad relations with the GLC.

Attempts earlier this year to play either Alexandra Palace or the Queen's Park Rangers football ground were blocked by the council, and they've also been rejected by several leading venues in Inner London. Strangely, though, their latest project has been quashed not by the council, but by the promoter refusing to take a chance on what the official reaction might be!

As exclusively reported by NME, the band want to play a free gig in Hyde Park on a Saturday in August. But Virgin, who have the sole concession to rock events in the park, turned down The Stranglers on the grounds of the authorities' attitude to the band — though Virgin are going ahead with their own plans to stage a show there. Which leaves The Stranglers with their only possible approach to London gigs — anonimity.

Maggie picks all-star band

MAGGIE BELL has lined up an all-star band to back her in her comeback concert at London's Royal Festival Hall this Sunday. It comprises two former Deep Purple members in Jon Lord (keyboards) and Ian Paice (drums), Roxy Music stalwart Andy Mackay on sax, Crawler's current lead guitarist Geoff Whitehorn, and well-known bassist Paul Martinez.

It's expected that other noted musicians will join Maggie on stage at the Festival Hall, though this would be a spontaneous gesture, depending upon who is present at the concert.

After the London show, Maggie goes into the studios to start work on a new album — with Lord, Paice, Mackay and Martinez joining her for the sessions. But another lead guitarist will have to be found, as Whitehorn is unavailable.

There are plans for Maggie to undertake a full nationwide concert tour to tie in with the album's release in the autumn. But it's not yet clear if she would retain basically the same band, or would form another outfit for touring purposes.

— but Linda cancels Festival Hall show

LINDA LEWIS has been forced to cancel her concert at London Royal Festival Hall next Tuesday (18), after being rushed to hospital last week for an emergency operation. The gig was to have been one of the series of "Capital Summer" shows at the RFH which, besides Maggie Bell's comeback on Sunday, also includes the first stage presentation of Andrew Lloyd Webber's "Variations" (Saturday) and the Chieftains (Monday).

After returning from a holiday in Spain, Linda complained of severe stomach pains and — following an explanatory examination at Reigate Hospital — was rushed to the Royal Free Hospital in Hampstead where she underwent surgery. She expects to be discharged this week, but must then convalesce for two weeks. Her two warm-up gigs at Swindon (this Saturday) and Poole (Sunday) are, of course, also cancelled.

NEW CONFRONTATION LOOMS AT WINDSOR

Free Festival back in the Great Park

THE WINDSOR FREE FESTIVAL is back on again this year, at its original site in Windsor Great Park — despite official condemnation of the event. The plan is to stage it for three days over August Bank Holiday, from Saturday to Monday inclusive (26-28), and already nearly 20 bands have been confirmed — with more being added daily.

The last time it was held at Windsor was in 1974, when it was summarily broken up by the police, and organiser William Dwyer was charged with inciting a public nuisance. Dwyer feels that a gross injustice occurred then, and hopes the authorities will display moe humanity and goodwill this time.

He has already served notice of intent on the Crown Estate Commissioners, and they have replied saying that he has already caused a lot of trouble, and they couldn't consider any form of co-operation in another festival.

But when NME asked Dwyer if the event will definitely go ahead, come what may, he said: "We shall have plenty of problems, there's no doubt about that. But the decision is made, and you can tell your readers that the festival is on." Currently working in Dublin, where he's setting up the Phoenix Park Free Festival, Dwyer leaves for London on August 9 to complete Windsor arrangements.

The success of the festival — or indeed, whether or not it's allowed to get off the ground — depends almost entirely upon the actions of the Thames Valley Police. After the 1974 debacle, they came in for some heavy criticism for their tactics, and may not wish to seek another confrontation.

When asked what their policy would be this time a spokesman for the force sa "whey "would have to seek ions'uctions" — which presumably puts the onus back on the Crown Estate Commissioners.

So the stage is set for a three-day event on the Cavalry Exercise Field at Windsor — with bands, poets, musicians, dance and theatre groups, discos, light shows, adventure playgrounds, food stalls, the lot! It remains to be seen if the powers - that - be allow it to proceed unhampered.

Meanwhile, the organisers invite anyone interested in participating — bands, artists, light shows and general helpers — to write to them. The address is The Commune, BM-Cicrle, London WC1V 6XX.

● The Dublin Phoenix Park Festival (August 5-7) already has over 70 acts lined up. It will be the second year the event has been staged there. In 1977, the Commissioners for Public Works flatly refused to allow it to take place, but it still went ahead. This year the Commissioners have already given permission for a one-day event, and the organisers are meeting with them this week, in the hope of extending their approval to cover the full three days.

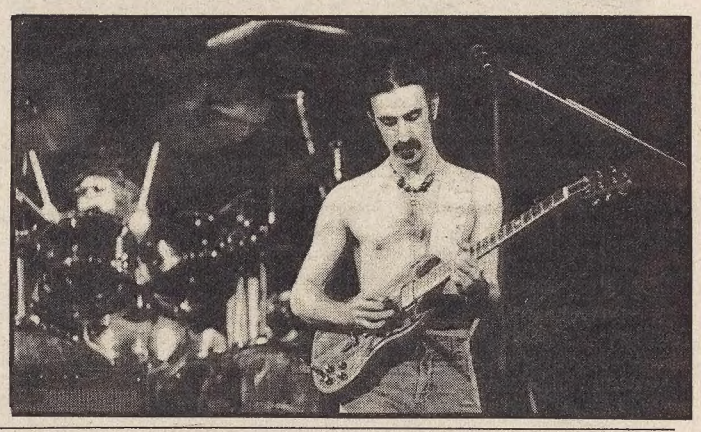
ZAPPA, GABRIEL IN KNEBWORTH No. 2?

IT NOW SEEMS virtually certain that there will be a second open-air concert at Knebworth this summer, and it's understood that it will take place on Saturday, September 9. And as NME closed for press, it was learned that the likely headliners are Frank Zappa and Peter Gabriel.

Promoter Frederick Bannister is away in Europe and was unavailable for comment, but he recently told NME: "We have the stage already set up, so we might as well make use of it, providing we can find suitable acts."

It's known that he has cast his net far and wide in an attempt to find big-name billtoppers, and seems now — if the Zappa and Gabriel report is confirmed — to have settled on two acts with whom he has a close working relationship.

An estimated 100,000 people, undeterred by poor weather, attended the June 24 Knebworth concert starring Genesis and Jefferson Starship. And a similar crowd could be expected for Knebworth II, which will probably be the last big outdoor gig of the summer.



SHAM SLAM UNCLE SAM

SHAM 69 should have been appearing at New York's renowned CBGBs this week, as part of their debut visit to the States. But in fact, they're still stuck in London and unable to go to America, because the U.S. authorities have refused to grant lead singer Jimmy Pursey an entry visa. Reason for the ban is that he's been convicted of a criminal offence within the past 12 months.

The offence in question took place last September, when the band were playing on the roof of the Vortex Club in London's Wardour Street, and police stopped them because they were allegedly causing a disturbance. Pursey was charged with resisting arrest, and was fined £500 after pleading guilty — which he did, he says, because he didn't want to disrupt the band's gig schedule.

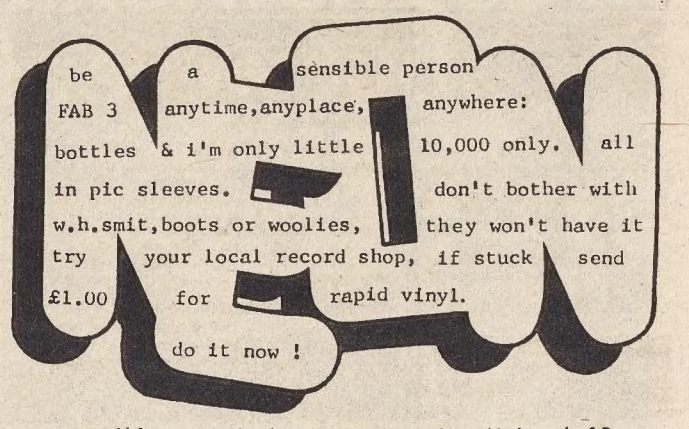
Pursey told NME: "I'm choked for the rest of the band. We wanted to go there for the experience. But if that's going to be their attitude, sod 'em — we've got plenty to do here at home." Sham are now concentrating on their new album, while plans are being made for them to go to the States in the autumn, after the 12-month period has elapsed.

999 London benefits

999 headline a string of three benefit concerts in London at the end of this month. Currently on tour in Europe with The Stranglers, they return to play Kensington Nashville on July 27, 28 and 29, in aid of One Parent Families. Admission is £1, and tickets will be available on the door — or they can be obtained in advance from Box No.9, c/o Albion Music, 147 Oxford Street, London W1 (enclose s.a.e.). The band have also been working with producer Martin Rushent on their second album, for autumn release. Meanwhile their new single "Feeling All Right With The Crew" is issued by United Artists on August 18.

Pre-Christmas Wembley event

NME UNDERSTANDS that a week-long festival of top rock acts is to be staged at the giant Wembley Arena, formerly the Empire Pool in the late autumn. One of Britain's top promoters has booked the venue from Monday, November 27, to Saturday, December 2, inclusive — and the idea is that there will be a completely different bill on each of the six nights. No details are yet available, but it's expected that the series will feature major American as well as British acts.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PASH MUSIC STORES, 5 ELGIN CRESCENT, LONDON W11

Shadows tour all September

THE SHADOWS go back on the road in September, headlining a major 22-date tour, climaxing at London's Royal Albert Hall.

It will tie in with the release of their new EMI album, now almost completed but still untitled, following the success of their "40 Golden Greats" set — which was among the Top Ten album sellers of 1977. Retaining the same line-up as on their previous concerts last autumn — Hank Marvin, Bruce Welch, Brian Bennett and two session men — they play:

Southend Cliffs Pavilion (September 1 and 2), Croydon Fairfield Hall (3 and 4), Newcastle City Hall (7), Wakefield Theatre Club (8 and 9), Leicester De Montford Hall (10), Bristol Colston Hall (11), Southampton Gaumont (13), Manchester Apollo (15), Derby Assembly Rooms (16), Blackpool ABC (17), Southport New Theatre (18), Halifax Civic Theatre (19), Coventry Theatre (22), Birmingham Odeon (23), Nottingham Commodore Suite (24), Oxford] New Theatre (25), Brighton Dome (29), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (October 1) and London Royal Albert Hall (2).

Apollo reprieve?

GLASGOW'S Apollo Centre may yet be saved as a concert venue! Although the city council granted permission for the venue to be converted into a bingo hall, the Mecca Organisation — who were expected to purchase it for that purpose — now seem to be having second thoughts about the desirability of doing so. And the Apollo's owners are now considering offers from other would-be purchasers.

Scottish promoters Capital City Entertainments are interested in buying it and retaining it in its present form. And with this in view, they are planning to stage a series of benefit shows to help raise funds. Sham 69, The Rich Kids and White Cats are among bands who have already offered their services, and any other acts willing to help should contact Mike Finch on 041 332 3198.

Finch, of the promotion company, told NME: "We're quite confident that we can save the Apollo, specially as the owners are keen on helping us."

ANDREW GOLD AUTUMN VISIT

ANDREW GOLD — who had a smash hit a couple of months ago with his single "Never Let Her Slip Away", reaching No. 2 in the NME Chart — returns to Britain in the autumn to headline a string of major concerts, as part of a full European tour. He's being brought in by promoter Barry Dickins of International Talent.

The exact period of his visit is still being finalised, depending upon whether European gigs precede or follow his British dates. But it seems likely that Gold will be here fairly early in the autumn, and that his itinerary will include at least one show at a leading London venue.

● Dickins, who also promotes Linda Ronstadt in Britain, denied reports that she is playing a London concert on September 7. These stemmed from a ticket agency advertising a gig by Linda at Hammersmith Odeon on that date, though they have since admitted it was a mistake. Said Dickins: "I can assure you Linda won't be coming here until next year".

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RECORD NEWS

Radio snubs Pistols disc

THE SEX PISTOLS and Ronald Biggs' new single is not meeting with much joy, in terms of airtime. The BBC, while refusing to admit they've actually banned it, are nevertheless not playing it — a spokesman explaining that "none of our disc-jockeys like it and don't want to play it, so an official ruling is irrelevant." London's Capitol Radio are choosing to ignore it because "Biggs glorifies evil", and they add they they don't think it's a good record anyway! Radio Luxembourg, who say they weren't sent a copy and had to go out and buy one, are playing it — but only in their punk show at 7.30 pm on Sundays.

● North Wales five-piece **Hieronymus Bosch** have their debut single out on the independent Aerco label, operating out of 27 Chobham Road, Woking, Surrey. The self-penned titles are "Rockin' Rachmaninov" and "Plaster Of Paris".

● A national sales and distribution service has been set up, specially to boost the marketing of the hundreds of smaller independent labels now operating. There's a telephone sales service, plus a sales force visiting up to 2,000 outlets nationally each month. The company is called **Spartan Records** and is based at 3 Sevenex Parade, London Road, Wembley, Middlesex HA9 7HQ. (Telephone 01 903 2611).

● Singer-composer **Tommy Roe,** who enjoyed a string of chart hits in the '60s, has signed with Warner Brothers' affiliated Curb Records label. He's already started work on an album of self-penned songs for his new outlet.

● The new **Johnny G.** single "Hippys Graveyard" is released this weekend by Beggars Banquet, and people attending Dylan's Blackbushe Airport concert on Saturday are invited to watch the sky for further details!

● **Tavares** have a new single titled "Slow Train To Paradise", taken from their album "Future Bound," released by Capitol tomorrow (Friday). Out the same day on the EMI label is "Gotta Move On" by **Pussyfoot.**

● **Pete Shelley** of The Buzzcocks plays guitar on three tracks on **John Cooper Clarke's** debut album, currently being recorded for autumn release by United Artists.

● **Paul Jabara,** star of the movie "Thank God It's Friday", is in London to promote his new single "Trapped In The Stairway". It's being rushed out by Casablanca, and is taken from the film soundtrack album.

● **The Dooleys'** latest single, out on the GTO label this weekend, is "A Rose Has To Die". It's taken from their recently released debut album "Dooleys".

● Magnet Records have signed **Braun,** a four-piece band who write all their own material, to a five-year deal. Their debut single is due next month.

● **The Skunks,** a four-piece from Brixton in South London, have their debut single "The Good From The Bad" now on release. It's on Eel Pie Records, a new label formed by Pete Townshend, whose eight-track machine they used to record it.

● **Steve Bloomfield,** lead guitarist with rockabilly band Matchbox, has recorded his first solo album in Amsterdam. It's a totally solo project in which he plays lead and steel guitars, bass, harmonica, mandolin and percussion, as well as singing. Release is planned for late August on the Rockhouse label.

● Following the success of the **Moody Blues'** comeback album "Octave", Decca are rush-releasing a single from the LP this weekend. Top side is the John Lodge composition "Steppin' In A Slide Zone," coupled with Graeme Edge's "I'll Be Level With You".

● **Melanie,** with more than 20 million worldwide LP sales to her credit, has been signed by RCA who release her new album "Phonogenic Not Just Another Pretty Face" in September. The label has also re-captured **Paul Anka,** who was with RCA for a spell in the early '60s, and his LP "Listen To Your Heart" is another September issue.

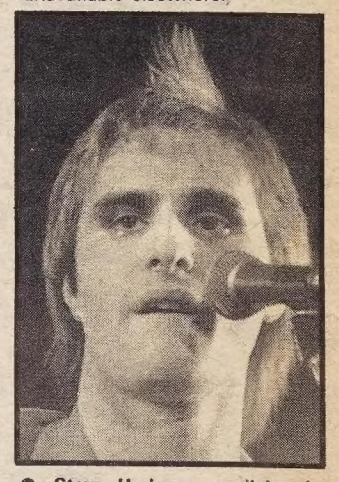
● Beggars Banquet reissue **The Lurkers'** first single, "Shadow" /"Love Story", this weekend. It was also the label's very first release. The limited edition comprises 1,000 copies pressed in blue!

● Polydor singles out on July 21 include "Tonight" by **Ringo Starr** and "Sign Of The Times" by **Bryan Ferry.** And **Nina Simone** has "Baltimore" on the affiliated CTS label.

● Coinciding with his Blackbushe concert this weekend, CBS issue a **Bob Dylan** single culled from his current album. Titles are "Baby Stop Crying" and "New Pony".

● New rock band **Mystery Train** debut on Raw Records this month with the single "The Sun Story", detailing the success of the Sun label, Elvis Presley's original outlet. B-side is "Tribute To Gene Vincent", and the initial pressing is in ten-inch form. Also from Raw this month is a 12-inch reissue of "Withdrawal" by **The Unwanted.**

● **Brooklyn band The Shirts,** currently touring Britain, have their first single issued by Harvest this weekend. Top side is "Tell Me Your Plans" taken from their recently released album "The Shirts", but the B-side "Cyrinda" is unavailable elsewhere.



● **Steve Harley,** now living in America, has his first solo album released by EMI this weekend — titled "Hobo With A Grin", it was self-produced. Issued simultaneously is a single taken from the LP, "Roll The Dice".

'People Unite' — upcoming bands in co-operative

PEOPLE UNITE is a new record label that's being run as a musicians co-operative. It's intended to overcome the "restriction of freedom" allegedly encountered by bands signing long-term deals with major companies. It's planned that all the acts involved in the new project will work together for each other on equal terms, with the stronger bands helping the weaker. Misty, the roots reggae band, head the list of acts on the label — along with new-wave outfits The Ruts and Milk, reggae band The Enchanters and soloist Bongo Danny. All concerned will each have a single and album out by the end of the year.

FRAMPTON BULLETIN — MAKING PROGRESS

PETER FRAMPTON is now out of intensive care after his recent car crash, and the latest bulletin from New York says he's making satisfactory progress. It now transpires that he sustained five broken ribs, not three as previously thought — plus a fractured right arm, three cracked ribs and a head wound. His parents have flown from Beckenham to join him in New York, where he's expected to remain in hospital until the end of next week. The world premiere of his film "Sgt. Pepper" has been put back to July 24 in the hope that he will be able to attend, though it's still doubtful if this will be possible. But his plans for a world tour, due to start in the autumn and to include Britain, are unlikely to be affected — unless there are unforeseen complications.

Wilko plans big autumn schedule

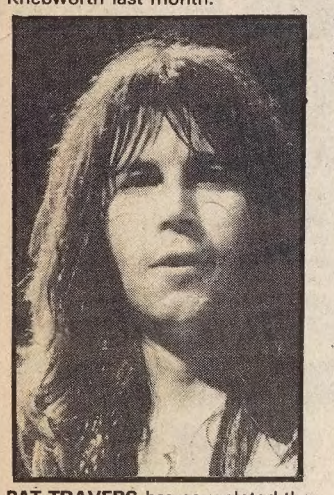
WILKO JOHNSON's Solid Senders are being lined up for a massive British and European tour in the autumn, to tie in with the release by Virgin of their first album, currently nearing completion at The Manor. They'll be headlining upwards of 30 dates around this country, as well as visiting all Continental territories where the album is available — and that's virtually the whole of Western Europe! As previously reported, they're playing a few gigs early next month "to keep their hand in" — and these are at Exeter Routes (August 7), Penzance Garden (8), Plymouth Woods (9), London Marquee (10 and 11) and Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (12).

NAMES IN THE NEWS

BILLY CONNOLLY has signed for his most unlikely role to date. He's playing the jailer in a production of the Johann Strauss opera "Die Fledermaus", to be staged at Glasgow Theatre Royal during the Christmas and New Year period.

STEVE WINWOOD joins forces with Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames for the first (and possibly last) time ever, in a gig at Cheltenham Pavilion Club next Wednesday (19) starting at 8pm. Tickets are £2.50 on the doors.

ATLANTA Rhythm Section (sorry we inadvertently called them the Atlantic RS last week) are now being lined up for a full British concert tour in the autumn, following their successful appearance at Knebworth last month.



PAT TRAVERS has completed the line-up of his new band, retaining Mars Cowling and bringing in Tommy Aldridge (ex-Black Oak) and Pat Thrall (ex-Automatic Man). Currently recording a new LP in Florida, they'll be back in Britain shortly.

ROY BROWN, the R&B singer who headlined a concert at the New London Theatre in February, returns to play a one-off date at London Oxford St. 100 Club on August 6 to promote his new LP "Cheapest Price In Town" on Faith Records.

ERIC'S, Liverpool's leading club venue, is expanding into Manchester. It's taking over the Russell Club and, under the name of The Factory, is presenting Friday gigs there to part-compensate for the closure of the city's Rafters. First confirmed are Culture (July 21) and Suicide (28).

THE CIMARONS play a remembrance concert for the late Marcus Mosiah Garvey — the man behind the Back To Africa movement in America during the '20s — at Liverpool University's Mountford Hall on July 22, to raise money for a Garvey memorial.

HERE AND NOW play a free gig under London's Westway, outside Ceres Bakery (nearest tube Latimer Road), on July 20 from 6 to 9pm. There will be a collection to help pay the £500 fine imposed on the band for playing an outdoor gig in Gravesend.

THE MOODY BLUES, currently on a promotional visit to Europe, return to record three songs for inclusion in Thames TV's new series "The Kenny Everett Video Show". It's expected that details of their return to the concert platform will be announced shortly.

MAC CURTIS, the U.S. rockabilly star, headlines an all-day Bank Holiday rock special at London Southgate Royalty on Monday, August 28. Also set for the event (noon to midnight) are Crazy Cavan, Flying Saucers, Matchbox and Shades.

U.K., the band formed earlier this year by a consortium of well-known musicians (Bill Bruford, Eddie Jobson, John Wetton, Alan Holdsworth), are being lined up for a string of selected British and European concerts in September, following their current triumphant debut U.S. tour.

TAJ MAHAL will not now be visiting Britain after taking part in Switzerland's Montreux Jazz Festival this month. Negotiations for him to play some dates here have now fallen through, apparently on financial grounds.

CHARLIE, now a six-piece with the addition of second drummer Shep Lonsdale, are back in Britain after four months of touring the States with the Kinks, the Doobies and Alice Cooper. They're working on a new album, with gigs to follow soon.

DAVE LEWIS Band have scrapped all July gigs, as they've shot off to America to record a new album in Miami's Criteria Studios, for October release by Polydor. All cancelled dates will be re-set when they go back on the road in mid-August.

JENNY DARREN has new gigs at Tonypandy Naval Club (July 22), Retford Porterhouse)28), St. Albans City Hall (29), Newport The Village (August 11), Dudley J.B.'s (12) and Middlesbrough Loftus Club (13). A major autumn tour is being lined up to coincide with the release of her new DJM album.

MATCHBOX extend their current tour with gigs at Wallington St. Helier's Arms (July 19), London Willesden White Horse (August 4), Bournemouth St. Stephen's Hall (9). London Southgate Royalty (10), Portslade Town Hall (12), Paisley Disco Harry's (13), Newcastle La Dolce Vita (14—16) and South Shields Tavern (17—19).

JESSY DIXON, the U.S. gospel singer already set for London Rainbow on September 2 and several other dates, has added Birmingham Odeon on September 9 to his itinerary. Two more shows have still to be confirmed.

ALAN FREEMAN leaves the BBC this autumn after 20 years of disc-jockeying, first with the Light Programme, then on Radio 1. Apart from an extended visit to America to survey the scene there, he has not revealed his plans for the future.

MOTORS JOIN READING BILL

THE MOTORS, still riding high in the charts with their current single "Airport", are the latest addition to the line-up for this year's Reading Festival. They'll be appearing on the second day — Saturday, August 26 — playing immediately before headliners Status Quo, and following Spirit and Lindisfarne.

Their booking comes after NME's exclusive revelation last week that the Boomtown Rats will not be appearing on the Saturday, despite being announced for the bill. Commented Nick Garvey of The Motors: "At last we'll have a chance to show the world how unlike Quo we really are!"

The band will also be playing a special one-off gig at London Marquee on August 25 as a warm-up for the festival. As reported last week, they're doing a 12-date tour during the second half of this month, for which the final venue has now been confirmed — it's at Devizes Corn Exchange on July 28. They begin a three-week holiday on August 1, returning for the Marquee and Reading.

The first 25,000 copies of their new single "Forget About You", for release by Virgin on July 29, will be 12-inchers pressed in red vinyl — with three new Motors songs on the B-side. It then reverts to conventional seven-inch, with just one track on the B-side.

PERMANENT FESTIVAL SITE DRAWS NEARER

PLANS FOR A permanent festival site, approved by the Government, received a boost with the news that the former U.S. air base at Greenham Common won't be reactivated after all! The Americans wanted to use the Berkshire field as a base for 15 of their giant tanker aircraft, but local residents protested, and suggested that it might instead be used as an offical festival site.

Trouble is that some locals wants to welsh on the idea, now they realise the base isn't becoming operative again. But a Department of the Environment spokesman commented: "They can't have it both ways. They put up the idea and we now have it on file. Whether or not Greenham Common will be used for this purpose remains to be seen. Certainly the option is open to us."

The tanker base has now been switched to RAF Fairford in Gloucestershire, near the home of Mike Oldfield. And he is now considering selling his house and moving abroad, because the continual noise of the big Boeing KC-135 planes would make it impossible for him to work there.

Jack Jones sets autumn concets

JACK JONES headlines a week at the London Palldium (October 16-21), as part of a nationwide tour he's undertaking that month. Provincial concerts are at Paignton Festival Theatre (October 3), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (4). Portsmouth Guildhall (5), Coventry Theatre (7). Oxford New (8), Croydon Fairfield Hall (9), Sheffield Fiesta Club (1), Middlesbrough Town Hall (12), Liverpool Empire (13), Bristol Colston Hall (14), Wakefield Theatre Club (23), Preston Guildhall (24), Bridlington Spa Hall (25), Derby Assembly Rooms (26), Manchester Apollo (28) and Slough Fulcrum Centre (29).

Merger net big date with Dylan

MERGER, the London-based reggae band, are a late addition to the Bob Dylan open-air concert at Blackbushe Airport this Saturday. Full details of the event are in the Gig guide on page 45.

● The Smirks, John Cooper Clarke and The Fall join Graham Parker & The Rumour in the first of three Anti-Nazi concerts at Manchester Alexandra Park tonight (Thursday) starting at 5.30pm. As previously reported, tomorrow's show concentrates on local bands — while Saturday's concert, following the rally, features The Buzzcocks, Steel Pulse and China Street, among others.

Marquee double by Radio Stars

RADIO STARS, now confirmed for a Friday evening spot (August 25) at the Reading Festival, take a break from intensive recording sessions to play two nights at London Marquee on July 20 and 21. Support on the first gig is Deep Throat, and on the second night The Backbeats (a name which conceals the identity of a well-known new-wave band, as readers of last week's News Desk will know). There are no advance bookings, and tickets are only available on the door. Also newly set for the Marquee is Johnny Moped on Monday next, July 17.

Speakeasy's farewell gig on Saturday

ONE OF London West End's top clubs, the Speakeasy, closes for an indefinite period. This follows a recent drugs raid when several of the patrons were busted, and it seems the club owner has decided to shut up shop while he considers his position.

Wings: the new line-up

THE FIRST PICTURE OF THE Wings line-up, now back to full strength with the addition of the two newcomers — guitarist LAURENCE JUBER (extreme left) and drummer STEVE HOLLY (extreme right) — seen here flanking the nucleus of LINDA & PAUL McCARTNEY and DENNY LAINE. McCartney still hasn't officially committed himself to announcing Juber and Holly as permanent members of the band, but the fact that he's seen fit to issue pictures of them suggests that they're there to stay. All five are currently recording and rehearsing for their expected stage return.

Rubinoos play outdoor show

THE RUBINOOS pay a quick return visit to Britain at the end of the month after completing their commitments in Europe.

They're coming in specially to headline a concert at London Regent's Park Open-Air Theatre on Sunday, July 30. It's one of the series being presented in conjunction with Capitol Radio, who are recording it for subsequent broadcast, though previous concerts in the park this summer have featured folk acts.

● Supporting The Rubinoos in this gig are The Smirks who — after appearing in Manchester Alexander Park tonight (Thursday) — have newly confirmed gigs in their own right at High Wycombe Nags Head (July 20), Dudley J.B.'s (21), Manchester Middleton Civic Hall (22), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (23), Nottingham Sandpiper (24), Birmingham Barbarella's (25), Sheffield Limit Club (27) and Devizes Corn Exchange (29).

Ray Stevens in London shows; Temptations set

RAY STEVENS returns to Britain in the early autumn to play a pair of London concerts and two weeks in cabaret. He headlines two performances at the London Palladium on Sunday, September 24. followed by weeks at Manchester Golden Garter (from 25) and Birmingham Night Out (from October 2).

The visit has been set up by Jeffrey Kruger of the Ember Concert Division, who has also confirmed an autumn tour by The Temptations, for which dates and venues will be announced in a week or two. And Kruger has just flown to the States with a view to clinching British concert appearances by Earth Wind And Fire, Marvin Gaye, the Isley Brothers and Glen Campbell.

Joe English now with Sea Level

JOE ENGLISH, former Wings drummer who left the band last summer after two years, is now working on a temporary basis with Sea Level. He's sitting in for regular drummer Jai Johanny Johanson, who's taking a long rest following a back injury. Currently recording a new album with Sea Level in Macon, he'll be playing with the band at the Montreux Festival (July 23) and London Hammersmith Odeon (26). Meanwhile their new single "That's Your Secret" is released by Capricorn this weekend.

Presley: another concert tribute

ANOTHER stage tribute to the late Elvis Presley is about to be unveiled, this time by singer Heathcliffe. It debuts with two performances (5.30 and 8pm) at London's Royalty Theatre in Kingsway on Sunday, August 20, under the title of "Heathcliffe: A Tribute To Elvis". Promoted by John Martin for Derek Block Concerts, it's been five months in preparation. A full nationwide tour is being lined up to follow the London opening, making it the first major roadshow built around the Presley legend.

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NME 2

TOM WAITS: by NICK KENT

Pix: CHALKIE DAVIES

The gent pictured on the left has quit the organisation listed below, at least as far as *vocally* viewing life through the bottom of a glass is concerned. He also looks weird, wears winklepickers and probably has a bad liver.

THE BAD LIVER AND BROKEN HEART BRIGADE

THE GREAT AMERICAN writer as wreckless hard-core alcoholic has become as cliched a semi-truism as the one about every U.S. *Downbeat* subject being some smacked-out-monkey-on-the-back veteran, those omnipresent shades consistently hiding pin-point pupils and all that jazz.

Hey, and there's a whole jumbo-jotter's worth of names out there ready to pick up both ugly contentions, though it's the former that's up for the cursory check-out right now. It seems that whole legions of those combatants all out to pitch for the accolade of the great American novel have made no secret of their penchant for getting rumbustiously 'soaped up'.

It's reached the point where it's become a tradition within itself, with the big leaguers of the cirrhosis-rated 30s like Hemmingway and Hammett soaking it up in those earlier decades right through to the current crop of literary stalwarts, some like Charles Bukowski, a tad long in the tooth age-wise sure, but still very much one of yer hot contemporaries, almost turning his bad liver problem into the very lynch-pin for a gnarled perspective in numerous works. The old "bad liver and a broken heart" brigade, warts and all, are heroes to many, their lifestyles positively inspirational to a new breed to whom 'heroes', however anti-social the pitch, are as vital as the often-polluted air they breathe.

"It's important to have heroes, y'know. Real important," states Tom Waits. Actually "states" is hardly the correct word to use with regard to what issues forth from Waits' larynx.

"Growls" is a distinct improvement, though even that verb somehow fails to capture the sound issued forth from the parted lips of a man who sounds distinctly like some blighted casualty of cancer of the larynx and yet who, instead of using some balm to heal said-grievous condition, adamantly insists on torturing his vocal chords further by gargling periodically with an uneven ratio of vinegar and gravel.

But then Tom Waits, as anyone who's had agreeable cause to have direct dealings with the gent will verify, is very definitely a "character".

Dressed all in black on the occasion we met up (after all, as well as providing something of a ghoulish visual effect, it also saves on dry-cleaning bills), the vision of Waits' squat, undeniably "lived-in" exterior remains vividly locked in my memory bank, where it will undoubtedly stay up until the final second the Reaper makes his house-call.

Starting from the floor and working up, one acknowledged a pair of dagger-pointed Eye-talian winkle-pickers bearing the traces of a prior spit 'n' polish, tight black pants, the material frayed at the rump, black shirt and the shoulders and torso embellished by a most ornate style of 'mourning jacket' with distinct Puerto Rican . . . uh pizzazz(?) which looked like it had been slept in for at least 10 days on the trot (possibly to see if the fit was OK).

Topping this . . . uh . . . striking ensemble was a narrow-brimned slouch hat possibly stolen from a horse. And of course there was Waits' mug to behold — a face which, complete with a rather diseased-looking goatee and slit-eyes, possessed a general palour last sighted besmirching the wax ju-ju mask of a Screamin' Jay Hawkin's "mummy" doll.

Waits, along with the striking visual, is also known for his talent as a wit, spouting forth jewel upon jewel of sharp gut-splitting dialogue when the spirit (and 'spirits') are/is willing during interview sessions. This, after all, is the man who originated the classic one-liner (just one among many, mark you), "I'd rather have a bottle in front of me than a frontal lobotomy", which Ian Dury — or Stiff Records — consequently swiped for one of their "New Boots & Panties" ads some months back.

A regular whiz with the gags, Waits however is not feeling in primo, locquacious wise-cracking form for our rendezvous. Instead I'm confronted with a pensive, reserved type possibly suffering from a hang-over (though that's purely my supposition) who even refuses a cold beer, preferring the caffeine boost of Maxwell House.

Scarcely true to form, bethinks yours truly — for here, here is a man who I'd figured was right there in the vanguard of that new breed mentioned back in the opening gambit, who'd chosen to clutch the liquor-doused visions of his literary predecessors close to the breast, committing himself to utilize their sleazy bar-hopping exploits as the perfect life-style to follow through as earnestly and dramatically as any hell-bent young-blood could.

And though Waits just cuts short of fully confirming my contention, there were moments and almost theatrical little touches that led me to believe I wasn't far wrong.

■ *Continues over*

■ *From previous page*

ONE THING, though, remained patently clear through our little dialogue, and that was that Waits has most adamantly become the character he set out to portray. After his statement about the necessity of having heroes, he wryly turned with a distinct undertow of pride latched on to the self-effacingly casual nature of this additional comment — "Well, now I'm a hero to some people too, y'know".

"Oh, waitresses, truck-drivers, divorcees" — Waits casually tosses out the vocations of fans he's encountered with a wry gleam in his eye, almost as if it could just as easily be a put-on. But Tom Waits, arguably the only artists on Asylum Records who doesn't own a pair of cow-boy boots and *absolutely* their most uncompromising and fearsomely talented songwriter, does have his clique of supporters.

They've stuck with him for five albums, watching him grow from the stumble-bum quasi-folkie whose songs penned in that ilk on his debut album, "Closing Time", proved so 'promising' that even cowboy charlatans The Eagles recorded one ("Ole' 55"), through to the ornery jazzbo bar-fly trading the promise of the Golden Cowpie for the realities of low-rent 'mondorama' stiffed up with a maverick chaser of humanity.

Each subsequent album seemed more resiliently left-field — the hip dip into bop narrative while looking for "The Heart Of Saturday Night", the weird-beard dive jive coming deep from the heart of Swingland ("Nighthawks At The Diner"), through to the punch-drunk truisms of "Small Change" wherein Waits' seemingly religiously fervent reliance on his bar-fly image was, by this time, commencing to become worryingly maudlin and self-indulgent at times even if his muse was showing aces on at least five songs.

And then finally this year (or last year, if you're in the USA) came "Foreign Affairs", Waits' best album by a long shot — *and* with a vengeance.

Still a criminally underrated record, on it Waits seemed revitalized and, more to the point, he was treading new ground in at least one case — the stunning "Potter's Field" with its genius 50s B movie of the *Dragnet* genre soundtrack arrangement and the composer's chilling, rivetting narrative making for a literally stunning tour de force.

No more maudlin "Bad Liver And A Broken Heart" extrapolations. Waits instead had overhauled his muse.

Well OK then, so "Foreign Affairs" presents our Mr. Waits in blistering fettle. And yet, while virtually all Asylum 'artistes' can shit-kick their way around the US Hot 100, Waits can't even get one of his winklepickers into the chart. I wondered out loud just exactly how the Asylum corporate were dealing with the gentleman, as far as the latter could divine.

"We-e-ell, they ain't so bad, I guess. They don't really try and impose their ideas on how I should sound or how uncommercial I am. My manager's more into all that. Like he's always on at me to quit drinking, quit smoking, take a shave . . .

WAITS' MANAGER, by the way, is one Herb Cohen, whose afore-stated interests regarding his protege's career do tend to ring somewhat ironic when one considers that this is the same Herb Cohen who once managed Frank Zappa and The Mothers of Invention, Captain Beefheart and his Magic Band, Alice Cooper, Wild Man Fischer and that whole freak-show who showcased their brand of musical 'mondo bizarro' on the Zappa/Cohen-instigated Straight and Bizarre labels.

Waits himself, a Los Angelo born and bred, was discovered by Cohen in typically unorthodox circumstances.

"Yeah," he reminisces, non-plussedly recalling that very first encounter. "He came up to me by the phone booth at the Whisky a GoGo and asked if I could lend him ten bucks!"

At this point, Watts had a portfolio of songs and was performing them at the usual dives, heavily under the influence of Ray Charles vocalese, adding between toons pinch of low-grade Lenny Bruce banter for the audience. He found himself joining Cohen's weirdo clientele and was to strike up a friendship with another of Cohen's less bizarre talents, the late great Tim Buckley.

Buckley in fact recorded on of Waits' songs (the maudlin "Martha" from "Closing Time") on his last but one album, "Sefronia".

"Tim was a mother of a singer. I mean, he should have been doing things like 'My Funny Valentine' — things like that. His vocal range was phenomenal.

"And the sickest thing was that his death was just a stupid accident. The guy who gave him that smack was just a very good friend of his — I mean, you can't blame him (the friend) really, it wasn't his fault. It was just one dumb, sickening accident. The worst thing was that the guy (Buckley) still had so much to give. He'd hardly even begun."

Mention of drugs, albeit narcotics, reminds me of a quote attributed to Waits claiming that he more or less "slept through the 60s", thus missing out on flower-power, Woodstock, you name it.

Somewhat sceptic about this Rip Van Winkle stunt, I ask the question again, figuring that Waits' teenage years spent with his divorced father in L.A. must have drawn him, however fleetingly, in with the hippies and emerging drug culture of the era.

His reply is typically sly and off-hand.

"We-e-ell, I never messed around with any goof-balls, if that's what you mean."

Goof-balls?

Yeah, . . . oh you don't know . . . ha, beenies, y'know . . . benzedrine pills, "Keep ya up all night and then some."

Ah I see. Unlike Kerouac and Neal Casady, whose benzedrine-riddled adventures Waits totes around like composite volumes of the Bible. Waits in fact seems more enamoured of the great literary figures of America (his most excitedly stated boast is that he's a good friend of "Buck" — Charles Bukowski — than his nation's musicians, although he's more than partial to running down a list of hard-living jazz and r'n'b artists who've helped shape his own style of repertoire.

All of which conveniently leads us to the very nature of his stop-over trip to Blighty — for just one day. The trip was the result of both him and manager Cohen having been flown over to Paris for discussions with artist Guy Peelhaart — he of *Rock Dreams* fame — who wants Waits to do the text for his follow-up volume.

"Book's called *Vegas*" growls Waits. "It's like . . . Guy's tribute to all the great American heroes of the decade — everyone from Sinatra to Pearl Bailey . . . Joe De Maggio, George Raft . . . they're all in there and it just so happens that all the ones he's chosen had one thing in common and that was that they spent time in Las vegas. Thus the title. Las Vegas, see, is used as kind of a back-drop."

SOMEWHERE AROUND here, I set into a rap about his penchant for singing about being sleazily drunk and my contention that the condition seems a fully-founded malaise among innumerable American true-blues who've slowly let the bottle turn their once razor-edged perceptions into bloated, maudlin self-indulgence.

Waits seems unprepared or unwilling to deal with the subject at length, mumbling almost embarrassedly something in the realm of, "We-eell everybody's got some sort of 'Jones' y'know. If you look hard enough", before eventually capitulating and turning the dialogue into satire by jokingly asking whether I want him to lay down on the couch for a shot of psychiatry.

That tends to ice the subject until the composer of such grand paens to bar-fly pathos as "The Piano's Been Drinking (Not Me)", "Warm Beer And Cold Women" and "Bad Liver & A Broken Heart" resolutely reposts with a defiant:

"But I'll tell you one thing for sure. If I have to write one more song about booze and being drunk and all that, I'm going to throw up! Seriously! I've had enough of all that. It's all become played-out. There's changes due."

Meantimes, Waits has now reached a status in his Mother country whereby he can bill-top at good clubs and, in certain cities, decent-sized halls. His repertoire and 'twixt-numbers repartee is augmented by a trio of sax, standup bass and drums — all musicians hand picked from long-term excursions through the Manhattan red light jazz clubs. And as an added attraction, Waits makes sure his show is always . . . uh, fleshed out by the presence of a professional stripper just to keep that sleaze rating up and on the boil.

Concerning a possible outraged Women's Lib faction backlash, Waits just shrugs.

"Ah that's all just one big crock of crap. Man, do you know how much those girls get? Well, it's damn good pay.

"People who get 'morally offended' by all that are just . . . man, they should talk to some of those girls, check out just what goes into being a good stripper. It's not just taking yer clothes off, it's a goddam art to them. They take it seriously at that. Plus, that's what I happen to consider "real performing".

Talking of real performing leads Watts, somewhat whimsically at first, to relate the first time he really, really suffered from stage fright.

"Pretty recent, it was too. For some godforsaken reason, I'd been booked to perform at a Gay Liberation Benefit and it was a real . . . uh testy audience out there. The worst thing was, though, that I had to follow Richard Pryor (the renowned U.S. black comedian) who'd just completed his act by screaming "Kiss my rich black ass, you faggots" and storming off the stage.

"We-e-ell I was in something of a quandary at that particular point, but I went on anyway and started off with . . . well, for some reason I'd chosen to perform the old show tune *"Standing on the corner watching all the girls go by"*. Something sorta told me it might go down well!"

Suffice to say, Waits managed two more selections chain-smoking five Lucky Strikes in the process and darted off the podium to a mixture of bemusement and feisty antipathy from the audience.

The interview continues at an easy pace, taking a number of topics along in its path. Waits, for example, likes Elvis Costello, and Ian Dury and Graham Parker, thinks Patti Smith is "rock's answer to Phyllis Diller (for the uninitiated a U.S. comedienne known for her feisty manner and less than ravishing looks), and claims that he is moderately "Big in Japan — even though they obviously didn't understand a word I was singing when I toured there a month or so back."

Waits is also a walking guide to Los Angeles' sleaze-pits and run-down bars. In true form, his home is a room in the run-down Santa Monica hotel that also housed that other champ-een juicer, 'Jimbo' Morrison, during his years of fame and cirrhosis.

Finally the talk lands on the topic of exactly how Waits intends to change musically. Various suggestions are mulled over agreeably — a touch of hard-nosed rhythm'n'blues could spruce up a strong force field in Waits' gut-bucket jazzbo pitch, I suggest.

He nods thoughtfully and talks about a tentative shot at working with jazz funk pianist George Duke. He finds it hard to define the sound he's hearing for that next shot, but it's there and a September date has been slotted in tentatively by Asylum for this up an' comer's release.

I mention finally that Waits may be stifled for subject matter, having foresworn booze-songs back there, and the reply has all that classic blase, gravel-throated succinctness of the man at his most . . . uh locquacious.

"We-e-ell, when it comes to the other choices, all know at least one damn thing. I'll be choosing homicide over romance anyway!"

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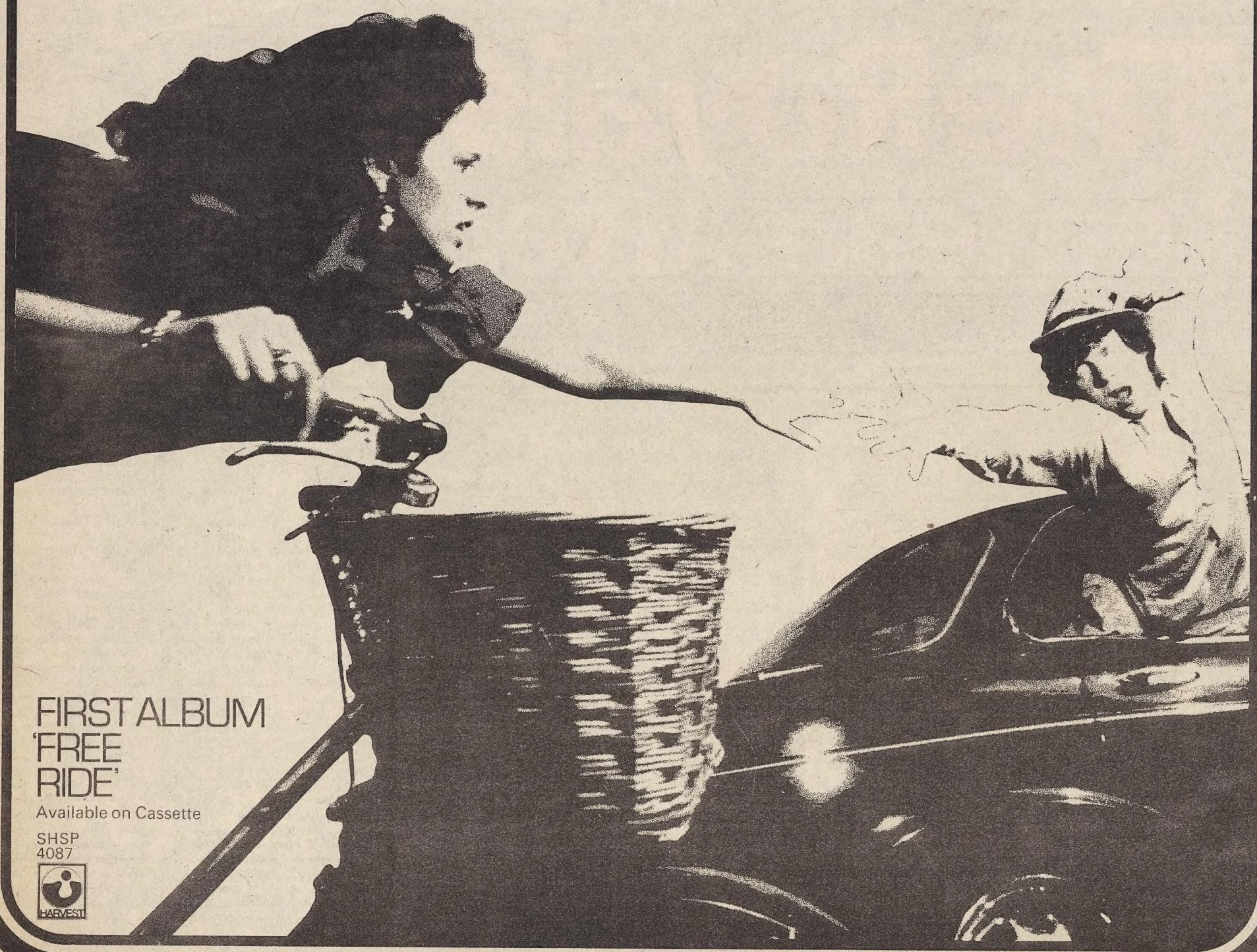

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Conceived, written, sung and produced by Roy Cousins in Kingston's Channel One Studio, this superb new offering can only consolidate The Royals' position as one of Jamaica's foremost vocal groups. As ever, Cousins proves himself one of the most lyrically perceptive and vital writers in reggae today. UAS 30189

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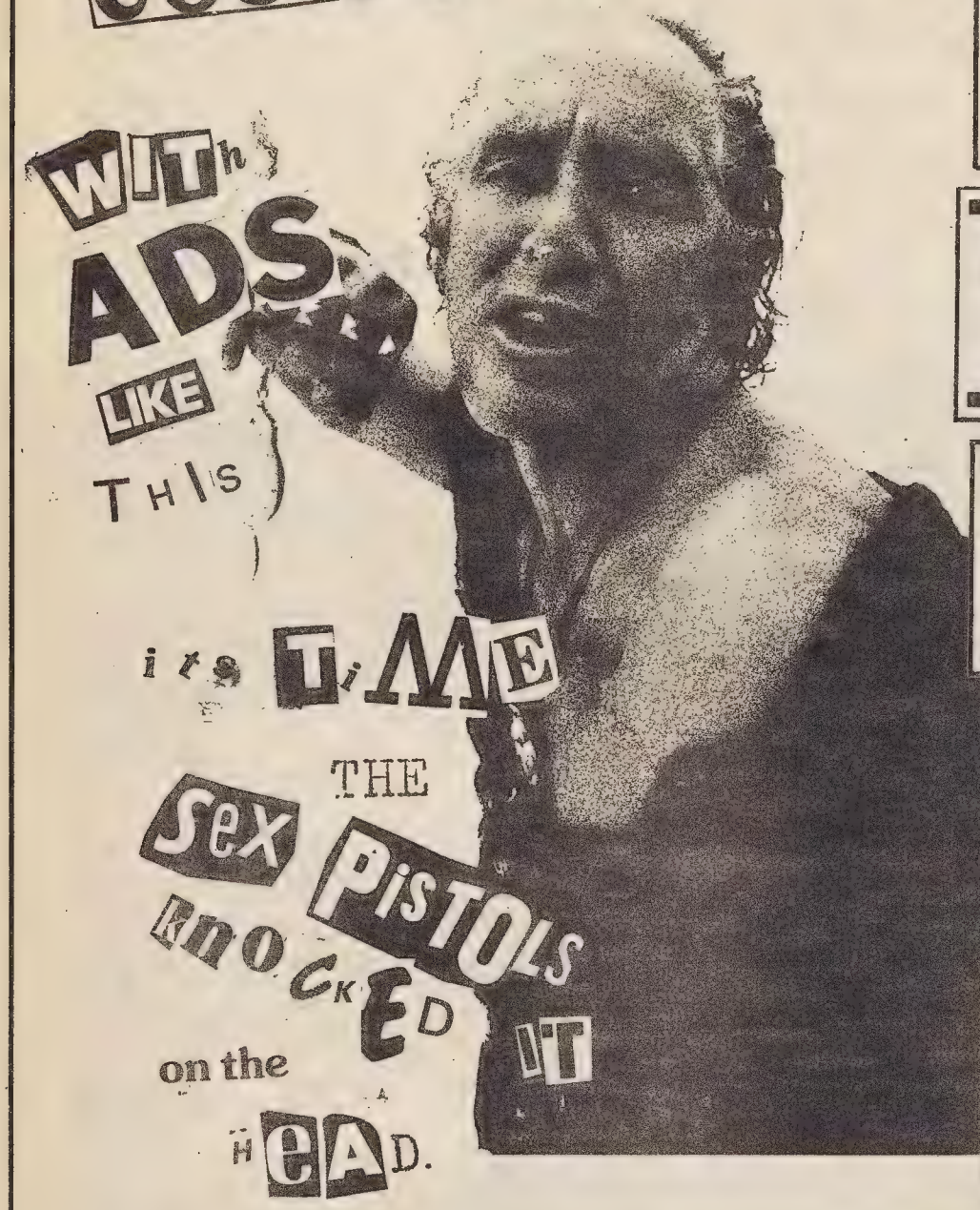


As the DESEXPICABLES climb the charts, reader D. BAKER has his say.

THRILLS

Cook and Jones see the light, but —

TALCY MALCY GETS TOUGH

AH, BUT WHAT would *Thrills* be without its weekly shot of obligatory Sex Pistols jolly media jackanapes?

Yet another in an ever-continuing series, this week's uncoverings centre themselves on the current state of play regarding Messrs Steve Jones and Paul Cook who, according to an official statement by Virgin primo Richard Branson (presumably backed up by benevolent Talcy Malc 'the Mug' McLaren) *"are* The Sex Pistols." Meaning that Rotten is long forgotten and Sid Vicious is no longer a bona fide Pistolero either — or so Branson would have it.

Not that Lydon/Rotten has been totally blanked from the Pistols' corporate memory bank, however, as he is the subject of not one but two songs that Jones and Cook have been busy recording in the studio recently.

The first is the already-infamous "London Boys", written and performed by Johnny Thunders. It is one of many tracks on Thunders' now-completed solo album, which features fearsome ensemble playing from the Cook-Jones axis along with the odd contribution elsewhere by the likes of Phil Lynott, Steve Marriott and Only Ones' Peter Perrett and Mike Kellie.

(Thunders, by the way, is currently back in New York — visa troubles again — and apparently may well be working full time with Manhattan r&b group The Senders, alongside constant companion and look-alike Henri-Paul. Other reports have him in a tentative alliance with the Link Wray-less Robert Gordon, though Chris Spedding is also a possiblity for that particular gig.)

Meanwhile, the mooted Thunders-Jones-Cook band — although a still-born venture after the Shepherds Bush duo got a fair gander at Thunders' penchant for consistent career cock-ups — has succeeded in cutting mustard in the studio. Scheduled for a late August release on Real Records, the album is surprisingly powerful.

Ah, but what about the other Rotten song (sic) performed by Jones and Cook, I hear you ask? *(Get on with it. — Ed.)*

Entitled "Here We Go Again", it's one of four tracks recorded by the pair, with Steve singing, playing guitar and bass while Cook handles the traps. *(Does he play drums as well? — Ed.)*

■ Continues over page.

LOWRY

"Just let me know if I'm boring you, gentlemen!"

FUNNY PECULIAR

*A NOT VERY funny thing happened to several **NME** staffers on their way into the office recently.*

Amidst all the tacky bric-a-brac and plastic wares on display in ritzy Carnaby St, a few repugnant little tin badges were cropping up on several stalls. Next to the garish portraits on badges of Your Fave Singers (40p each of three for a quid) appeared a sequence of Nazi slogans and insignia — a lame example of which appears above. Some of the others were real lulus: pix of Adolf, Third Reich eagles and one which, ha ha, claimed "The Judges at Nuremberg had no sense of humour."

***NME's** Julie Burchill and Danny Baker had a few words with one of the stall owners and the badges have since disappeared (from view, at least). **Thrills** also had a few words with Peter Small of Communication Vectors, the firm which supplies these little beauties. Or rather, claims Small, used to: "We had so much trouble — people seemed to take offence — that we thought it best to drop them."*

From where did they originate? "They were designs taken from an old war book."

And when did you stop producing them? "About a year ago."

Funny that they should have only appeared in the Carnaby St area during the past week.

"People must be Xeroxing them," says Small.

Of course. Funny that.

INSPECTOR KNACKER

THRILLS

THE BIG NIET

Illustration by STUART PAINTER

JULY 4th — American Independence Day, as it happens — could have been a historic day in the annals of rock music. An open-air free concert starring Joan Baez, the Beach Boys and Santana had been planned to take place outside the Winter Palace in Leningrad, before an anticipated audience of 650,000.

However, barely a week before the big day, the Russians abruptly cancelled the entire arrangements, leaving the concert promoters with considerable chaos to sort out. Not only had visas already been arranged, not without difficulty, for the 143 artists and technicians who would have been involved, but the concert stage was in the process of being erected, some of the equipment had been shipped to Helsinki, and more was on the point of being freighted from Hull.

The promoters were not the only ones put out by the cancellation. Thousands of Russian youngsters had turned up for the concert anyway, many having arrived from far-flung parts of the U.S.S.R. According to the *Morning Star,* "News of the concert was published in the local press weeks ago, but no announcement of its cancellation was ever made." When they arrived to find it cancelled, they reacted as most Western audiences would have done in like circumstances — angrily; rioting broke out, and fans and police joined battle. The authorities had no compunction in using smoke grenades and water cannons to disperse the crowd. A number of arrests were made.

The concert, which would have become the centre-piece of a projected movie, *Carnival,* was originally the brainchild of Dimitri de Grunwald, an energetic white-haired film producer who has set up several prestigious Hollywood movies, including *The Millionairess* and *The Yellow Rolls Royce,* and who was actually born in Leningrad.

It was made possible because of a cultural exchange agreement signed recently between the Soviet and the U.S. state departments. Under its terms, there is provison for at least one rock band to play concerts in Russia annually. The first group to reap the benefits of this was the (Nitty Gritty) Dirt Band, who played 25 shows behind the Iron Curtain in May of last year, all to sold-out audiences; their most successful Russian concerts were in Moscow, Leningrad and Kiev. However, apart from the innocuous Cliff Richard, they remain the only contemporary rock act to have successfully completed concerts inside Russia.

While responsibility for the musical side of the Leningrad festival was devolved to the well-known U.S. promoter Bill Graham, de Grunwald himself arranged all other aspects of the concert-cum movie. Russian interest in the scheme was successfully kindled, and the State film company, Sovinfilm, was even persuaded to put up half the budget. The rest was provided by the Rank film division of Britain, CBS and Levi-Strauss.

CBS were clearly interested in the possibility of opening up a lucrative market behind the Iron Curtain — they are the only U.S. record company to have dealings with Melodiya, the Soviet state record company. *Thrills* asked de Grunwald, in his London hotel last week, whether or not it was a condition of financing the project that all the bands on the bill were CBS artists.

"It wasn't quite a condition," he replied, "but it simplified the logistics; otherwise it would have been another six months of discussing contracts, releases and all the rest of it."

Levi-Strauss — that's right, the jeans people — were attracted for similar reasons. "Their president had made trips to Russia to assess the market potential, and then through Bill Graham we discussed his sponsoring the thing. He didn't want us to *plaster* the square with posters, but to gently make their name known."

Obviously, the project called for quite fearsome logistics, which de Grunwald had been working on over the last two years. However, shortly before it was all due to happen, he was suddenly called to Moscow and given the word. The big Niet.

He has still been given no reason for the *volte-face* of Soviet officialdom, although it is apparent that the order came from fairly high in the Kremlin.

The concert may simply have been the victim of the new Cold War iciness, as Carter and Brezhnev exchange words over ticklish topics like human rights; equally, it may have been cancelled because someone at the Kremlin belatedly realised that they were merely facing the same old enemy — American economic imperialism, this time in the insidious guise of Western youth culture. If this was the case, then de Grunwald believes they are fighting a losing battle.

He says that he has seen for himself that the interest in rock music there is enormous. "There is a growing number of bands there, some of whom I thought outstanding. They are certainly not balalaika bands, either — they really are comparable with our own big groups, It's not as if I was taking clocks to the natives — they are an up-to-date audience."

After the cancellation of the concert, Joan Baez went to Russia anyway, on a tourist visa. Newspaper reports have suggested that she made some recordings there, although it is doubtful if these will be issued. However, she definitely visited the Soviet dissident Andrei Sakharov and his wife, and exchanged messages with them, which no doubt means that she will be *persona non grata* in future.

DICK TRACY
BOB WOFFINDEN

THRILLS

MORE TALC

■ *From previous page*

The four tracks, all Jones compositions (with titles including "Black Leather" and "Lonely Boy"), are the first time the pair have taken a shot at working on their tod. And the results, though hardly earth-shattering or original, are still good enough to warrant release — particularly in the wake of the hidious Ronnie Biggs debacle (see *Thrills* 1/7/78, the charts this week, alas, and Danny Baker's poster pastiche).

Indeed, everyone who's heard the tapes is in agreement that these new songs should be released in their virgin (sic) form.

Everyone, that is, except Malcolm McLaren *(Wondered where he'd got to. — Ed.)*

Mr McLaren, upon hearing the songs, immediately demanded that one of the so-called Train Robbers be dragged in to handle the vocals in place of Jones.

The result so far is an apparent dead-lock twixt the duo and Malcy, who remains adamant about the Train Robber stunt.

McLaren's desperation count, meanwhile, knows no bounds. He is currently attempting to dust up old Pistols stand-bys — nonoriginals like "Steppin' Stone" and "Substitute" amongst the frazzled few — for release via Virgin.

And so it goes, getting more and more desperate and depressing, leaving Jones and Cook somewhat pissed off and extremely confused by it all.

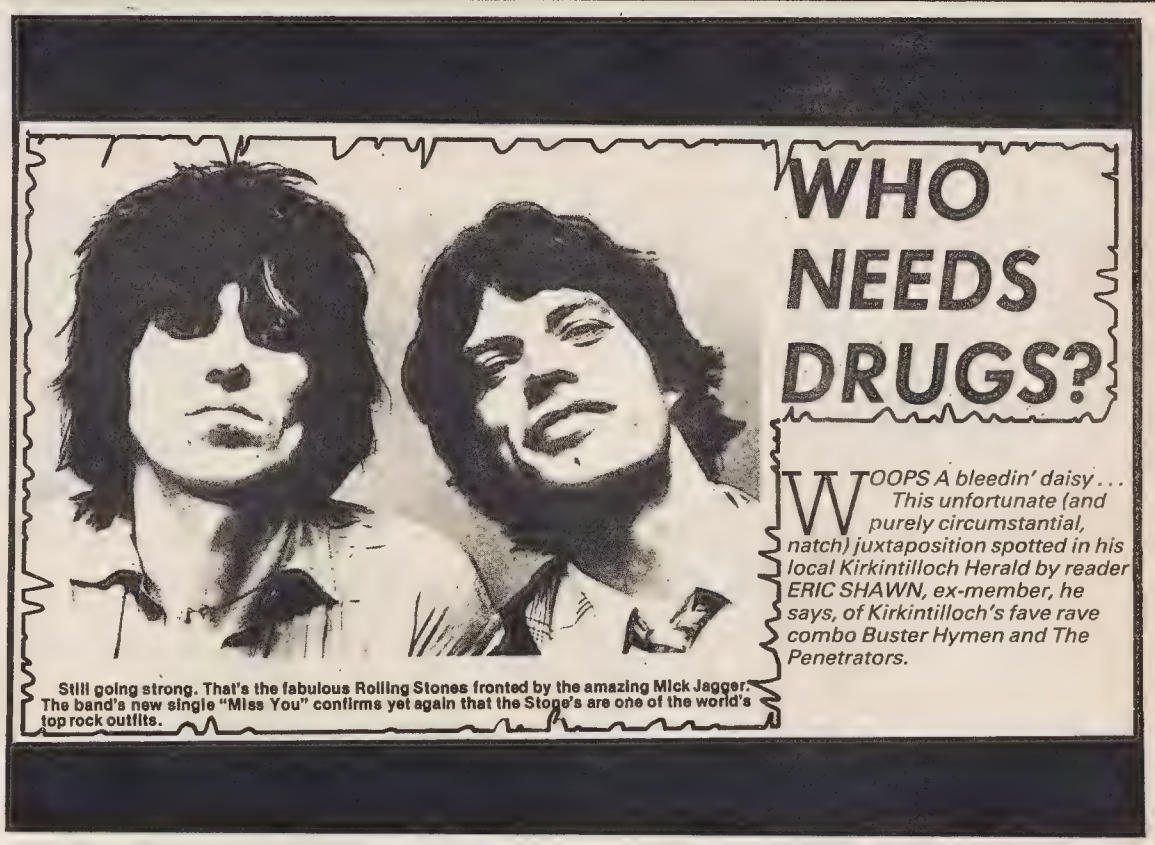
Apparently both contracts with McLaren and Virgin are still operative for something in the region of two years and the pair are thus imprisoned.

Or so it would seem.

Latest grapevine reports, however, strike a note of counter-defiance, claiming that Steve Jones at least has got himself a lawyer on the case in an attempt to stop McLaren from using Jones and Cook as his hapless puppets.

WURLITZER
WONFOR-THEMONEY

THRILLS


WHO NEEDS DRUGS?
WOOPS A bleedin' daisy . . . This unfortunate (and purely circumstantial, natch) juxtaposition spotted in his local Kirkintilloch Herald by reader ERIC SHAWN, ex-member, he says, of Kirkintilloch's fave rave combo Buster Hymen and The Penetrators.
Still going strong. That's the fabulous Rolling Stones fronted by the amazing Mick Jagger. The band's new single "Miss You" confirms yet again that the Stone's are one of the world's top rock outfits.

The Lone Groover

BENYON

HIC! ERK ALORS!..I'M WELL PIZZED—492 PINTS OF DARK BROWN FIZZO— I'M GONNA BE RILLY BILLIGERENTO AT THIS BENEFIT GIG.
HIC!
WHERE'S TH' JERK IN CHARGE OF THIS FLEA PIT?.....
LISTEN, WIMP, I'M GONNA MAKE PEOPLE THINK T'NIGHT—I GONNA DO ALL M'MOST SICK MAKIN' NUMBERS...
THEN T'SHOW M'CONTEMPT FOR, HIC, HYPOCRISHY AN' GONZOID DECENSHY.
....I FINISH BY YANKIN' OFF M' JEANS.. AN'....
...WAVIN' M'BARE BUM AT TH'AUDIENCE..
HA! HA!
CAN YA DIG IT!!
(HIC!
BY TH'WAY, HAIR CUT, WHOSE THIS— HIC!—BENEFIT FOR?
OH! DIDN'T THEY TELL YA?.....
....TH'GAY LIBERATION MOVEMENT.....
HEY! JUST JOKIN', Y'KNOW.
THINKS..... ONE SHOULD ALWAYS CUT TH'OUTRAGE T'FIT TH' GIG.

SIGN OF THE TIMES

A PETITION is being organised to protest against the Greater London Council's decision to ban The Stranglers and other groups from playing at Alexandra Palace.

Anyone wishing to sign this petition or to obtain copies of it for circulation, should contact:

GARY BAILIES/RON WILSON, 22 Birnam Road, London N4

THRILLS

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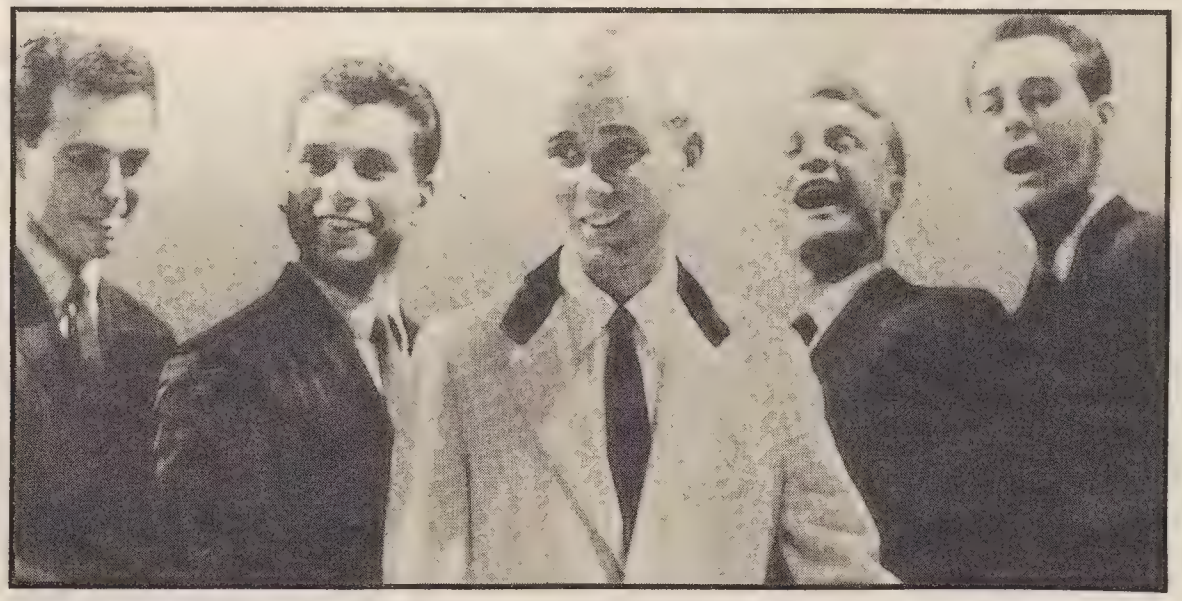
Coca-Cola

ARCHIVE FUN SPECIAL

JUST WHO THE HELL ARE WE?



DOWN AMONG THE FAG ENDS, discarded condoms and soiled knickers in the office archives I recently found the accompanying unnamed portrait of five likely lads, whom I assume to be either the NME staff-writer's glee club, circa 1958, or an American rock'n'roll(?) quintet of similar vintage.

I don't know who they are, nor do any of the present NME staff, nor, surprisingly, do any of my mates, some of whom rate themselves as gen kiddies when it comes to mouldie-oldie identification parades.

So here we have a competition situation.

The basic rule is dead easy: the first person to correctly identify the group wins a rare single.

The qualifications of this basic rule are a bit more complex. For instance, since I don't know who the group is, how am I going to know whether you're right or not? Somehow you'll have to include evidence of their identity. (A photo-copy of an original press-cutting that includes their name; a lock of the bass singer's hair; a copy of your mum's paternity suit against the lead singer; that type of thing).

Secondly, what single are you going to win? Well, something from the same period as the group seems appropriate. I have about 1,500 singles in my 'Someday-I'm-gonna-auction-this-lot' box, including a goodly number of rarish rock and r&b items from the late '50s and early '60s (US & UK pressings), so name about a dozen of your most wanted records and there's a fair chance I'll have one. If you turn out to be the winner and I haven't got one of your dozen choices you'll just have to send me a longer list, woncha?

Silly replies will be judged on the fallabout-ometer and the winner will automatically receive a pack of 20 recent disco singles, mostly performed by Eurobints with an abundance of tit and thigh but little or no musical credibility.

This competition is not open to staff or contributors of other music papers, editors of rock'n'roll fanzines, especially American rock'n'roll fanzines, or radio personalities called John Peel and Charlie Gillett. If Bill Millar phones with the answer, I'm out.

CLIFF WHITE

THRILLS

POETRY CORNER

The Bus Driver's Prayer
(As performed by Mr Ian Dury)

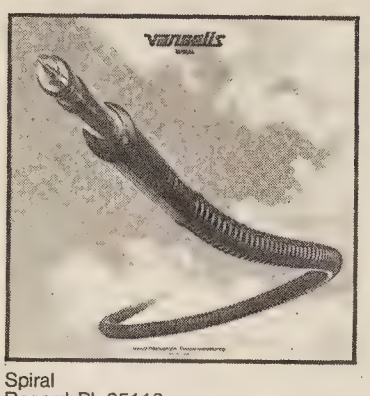
OUR FARVER,
Which art in Hendon,
Harrow Road be thy name.
Thy Kingston come, thy Wimbledon,
In Erith as it is in Hendon.
Give us this day our Berkhamsted,
And forgive us our Westminsters
As we forgive those who Westminster against us.
For thine is the Kingston,
The Purley and the Crawley,
For Iver and Iver,
Crouch End.

MR DURY greets the day with the Bus Driver's Prayer and a nice bit of fried bread. Pic by LAURENCE COTTRELL

VANGELIS

Heaven And Hell
Record: RS 1025
Cassette: PK 11699

Albedo 0.39
Record: RS 1080
Cassette: PK 11741



Spiral
Record: PL 25116
Cassette: PK 25116

Vangelis–
an artist in progress,
pausing at Beaubourg.

Beaubourg–
a modern symphony.

Music from the soul in the
age of the machine.

RCA

Beaubourg
Record: PL 25155
Cassette: PK 25155

1S.

SOFT BOYS — JUST CLEVER DICKS?

MAUREEN AND The Meatpackers were a Cambridge band who crowned a performance at one of that fair city's annual collegiate May Balls by chucking freshly-roasted veal cutlets into the audience. The reaction of this audience — upper echelons of Britain's educated — was something to witness, so I'm told.

The Soft Boys, certain parts of whom blossomed forth from these unspeakable Meatpackers, are keeping — all things being relative — a low profile at this year's May Ball (rented-suit a go go; corny 'rock' discotheque; jiggling in pavilions by the river; things probably haven't changed much since '66; but the drink is free . . .).

The Soft Boys might win medals, and metaphors, for Low Profile. An inconsciously studied avoidance of image'. Five individuals (whaddya mean 'cliche'?). Their image is the image of The Soft Boys. My 'image', your 'image'. A sense of honesty and right-angled humour prevails.

Formerly 'Dennis and The Experts' (who included, fact-fans, Charlie Gillet's brother Alan Lamb, on guitar), The Soft Boys are, presently, Robyn Hitchcock (guitar, words), Kimberley Rew (guitar), Andy Metcalfe (bass), Morris Windsor (drums), and Jim Melton (words, harmonica, broken strings repaired). Kimberley has been with them for six months. Otherwise, these Soft —conceptual continuity by any other name — Boys have existed for eighteen months or so.

They have just completed a minor touring schedule. Before that, they had been known to play sporadic support dates (notably The Damned at the Rainbow farewell, and Costello at a Roundhouse freebie).

They had no manager, initially signed to an indie, Raw Records ("Give It To The Soft Boys", an EP). They are now clasped within the loving arms of Radar. There is a tense 45 present — "(I Want To Be An) Anglepoise Lamp" / "Fat Man's Son". They go into the studio probably in July, to record an album. Then, a Major Tour.

The Soft — or the three I spoke with — Boys talk of the single warmly. But they are not entirely satisfied. They could have done better. Yes, but. There is charm, playfulness, wisdom, depth, wordplay (a cerebral Monkees?) An outlook, awareness, quickiness: the prerogative of the self-educated (bias! bias!)

All of The Soft — what I've heard — Boys' material is *open*. The songs are written by Robyn, except "Cold Turkey" and "Heartbreak Hotel" which were written by someone else.

The Soft Boys perform "Heartbreak Hotel" in the John Cale manner. Tense, brooding, what some would call 'Gothic'. Very immediate. All the songs are immediate. And songs traditionally — hooks, choruses, that kind of stuff. Like the Pop Group which the Barrett-centred Pink Floyd sometimes threatened to be ("Apples and Oranges" speeded up).

Titles might clue you in: "Where Are The Prawns?"; "Return Of The Sacred Crab"; "Human Music"; "Ugly Nora". The music is metallic, but never heavy. Soaring, bleached (soft) boy harmonies to take you by surprise. The jagged, (yet soft) guitar duets never lose anchorage on the structures of the song(s). Harmonica is the soft (clock) machination which ties it all up, makes it sound risky, individual, positive.

The Soft — but what isn't an influence? — Boys come out of years of permutating cross-breeding Cambridge bands. Only one of them has a degree. One other went to college (and left after a month). They have their roots in folk music. No P*nk catalyst here, son. They're not that 'young' — all things being relative.

Like certain others — Dury, Costello, Landscape, Throbbing Gristle — who have precious little to do with the p*nk rink, they have been tarred and aided by the New Broom, sweeping everything under the carpet (category) with equal force.

At least it corners you some attention, if you're lucky. It may be harmful in the long run, or at least, as long as rock runs. Robyn: "The whole thing about rock music is that it's supposed to be self-reliant, and it will

■ *Continues over page*

SOFT BOYS' singer ROBYN HITCHCOCK makes public his affection for populist Tchaikovsky ballets.

SOFTIES

from page 15

last five years, until you either fall asleep or find a better way — grow a beard and settle down".

I mention Syd Barrett, Richard Thompson — who seems to have found religion. "That's just . . . that's just his phone-box, I guess". I enquire about a poster sighted by a friend, which advertised the appearance of a Syd Barrett Band at one of the May Balls (after all, Syd is allegedly still dormant in Cambridge).

"No, that's the original Syd Barrett". The *original?* "Yeah, the real (original) Syd Barrett is about sixty, he's the president of the local Musicians' Union — he leads a local dance band."

Ah, so. Such is Cambridge! As for the fabled, the Genius Syd *nee* Roger Barrett, the one of whom everyone has their own story to tell?

Robyn has no such stories. He acknowledges Barrett as in 'influence'. And Martin Carthy. "They sing in English and I like their guitar styles." Also, Bob Davenport, George Harrison, Richard Thompson. "But I hate laid-back stuff — which is where Harrison and Thompson often fall down a bit. There's a thin line between being soulful and being dreary. Which is why I tend to be absurd — it's much harder to be genuinely emotional about something."

He evades my barbs about Genuine Absurdity. I ask him what *he'll* be doing in five years' time. "Oh, painting and drawing. It just depends how long it all takes. But I'm not setting out to be anything other than an obscure cult fringe; obviously there you've got marketing problems . . . "

No, he probably wants to be A Star. He's something of a wizard already. Later, I learn from another member of the band that the genial Hitchcock has in fact been trying to flog his songs for years; before the p*nk purge / deluge "people wouldn't have been prepared to listen." I do wonder if they are now (one set of Identi-kit values replaced by another?) It's a question of, yes, Image . . .

But for the present —activity, ambition, fresh idea and music which defy categorisation (hoorah!). Ah, categories, the word-machine-traps of an Industry. Robyn Hitchcock (less so the other members of the band) is not actively hostile concerning interviews, he just thinks they're a bit daft, restrictive. His advice to me: "Take everything out of it (transcript of interview) systematically. There won't even be a 'quote', there won't be any 'quotes' about what it's doing . . . Just nothing there at all." And again "There's no point in talking about The Soft Boys, as such". No substitute for seeing them, hearing them, or whatever.

He didn't talk about The Soft Boys, as such. (I owe all the history to Kimberley and Andy). I did talk, quite fluently, with him. It was interesting, amusing but rather irrelevant.

Go on, ask me to put a label on The Soft Boys! ('OPEN OTHER END'!).

IAN PENMAN

THRILLS

THE SOFT BOYS: "We've seen a few flash Italian movies, too . . . " Beneath Hitchcock are (l to r) Andy Metcalfe, Morris Windsor, Jim Melton and Kimberley Rew. Pic by ROSALIND KUNATH

LET'S MAKE A DEAL

SECOND ONLY to gold and diamonds as one of the world's most stable currencies, cocaine has become crucial in the rapid development of South America as the fastest-expanding record market.

Due to currency restrictions imposed by various South American countries (or for that matter most Third World nations), the only method for foreign investors to recoup any profits has often been either by re-investing in local industry or accepting (non-cashable) air tickets as payment.

So, as South America produces some of the highest-grade cocaine in the world, this easy-to-transport chic narcotic has lately been transformed into acceptable international collateral.

Sanctioned by those governments concerned, a number of major American companies have been accepting cocaine in lieu of record royalties. However, after skimming off a few ounces for immediate family and friends, how to dispose of a few million bucks worth of illegal narcotics without running foul of international narcs has proven to be a minor obstacle.

No sweat! Seems those very same governments who authorised white powder payments have been only too eager to set up negotiations with reputable underworld dealers who, for a handsome commission, will distribute and sell the cocaine on the world market.

The money is then laundered by various methods and quietly paid into either an un-numbered Swiss bank account or directly into coffers of a label's subsidiary company.

Such is the amount of hush-money available to ensure a smooth, low-profile operation, nobody of any import has so far been busted. It remains to be seen which record label will be the first to be nailed and precisely how they'll try and explain away their underworld connections.

ROY CARR

THRILLS

Shetland back the Devo plan
SHETLAND yesterday agreed to join a
Book talk
MR. T. PARSONS spoke to Branksome and Parkstone National British Women's Total Abstinence Union on What Books Do You Read? He referred to the radio programme Desert Island Discs.

No more cover stories on DEVO if that's the result. Thanks to IAN HILLIARD. As for T. PARSONS, reader T.S. IDIOT says it was a sobering experience.

'...A MOST SATISFYING LISTEN. WITHOUT SOUNDING FLAMBOYANT, IT'S A PIECE OF STUNNING VIRTUOSITY... THERE'S NOT A HINT OF PRETENSION...'

Paul Brett will be appearing at the Royal Festival Hall on 15th July, for the first public performance of 'Interlife'.

Paul Brett:
INTERLIFE
Composed by Paul Brett
Produced by Tom Newman
(Producer of Tubular Bells, Hergest Ridge)

Record: PL 25149
Cassette: PK 25149

RCA

Paul Brett plays Aria guitars.

BOB DYLAN

The new limited edition 12" single

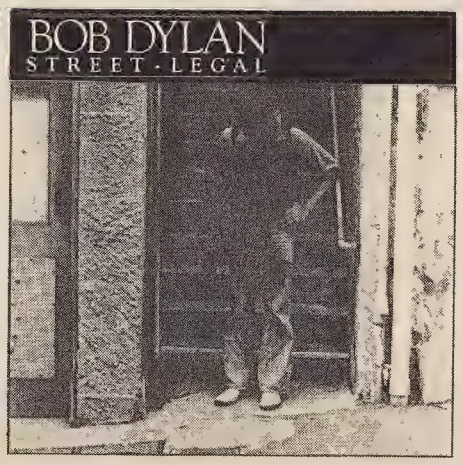
'Baby Stop Crying'

CBS 12-6499

is from the new album

'Street-Legal'

CBS 86067



Produced by Don De Vito.

CBS

HOME OF THE HIPPIES CATCHES THE WAVE

BLUE OYSTER CULT manager/producer Sandy Pearlman has been doing more of late than just shepherding his charges around and making sure that all the lasers were turned on during the Cult's recent six-week European tour.

Indian restaurants and the British Museum figured prominently in Mr Pearlman's UK visit, for a start — and let's not forget The Clash, whose upcoming second album he also found the time to work on. Busy man.

More to the point, before leaving the States Pearlman was in San Francisco for a week producing a demo for CBS of The Readymades, one of the fastest-rising new wave outfits on the West Coast.

With a very radio-playable three-song EP out on Automatic Records, the not-quite-one-year-old Readymades have built quite a following for themselves — a considerably younger following than most of the other American new wave bands have developed.

The band got its EP deal on the very first night they played, when Automatic president Gregg Turner saw them open up for LA's The Zippers at the Mabuhay Gardens in San Francisco. But The Readymades hadn't exactly just popped up out of nowhere.

Mory Goldstein (keyboards, sax), Wayne Ditzel (guitar, bass) and Ricky Sludge (guitar) have been playing in every conceivable type of band — together and separately — for years. In fact, when Sludge auditioned for The Readymades he came from playing with a salsa band, and was attired in wide bell-bottoms and platform shoes. The band was ready to reject him out of hand till he mentioned that his favourite band in the universe was The Ramones. And, sure enough, the next day he came to rehearsal dressed like a refugee from a Ramones album jacket.

Drummer Brittley Black, son of accomplished jazz skinman Dave Black, had established himself as the most energetic and talented drummer this side of Rat Scabies as a member of Crime.

He wound up leaving that band on the day they released their second single — after he was sure he had his mug on the picture sleeve — because he felt they were too serious.

Readymades leader/bass-player/vocalist Jonathan Postal left The Avengers for the same reason — and because the other three Avengers had found another bass player and weren't telling him where they were rehearsing.

THE READYMADES (L-R): Morey Goldstein, Jonathan Postal, Brittley Black, Wayne Ditzel and on his knees, Ricky Sludge.

The Readymades got together, thanks to the ministrations of a fair vixen named Roxanne who was dating Jonathan, Mory and Ricky. As it happened, Postal left The Avengers while Strangler Hugh Cornwell, an old buddy, was in town. Hearing his material, Cornwell encouraged him to form a band of his own, which he managed to do with Roxanne's other boyfriends.

The Readymades were an instant success with the audience at the Mabuhay, if not always with the punk in-crowd, many of whom take a dim view of Postal's ironic attitudes towards punk mores.

The band's wide range of catchy songs, their somewhat theatrical stage antics and their considerable musical dexterity have won them a large and growing number of fans in San Francisco and LA, but these things aren't always looked upon as virtues by some of the straight-and-narrow punk hard-liners. Still, with the possible exception of The Nuns, Dils and Avengers, more people pogo to The Readymades than to any other local bands.

But, ultimately, it is the creative tension between Jonathan Postal and Mory Goldstein which may make The Readymades a major musical force. You can almost call it — forgive me — a McCartney/Lennon combination, with Goldstein providing the pop melodies as grist for Postal's harder, more desperate mill.

"Mory," explains Postal, "is a happier, more satisfied person, a well-adjusted person. Given any set of circumstances, he'll learn to function in them.

"He has awards from school and from Little League and he has jazz awards. Things come easy to him. He's very talented. He's a good singer; he plays well; he's good at baseball.

"Me — I'm a cynic. I've always been on the outside. I was always the last one to be chosen in sports. I barely play my instrument well enough to get along. My voice is only acceptable because Dylan and Lou Reed have been accepted before me."

(I might add that Goldstein was the only one of them to have gotten the lovely Roxanne, although Postal claims he didn't really give it his best shot.)

The fact remains, however, that there is a certain functional tension that exists between Postal and Goldstein, between Postal and the rest of the band — in fact, between Postal and the rest of the world.

The result, according to Pearlman, is "better than great, better than a good tandoori in fact." For Cornwell, who sat in on their recent recording sessions, they are "one of the most significant bands on the West Coast."

And to this reporter, well, The Readymades are surely one of the more interesting faces of the non-English-clone-type American new wave.

They hope to visit London in the fall. (Don't we all?)

JACK BASHER

THRILLS

"...it's 12" of pure fun." N.M.E.

The new album from ADVERTISING called 'JINGLES'.

ADVERTISING

Ten Tracks produced and 4 tracks re-mixed by Andy Arthurs. available on Cassette

ROBINSON FOLKS OFF ALONE

PROTEST SINGER Tom Robinson has played two solo gigs, sans TRB, in the past week — at Middleboro and at London's Golden Theatre, in the Barbican, where Tom's 45-minute set followed an hour-long revue by the Gay Sweatshop Theatre group.

Accompanying himself on a 12-string guitar with a small amp, Robinson premiered two new songs — a sequel to TRB's well-known "Martin", and another called "Blue Murder" which tells the story of Liddle Towers. (Towers was arrested by Gateshead Police for being drunk and disorderly one night a couple of years ago. He struggled, and died from injuries sustained in the process; a verdict was returned of 'justifiable homicide.' A new enquiry has just been opened).

*Tom's show also featured impersonations of Noel Coward and Lou Reed, and according to **Thrills'** person on the spot he was "very funny, warm and extremely entertaining — there was the hint of a major talent."*

*Robinson is rumoured to be playing solo in Bristol next this week, though his management deny it. They do tell us that there'll be a major UK tour by TRB starting mid-September. **Thrills'** parting confession: we're simply mad about the boy, OK?*

THE END

Pic: CHRIS WALTER

NME's SUMMER SMASHES

OUR SPINNERS PICK THE WINNERS

SINGLES

(1)	IAN DURY	What A Waste (Stiff)
(2)	ELVIS COSTELLO	I Don't Want To Go To Chelsea (Radar)
(3)	ROLLING STONES	Miss You (EMI)
(4)	DEVO	Satisfaction (Stiff)
(5)	NICK LOWE	I Love The Sound Of Breaking Glass (Radar)
(6)	JACK NITZSCHE	Hard Workin' Man (MCA)
(7)	BUZZCOCKS	What Do I Get (United Artists)
(8)	STARGAARD	Which Way Is Up (MCA)
(9)	JILTED JOHN	Jilted John (Rabid)
(10)	WIRE	I Am The Fly (Harvest)

LONG PLAYERS

(1)	BOB DYLAN	Street Legal (CBS)
(2)	ELVIS COSTELLO	This Year's Model (Radar)
(3)	PERE UBU	The Modern Dance (Blank)
(4)	BUZZCOCKS	Another Music In A Different Kitchen (United Artists)
(5)	BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN	Darkness On The Edge Of Town (CBS)
(6)	RY COODER	Jazz (Warner Bros.)
(7)	MAGAZINE	Real Life (Virgin)
(8)	KRAFTWERK	The Man Machine (Capitol)
(9)	CULTURE	Africa Stand Alone (Virgin)
(10)	KEVIN COYNE	Dynamite Daze (Virgin)

OTHER FINE DISCS FOR YOUR LISTENING PLEASURE

SINGLES: THE CLASH: White Man In Hammersmith Palais (CBS). The DARTS: Boy From New York City (Magnet). X RAY SPEX: The Day The World Turned Day-Glo (EMI Int.). TAPPER ZUKIE: Dangerous Woman (Phensic) (Front Line). MAGAZINE: Shot By Both Sides (Virgin). BUZZCOCKS: I Don't Mind (United Artists). THE CLASH: City Rockers (CBS). WILKO JOHNSON: Walking On The Edge (Virgin). CHEAP TRICK: Surrender (Epic). GREG ISAACS: Mr Know It All (DEB). EVELYN CHAMPAGNE KING: Shame (RCA). TRB: Rising Free (EMI). THE JAM: News Of The World (Polydor).

LONG PLAYERS: ROLLING STONES: Some Girls (Rolling Stones). MINK DE VILLE: Return To Magenta (Capitol). CULTURE: Harder Than The Rest (Virgin). TOM ROBINSON BAND: Power In The Darkness (EMI). PETER GABRIEL: Peter Gabriel (Charisma). ALBION BAND: Rise Up Like The Sun (Harvest). MAGMA: Attahk (Eurodisc). ROSE ROYCE: In Full Bloom (Warner Bros). WARNE MARSH-LEW TABACKIN: Tenor Gladness (Disco Mate). STRANGLERS: Black And White (United Artists). THIN LIZZY: Live And Dangerous (Phonogram).

BEST RE-ISSUES: BIG STAR (No. 1 Record Radio City) (Stax). TAPPER ZUKIE: Man Ah Warrior (Mer).

BEST COMPILATIONS: THE COASTERS: 20 Greatest (Atlantic). LESTER YOUNG: The Lester Young Story (CBS).

TALKING HEADS

MORE SONGS ABOUT

BUILDINGS

AND FOOD

the new album produced by brian eno

Sire K56531

wea Records Limited

SINGLES

● A PREFATORY WORD FROM WHAT'S LEFT OF YOUR HUMBLE FRIENDLY NEIGHBOURHOOD SINGLES REVIEWER

AGAINST ALL the laws of nature and logic, most weeks the record industry manages to cough up a few singles that stand head and shoulders above the mainstream dross that filters out of the multitudinous pressing plants of our fair land. Whether it's from a big name on a heavy duty record label or some blushing hopeful on an indie, there's usually something that Restores Faith In Rock And Roll As A Positive Force In The Universe, something that's witty, moving, exciting, entertaining . . . what the hell. You know: something that makes you want to take it home and play it to death; loud and with the windows open.

This sort of record is what we in the trade refer to as a Single Of The Week. No such record has been released this week. Sure, there's a fistful that you can actually listen to without breaking out in an unpleasant rash or developing an irresistible urge to wreak serious damage on something or somebody, but single of the week? Vinyl came there none.

This week's column, therefore, is something of a non-event. Still, some weeks you eat the product, some weeks the product eats you. Onwards.

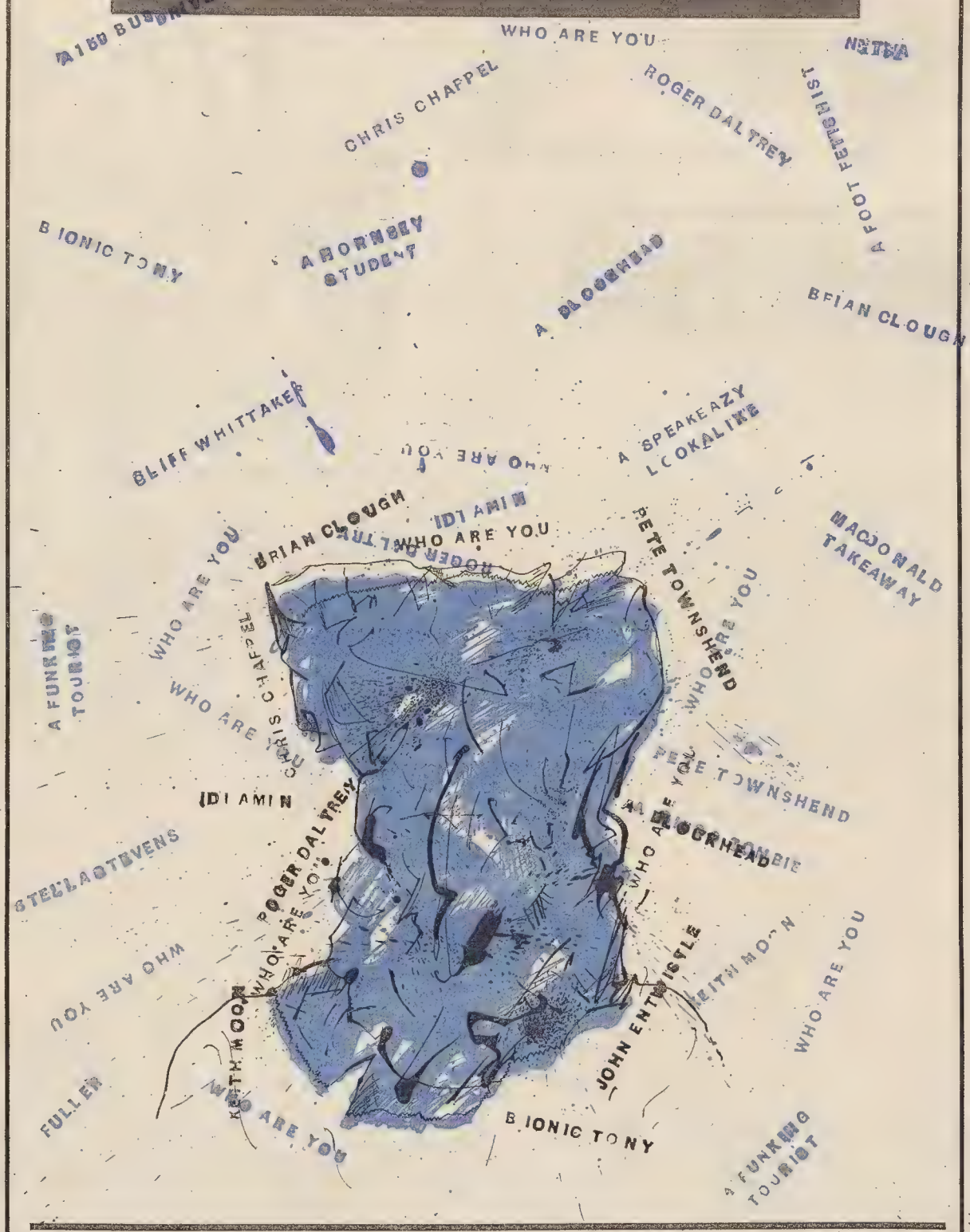
● PUZZLER OF THE WEEKTHE WHO: Had Enough/Who Are You (Polydor). Two advance notices: first out of the box: The Who mattered more to me when I was growing up than any other band, even The Beatles and The Stones and The Kinks, and I owe them for that. Secondly, their achievements are on a scale so grand that a new single from them would be, almost of necessity, a disappointment unless it simultaneously embodied and surpassed everything wonderful that they've done since that day in 1965 that I saw them doing "I Can't Explain" on *Top Of The Pops* while in hospital waiting for an emergency operation. That being said, it's inevitable that this — the first Who single in three years — should be a disappointment, but it's still a suprise that it should be *this* much of a disappointment.

It's a double A-side: "Who Are You" by Townshend and "Had Enough" by John Entwistle. I trust it will appear as no slight to The Ox to mention that most Who freaks would play the Townshend side first (especially since it's the title track of the forthcoming elpee), but "Had Enough" is both the better track of the two and closer to The Who mainstream, being a simple song of rebellion delivered by Roger Daltrey in — it must be said — towering form.

Both sides are framed in a gargantuan swelter of synthesisers, android electric symphony orchestras ablaze, much in the manner of "Quadrophenia" only more so. If that makes you gulp twice and succumb to a faint feeling of unease, you're right. The synthesisers do little (on the Entwistle side, anyway) that couldn't have been done better by Townshend's guitar (with a few judicious overdubs, needless to say). Townshend's guitar is as vital an ingredient of The Who's sound as Moon's drumming (present and more than correct, thank you guv'nor) or Daltrey's pride and passion, and its subdued quality and lack of prominence definitely damp the fires.

"Who Are You" is inconsequential twiddles for guitar and the ubiquitous synthesiser; pretty in places and twitchy in others.

Whether The Who, like The Stones, are currently pursuing a policy of staying ahead of the opposition by brains rather than brawn, the they're going to have to think and feel harder rather than play harder. Pete Townshend has, in an unprecedented fit of honesty for a rock star, taken us into his confidence as to why he is no longer as powerful and prolific as he used to be, and therefore it would be too churlish to abuse him for those deficiencies that he is himself working so hard (and worrying so much about) overcoming. At least Townshend and The Who are back, and next time it'll be better. It would be a pleasure indeed to see The Who coping as well with the problems of being a World's Greatest Rock Band Of A Few years Ago in 1978 as The Stones are. At least, as Tony Parsons mordantly remarked, they're both doing better than The Sex Pistols.



"Who Am I" as seen by CONNIE JUDE

● SON OF PETE (1)
THE JOLT: I Can't Wait (Polydor). Seeing as how (sniff), The Jolt are a threepiece band signed by Polydor Records and have a one syllable name beginning with 'J', they've been compared more than somewhat with a certain well-known New Wave band who've blown too much of their energy on a second (and largely disposable) album when they should have been cracking singles out at — bottom line — a quarterly rate. The Jolt take many of the same ingredients used by The Jam, but they take them to different places with a sound that's simultaneously thinner and more frenetic. Backed, incidentally, with the worst version of "Route 66" ever released. Oh well.

● SON OF PETE (2)
THE SKUNKS: Good From The Bad (Eel Pie). Eel Pie Records is Pete Townshend's way of helping out bands that he considers deserve this honour, and considering that The Skunks stand elbow and hips above many of the acts that major labels are squandering their gelt upon, releasing "Good From The Bad" may be considered something of a public service. The song is interesting, the performance fierce, restrained and more than serviceable, and the production — done at the band's own 8-track in Brixton — professional. The proverbial band worth watching.

● SODA PRESSING
LOU REED: Street Hassle (Arista). A 12-inch EP, no less, featuring the title track of Loulou's new album — all eleven minutes of it — on one side, and the original Velvets versions of "I'm Waiting For The Man" and "Venus In Furs" (specially borrowed from MGM, gang!) on the other.

Pic sleeve of the week.

"Street Hassle" struck me as the only interesting work Lou's done since "Berlin" (itself his only interesting work since the Velvets) — there's no more horrific insight into the junkie mentality in all of rock and roll — and of course the Velvet's cuts are, as ever, essential — if scarifying — listening. The only reason I'd suggest that you approach this package with a suitable degree of caution is that it's unquestionably the worst-pressed and manufactured record I've encountered all year. So warped it resembles a Moebius strip in black-platter form, more redolent of crunchy noises than the cereal I had for breakfast today . . . sometimes I wonder if record companies realise that people *play* records as well as simply buy them.

THIS WEEK'S REVIEWER: CSM

● SOMETHING OF THE WEEK
JOHNNY MOPED: Little Queenie (Chiswick). Ahem — you gotta admit it's different. The words are different — or rather , it's Uncle Chuck's lyric (most of it, anyway) — cut-up in neo-Burroughsian manner. The vocal approach is different — not that different from a horny tomcat serenading the neighbourhood from atop an overflowing dustbin, admittedly — but certainly different from anybody else doing "Little Queenie". We might as well own up, fellow passengers on Spaceship Earth — Johnny Moped is *different*. QED. Is there any chance of Ted Carrol donating Moped's brain to science?

● CREEPY EXPERIENCE OF THE WEEK
SUICIDE: Cheree (Red Star). This record gives me the creeps. The creeps in question used to call themselves Alan Suicide and Marty Suicide, which was quite appropriate back when I first heard them on "Max's Kansas City" album, and on this evidence they've got a lot better at it. One man singing, one man playing a whole gang of unpleasant objects wiv keyboards attached, quiet, hissing and so impossible evil it'd scare you to death if it wasn't all so/so/so studied. Are we not men? We are L-O-B-O.

● WE CAN DANCE IN THE MOONLIGHT AS SOON AS I'VE FOUND MY RED SHOES (blues)

INTERVIEW: Birmingham (Virgin). First Magazine, now Interview. One imagines that Virgin are waiting impatiently for someone to form a band called The Arts Page so that they can sign *them* up too. Interview's paean to Brum sounds uncannily like Elvis Costello singing over one of T'in Lizzy's milder backing tracks, and sounds not the teeniest bit unpleasant. We mean it, Vaaaaaaaaaaaan.

● AND THE REST OF THE BUNCH
JIMMY JAMES AND THE VAGABONDS: I Can't Stop My Feet From Dancing (Pye). What a coincidence. I can't stop my mouth from yawning.

MIKE MORAN: My Baby Gives It Away (Mercury). And your label's gonna have to do likewise.

SLEEPY LA BEEF: Good Rockin' Boogie (Charly). Sings like his name, and does the bass parts like a champ. Rockabilly obsessives will dote. Casual listeners will find it undistinguishable from ordinary rockabilly except that the voice is deeper. They will be missing the point.

THE INTELLIGENTS: Rockin' Band (Atlantic). Both the name of the group and the title of the track are direct contraventions of the Trade Descriptions Act.

CARL PERKINS: Honey Don't/Right String Baby/Tennessee/Put Your Cat Clothes On (Charly EP). THE BEACH BOYS: California Girs (Capitol). Whe the reissues are among the finest records of the week, you know there's something seriously wrong with the music industry (yeah, i know that everyone's saving up their hot singles for the autumn, but it's still annoying). That being said, these two records would be truly lustrous gems in the singles collection of anybody who doesn't already possess them.

● SOME GIRLS GET LET DOWN BY THEIR PRODUCERS
MADDY PRIOR. Baggy Pants (Chrysalis). Studiedly charming little piece of '30s disco sung v. nicely, but producer Ian Anderson has for some reason whacked Maddy's voice right to the front of the mix and compressed it slightly so that she sounds oddly inexpressive, and "inexpressive" is the last word that I'd ever expect to apply to Maddy Prior. Odd.

SUZI QUATRO: The Race Is On (RAK). Chinnichap product of the Smokieque kind: country changes set to the kind of reggae beat you get played by people who don't listen to reggae but think they know what it ought to sound like. Good singing, but — as ever — so far below what Quatro and her band are capable of that it hardly bears thinking about. Still, it's a chart cert and that (after all) is the name of the game.

GERRY RAFFERTY: Mary Skeffington (Logo). Droopy little song fit only for the terminally sensitive. Acute shortage of inspiring sax riffs.

JONA LEWIE: The Baby She's On The Street (Stiff). A highly boring record despite the attractive piano part. If this guy becomes the rave of 1980 and this record is acclaimed as a classic, I shall just have sit on the sidelines and regret missing the opportunity to jump on the Jona Lewie bandwagon while I had the chance.

CAROL DOUGLAS: Night Fever (Gull). A devastating exercise in pointlessness which is predictably already churning 'em up in the discos. Definitely proof that disco eschews anything that gets in the way of the direct connection between feet and ears — like soul or brain.

2 TIMERS: Now That I've Lost My Baby (Virgin). Living proof that fast, loud poprock music needn't be offensive to adult ears.

THE SHIRTS

ALBUM NEWLY PRESSED

T
July 11th
Garden
Penzance

H
July 16th
Dingwalls
London

July 12th
Woods
Plymouth

July 17th
Erics
Liverpool

E

July 25th
Nashville
London

July 14th
Penthouse
Scarborough

July 24th
Marquee
London

July 15th
Friars
Aylesbury

THE SHIRTS
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S
July 23rd
Roundhouse
London

July 18th
Sandpiper
Nottingham

H

FIRST
10,000
COPIES
BLUE
VINYL

T
July 22nd
The Merry
Go Round
Manchester

R
July 21st
Barbarella
Birmingham

July 19th
F Club
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July 20th
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HARVEST

THE FIRST SHIRTS ALBUM OUT NOW

SHSP 4089 Also available on cassette

THE BIG STAR story seems to have taken up a considerable part of my writing life. This is the fourth time in three years that I've sat down and tried to make sense of one of America's least known or understood cult bands.

To be honest I was lost for an angle. Even the imminent reappearance of their enigmatic and previously unobtainable first two albums, "Number One Record" and "Radio City", plus the unveiling, on the Aura label, of Alex Chilton's third attempt to make good (three years in the can and he still couldn't get it out of his system) didn't really inspire me to bite on the journalistic nut.

You see I'd lived with all three albums so long that having made up my mind as to their place in the rock and roll superstructure there was very little way I was going to fasten onto the Big Star streamline and give it the urgent propelling thrust that these sons of Memphis, Tennessee needed to persuade all you lucky potential first time viewers.

So when the boss man called me on the editorial hot line and stated his case for the feature I sighed into my Ribena.

MY DEBUT Big Star article never reached the presses of this paper. I wrote it in 1975 as a result of spending many evenings drinking and rapping with original founding member Chris Bell, whose contributions to the first album were manifestly as important as Alex Chilton's but who decided to throw in the towel as a result of the evil vibrations going down in the Ardent, Memphis studio arena.

Not being inclined to accept Chilton's star-struck ego (Alex was a Box Top from '66 to '69 and knew the colour of a hundred dollar bill) Bell finally sickened at the fist fight fought 'twixt Chilton and bassist Andy Hummel and walked out on the unfolding decades's slipped masterdisc.

The Bell interview material, I have since discovered, gave a rather one-coloured vista, but at the time I took it on reasonable trust and was hopping mad when the article never appeared.

So it was that three years on I dusted off the manuscript; sighed at the irony of it all.

After all, Big Star finally bit on the bullet when Chilton's third album, more or less a solo dive into depression of the smacked out variety, failed to find an outlet. Alex returned to New York and proceeded to live a loser's life of foolish excess — a death run for the pills and the booze.

I couldn't take the third album seriously myself. Not being prone to find inspiration or solace in another's self-induced stupidity I filed the tape away for a mood I intended not to reach and forgot about Alex Chilton altogether.

Then last year the man turned up on the Ork label with Jon Tiven producing. It was not a renaissance I admired. The E.P. "The Singer Not The Song" and the subsequent singles "Shakin' the World (From 34th. & Lex)" and then "Bangkok" (both backed with the old Seeds lament — "Can't Seem To Make You Mine") were not really the way I remembered him.

The rest of the band had slipped into obscurity.

In desperation I went back to the albums and started to look for something new. It was only when I really listened to the lyrics that the undiscovered patterns that I needed began to emerge.

What gradually struck me was that the commonly cited comparison points for Big Star as the initial avatars of a power pop explosion who came before their time were only partially correct.

While the songs do exhibit a certain low rent charm the actual tinny veneer of locked Fender Strats over a four to the bar and beat it backdrop are merely the superficial aspects which made the band so instantly appealing.

Another popular scam on them tends to ignore the lyrical content altogether, claiming that the mix is so goddam metallic and taut that you can't hear the words anyhow and don't even need to.

Hence admirers of "Number One Record" and "Radio City" often find no connection between Chilton in the ascendant and the grizzly morbidity of the latterday chip on the shoulder Alex. To really see the facts straight you have to go right back to the beginning.

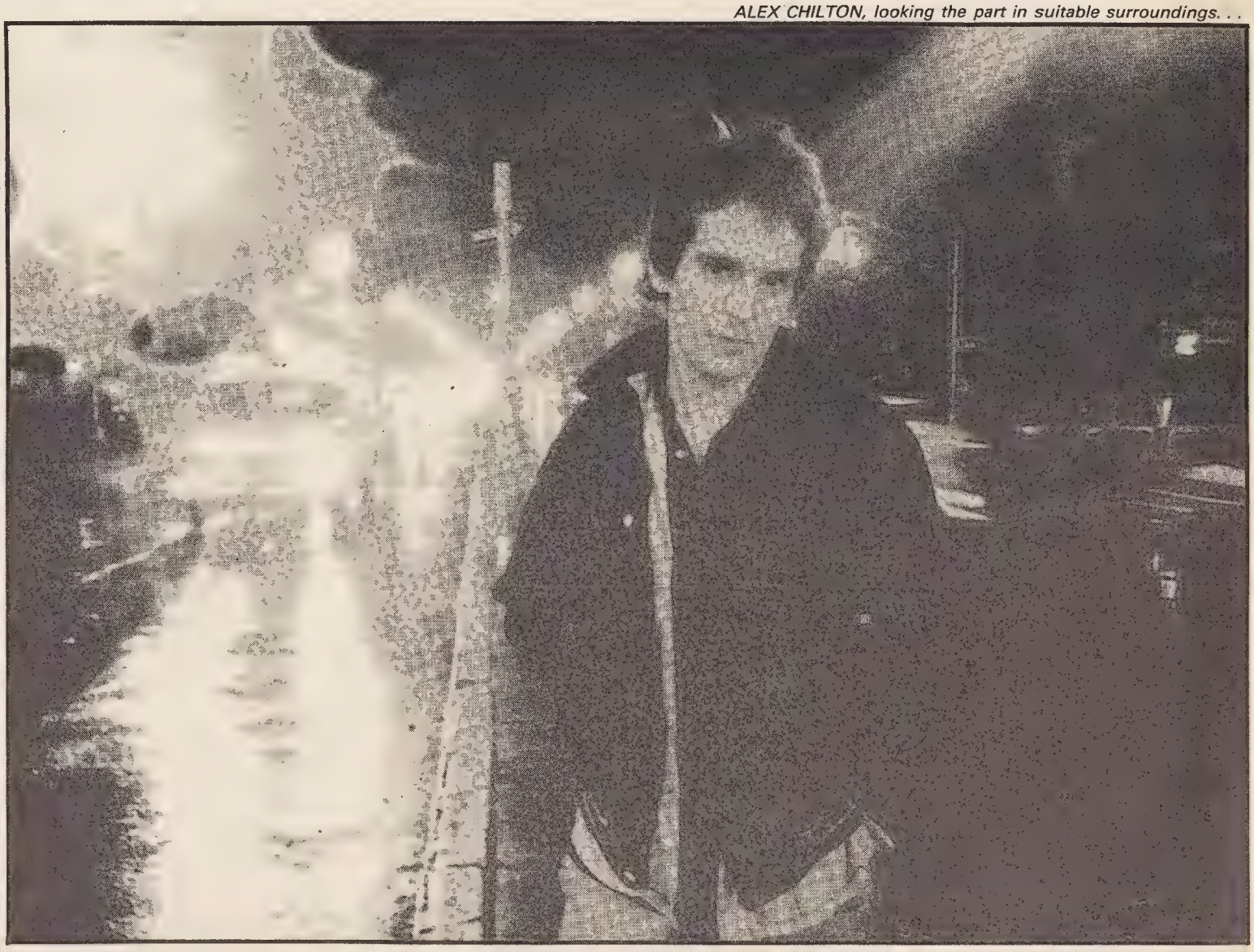
BRIEFLY, WHEN Chilton was 16 he dropped out of high school and joined The Box Tops — blue eyed soul and Alex could pitch his voice just right for that. Bell records staff producer-cum-writer Dan Penn gathered his young clan in the Memphis, American Sound Studios and saw his faith justified with a string of top spot singles — "The Letter", "Cry Like A Baby" and "Neon Rainbow" to name but three.

Other outfits operating in similar areas included The Righteous Brothers, The Young Rascals groovin' on the East Coast, Tommy James and The Shondells and Paul Revere and The Raiders on the wackier end of things.

At the end of '69 The Box Tops disbanded and Chilton went to New York with his 12 string, his book of nouveau folk ditties and a lot of money which he blew in the grand manner (and still only 19).

Back in Memphis three local sprogs called Chris Bell, Andy Hummel and Jody Stephens had themselves a bar band, Ice Water, cooking up current favourites: Free, James Gang and Beatles numbers . . . a travelling juke box. Bell had some ambitions and studio time in a small

ALEX CHILTON, looking the part in suitable surroundings. . .



North Avalon studio called Ardent where the Vice President of the company, Terry Manning, and engineer John Fry, used to let him loose on his demos after-hours.

Bell and Alex were old mates, even played together in '64 so that when the wandering hero popped in to the studio one day there was sufficient excitement generated to make Ice Water a four-piece.

Chilton first suggested a move back to the Big Apple — he'd been in Ardent before and didn't like the operation much though there has always been a fatal attraction for Chilton to return to Manning's fold. It can be argued that the working combination of Big Star and John Fry is as fine in its own way as that relationship Hendrix had with Eddie Kramer and The Grateful Dead had with Dave Hassinger.

The first album took a year. Manning and Fry had other proteges too, among them Hot Dogs and Cargo. Fry had an idea that with this roster Memphis could develop into the new pop capital of the South. In a sense he was right. Tennessee does actually boast the largest number of undiscovered geniuses extant on the recording planet.

Nevertheless, the climate was too estranged from hard rock ethics to appreciate Big Star et al. To rectify this Fry and Manning held a Rock Writers Convention hoping to unleash all their acts but it was Big Star who stole the critics' hearts.

Though I formerly agreed that "Radio City" was the real McCoy I've since altered my view to accommodate that first album.

The nexus of the material is Bell-Chilton composed, the opening track setting a pace which the band maintained from one end of the vinyl to the other. All the Big Star ingredients are in "Feel" from the punk put-down of the girls who put out too often to the aura of sublimated violence always present when Chilton has a woman on the mind. Offsetting the crunching chord changes there are plenty of R&B riffs which come straight out of the Booker T and Junior Walker mould.

An off-centre tenor sax break cuts into Chilton's sneering multilayered bark like the police busting up a small hours shindig for teen degenerates.

The surprises start with "The Ballad Of El Goodo", a number Chilton had lying around from the days when he was avoiding the draft. The surprise, though, is not that this is a fully-fledged protest against a trip to 'Nam which this boy wasn't making but in the choice of language.

Chilton is singing about God at his side and sounds like he means it. Yet the religious angle in so much of Chilton's writing has been completely ignored. How could a punk hero have anything to do with religion? Wouldn't make sense. But there it is and again and again you'll find Chilton bringing a Southern Agrarian conscience out of the closet and slipping it next to the songs about gurls and cars.

"The Ballad Of El Goodo" is a seminal Big Star song. In it you can ascertain the divergent influences at work within the Bell and Chilton team. Where Bell was always an Anglophile — keen on Roy Wood and McCartney — Chilton comes over like a fledgling Roger McGuinn.

The arrangement is pure Byrds and the sentiments a fine distillation of a mood prevalent in American West Coast rock dating back to the birth of the electric Dylan.

"In The Street" is unique to the group, containing some of the finest lyrics of frustrated concrete corner kids with time to kill, money to burn and an itch to annoy their folks. Dig this:

"Hangin' out, down the street/The same old thing we did last week/Not a thing to do but talk to you/Steal your car and bring it down?Pick me up, we'll drive around/Wish we had a joint so bad'.

Yeah, the Big Star had class, heavy class fired on an articulate frustration which made sense to initiated youth in Memphis. The clashing guitars and sumptuous rhythm riffs belie the image of Big Star as primarily club punks, however; the playing is perfectly realised.

"Thirteen" builds on a wall of lyrical acoustic lines and Chilton's remarkable hold on lost innocence. The words again capture a period with finesse:

"Won't you tell your dad get off my back — Tell him what we said 'bout 'Paint It Black'."

Ice Water's neo-Heavy Metal roots show up in "Don't Lie To Me", all brawling, brooding middle finger posturing, an anthem to swing a greased chain to. The electric furore generated cuts almost the entire English punk catalogue and makes current 'power pop' seem even more fatuously mythical.

Bassist Andy Hummel's "The India Song" is an incongruity which makes the grade. Utilising an Elizabethan baroque backdrop Hummel wanders into the realms of fantasy where he's living in a big house in India drinking gin and tonics and playing a grand piano. Sounds daft but it succeeds in the way Syd Barrett's acid utterances succeeded.

The juxtaposition of teenage emotion with adult cynicism finds outlets throughout, from the George Harrisonesque "Try Again" to the "Blonde On Blonde" transitions on "Watch The Sunrise".

Side two is balanced with a gentler aspect of Big Star. The implementation of acoustic sounds are as important to Chilton's sense of composition as the Fender brain scrambling. I'll take the twin guitar duetting of "When My Baby's Beside Me" with its "Revolver" echoes over Thin Lizzy any day.

"Number One Record" bows out with a graceful pair of picking favourites, one of which, "ST100/6", deserves consideration in the great short songs of all time, "Red Crayola" not withstanding, 56 seconds of bliss.

Now you might think this opener would have kept Ardent happy. Not so. Manning and Fry haggled over the quality of the material and put stumbling blocks in the band's way. There were problems with the cover, which featured the electric neon structure logo of the Big Star supermarket chain from whence the name derived. On the back cover the band look as sullen as a bunch of bikers who just had their hogs ripped off by the heat.

Chilton tired of the downhome atmosphere of Memphis and found the wanderlust on his travels with a Plastic Ono Band-type show which bombed. In his absence Fry cleaned up the tapes and the album hit the stores in small quantities and sold more on import in Europe than in Memphis.

Chilton returned nursing another grudge over management. The band were booked into school halls, cafeterias and movie houses in Corinth, Mississippi, and by all accounts played some pretty slovenly sets. Bell, the perfectionist, started laying down the law. He contributed a great deal to the material which eventually became "Radio City" but lost any credits at his own insistence — with the result that other tunes they played live were excluded at the last minute, songs like "So Dear" and "I Got Lost".

The growing tension at rehearsals and Chilton's tendency to lose his temper gave Bell an out. Big Star continued as a trio and finally made it to New York for a stint at Max's Kansas City. Both RCA and Polydor offered Ardent options but Manning refused the risk unless he could get distribution for Hot Dogs and Cargo.

"Radio City" emerged in the twilight glow of this bitterness and marked the beginning of Chilton's wasted period.

"Radio City" bites hardest when Chilton is at his downest, meanest and nastiest. It's very much an X-rated artefact and anyone who finally deciphers the lyrics will probably be shocked at the incidence of sheer venom, the anti-women numbering and the desperate indication that you are witnessing the full scale slide of a totally committed artist sinking into the depths of his own depravity.

Many of the tracks begin innocently enough until he gets the hate working on his apparently tortured nervous system.

The overall mood is set by the seedy cover and the flip picture of the Big Star trio looking decidely boozed — Chilton is pointing a finger right out at ya, his face a ferret-like warped leer. And from "O My Soul" you're on your own with this one, coming to terms with barely-veiled sarcasm and spat-out messages that would intimidate a Sex Pistol.

"Life Is White" is an enigmatic slice of the Chilton caustic, perhaps an attack on Chris Bell. The title is certainly a parody of "My Life Is Right" which he and Bell worked up for the first album. Whoever the recipient, he or she gets it in the mouth.

At all times the music on "Radio City" tracks alongside the lyrical meaning. On "Life Is White" the pace is murderous, a frenetic left-field piano bridge colliding with Chilton's derailed feedback.

By contrast, Hummel's "Way Out West" is a joyride, comparatively straight in melody and tone and relying on a well-executed series of tasteful bass runs. Then Chilton gets back to the dirt digging for "What's Going Ahn", utilising a sublime chord sequence with a succinct attack on the peripheral women slumming it round the backstage door:

'I like love but I don't know/All these girls come and go/Always nothing left to say."

When he isn't obsessed with his own sexual role Chilton still sounds on top of his personal philosphy — which he never does on the third album.

"What's Going Ahn" and its companion piece "You Get What You Deserve" give full indication of a certain irritating smugness, though both weld the sentiment to melodies which wouldn't sound out of place on a vintage Beatles album without ever exemplifying the derivative qualities of The Raspberries or Badfinger.

"Mod Lang" (as in modern language) peels off side two like the Stones in their pre-geriatric days. Chilton's performance is classic, hollering out the odds in a righteously uptight shriek:

"I want a witness . . . I want to testify".

It doesn't add up to anything except great rock'n'roll in the manic dervish department with literary leanings (the boy burns off Verlaine and

Memphis legends BIG STAR never made it big, but blew a few minds along the way — including their own . . . At least, that's true of main man Alex Chilton, who gradually sank to the depths of artistic degeneracy and despair.
On the occasion of the release here of their first two albums as a 'double' (on Stax), MAX BELL looks back over a mercurial but disastrous career.

Smith with ease, no love lost between them and Alex either).

John Fry boosted the sound on "Back Of A Car" with the aid of Richard Roseborough's percussive talents but generally the goods come unadorned and with a live studio spontaneity oozing from every component.

Chilton's own guitar parts are unimpeachable, the bad craziness of his vocal delivery matched by a devastating depth old rhythm attack and assorted lead lines that had the edge on any other comparable record made that year (1974). For example, "Daisy Glaze" modulates from a first half of pathetic jilted love to some second half reminiscences of a bizzare punch-out with a cast of drag fags seen through Chilton's stage eye.

"Radio City" reaches some sort of a climax on the taut precision of its best known song, "September Gurls", where the mood is regulated through an up-tempo-tune in direct collision with the increasingly depressing sentiment. They go out with some muted soul baring *a la* the first record, two songs just over a minute long, "Morpha Too" and "I'm In Love With A Girl" an instrumental backing of piano and strummed acoustic giving an ironic twist to the singer's search for the unattainable.

Stax Records inability to sell anything which wasn't primarily black R&B (witness the fate of Don Nix) meant that as sales figures for America went Big Star might as well have stayed home in bed.

IN LATE '74, early '75 Chilton gave it one more try, the result being his legendary album, "Sisters, Lovers", which Aura are now releasing as "The Third Album" (shame on them for changing the title). White label copies and poor quality tapes of this disc surfaced in 1976 as a result of Fry's sending demo copies to some unscrupulous A&R men.

"Sisters, Lovers" owes an immense debt to Lou Reed's "Berlin" which you may remember was the aftermath of his short lived marriage. Where Reed's maudlin sicko melodrama had the lasting appeal of a fifth rate soap opera Chilton suggested he'd gone right off the beam. Hummel had returned to college to finish his Master's in Chemical Engineering, Bell was helping his brother run a fast food business and occasionally worked on his meisterwork, "I Am The Cosmos" (now available on Car Records) and Chilton and Stephens were banging their heads against brick walls.

The cast list included local hot side men Tommy McClure and Steve Cropper, producer Jim Dickinson on keyboards and guitars and even Jerry Lee's original drummer, Tarp Tarrant, brought back to provide the beat on a version of "Whole Lotta Shakin' Going On" where Chilton sounds so shot that the only shakin' going on must have been a result of delirium tremors.

"Sisters, Lovers" is essential listening for any Chilton devotee but be warned of its utterly hopeless atmosphere and morbid contents. Chilton can still come over like Roger McGuinn on "Kizza Me" but he's dredging a squalid barrel where the chestnut mare has been traded in for another kind of horse, the big white out.

Fear and loathing in Memphis reach optimum proportions in yet another anti-groupie tract, "You Can't Have Me" with Chilton's message as squalid as the women he despises.

His Catholic panic attempts to find solace on "Jesus Christ", on which an eerie Wurlitzer supplies incongruous fairground punctuation to the Neil Young-flavoured guitar maul. As usual he stands to be judged according to his own Old Testament rigour:

"And the wrong shall fail, and the right prevail."

The discomfort that this mood inflicts on the listener is increased throughout side two. "O, Dana" managed to fuse a Barry Manilow style melody beneath layers of apologetic paranoia:

"I worry whether this is my last life/And God — if you're listening/I'm sorry I can't help it."

That seminal comment on Chilton's phase on "Sisters, Lovers" is contrasted immediately with his interpretation of Lou Reed's "Femme Fatale" where Alex takes Nico's part and a female chanteuse sings the back ups in French. The arrangement has a far more private weight than the original, but "Holocaust" is a truer indication of the pit Chilton had dug out for himself.

The lyric here is so lacking in hope that even if Bob Ezrin had left "Berlin" unadorned and recorded it on two track in a terminal cancer ward it would still come over like a Marx Brothers script next to the picture unfolding here.

The possible explanation for "Holocaust" is that it's autobiographical and while I'm generally wary of doom laden rock and roll angst, in context the fascination of Chilton's downer is in the same bag as "Tonight's The Night". Try singing along to this:

"Everybody goes as far as they can . . . even those who fall behind/Your mother's dead, she said don't be afraid . . . your on your own/She's in her bed . . ./You're a wasted face, you're a sad eyed lie, you're a holocaust."

In the now recognisable style of the first two Big Star albums Chilton bows out with two brief, acoustically orientated numbers, "Nightime" and "Kanga Roo". Impossibly, these cuts induce an even greater sense of abject solitude than their forebears.

He reserves his most poignant melodies for the final, miserable slump and the last total rejection of self-respect. There's an iced beauty in the imagery of Chilton scuttling alone through the streets friendless and unloved which you must either accept on face value or reject as too harrowing in subject matter.

Anyway you look at "Sisters, Lovers", the break from the days of The Boxtops and *"Get me a ticket for an aeroplane"* is complete. The danger zone of the rock world, its temptation to commit irreparable self-abuse, finds absolute summation in the career of Alex Chilton.

BIG STAR'S swansong remained on the shelf while Ardent went through its own death throes. The legend of Alex Chilton was fostered by tales of embarrassing bar-room brawls and a hell-bent egocentricity hardly guaranteed to endear him to his small body of admirers.

On one occasion, at D. J.'s tribute show in Memphis (could have been for the late Presley), the compere was introducing his celebrity audience — Booker T.' Cropper and friends — with the customary American blandness that accompanies such gatherings. All was going to plan until the scrufffy figure of Chilton leapt from his seat demanding attention:

"What about me, ain't I famous enough for ya?"

The D.J. watched aghast as Chilton added some spice to the proceedings by leaping on stage and smashing wildly at the piano, yelling the odds and generally making a total asshole of himself.

Last year Jon Tiven dragged Chilton out of the gutter and took him to the Terry Ork stable in New York for another try. The resulting E.P., "The Singer Not The Song" was not evocative of the style Big Star had, even with Chilton at his most deranged, although a partnership with the excellent Chris Stamey, the new North Carolina boy wonder, whetted the appetite for a revival which never materialised.

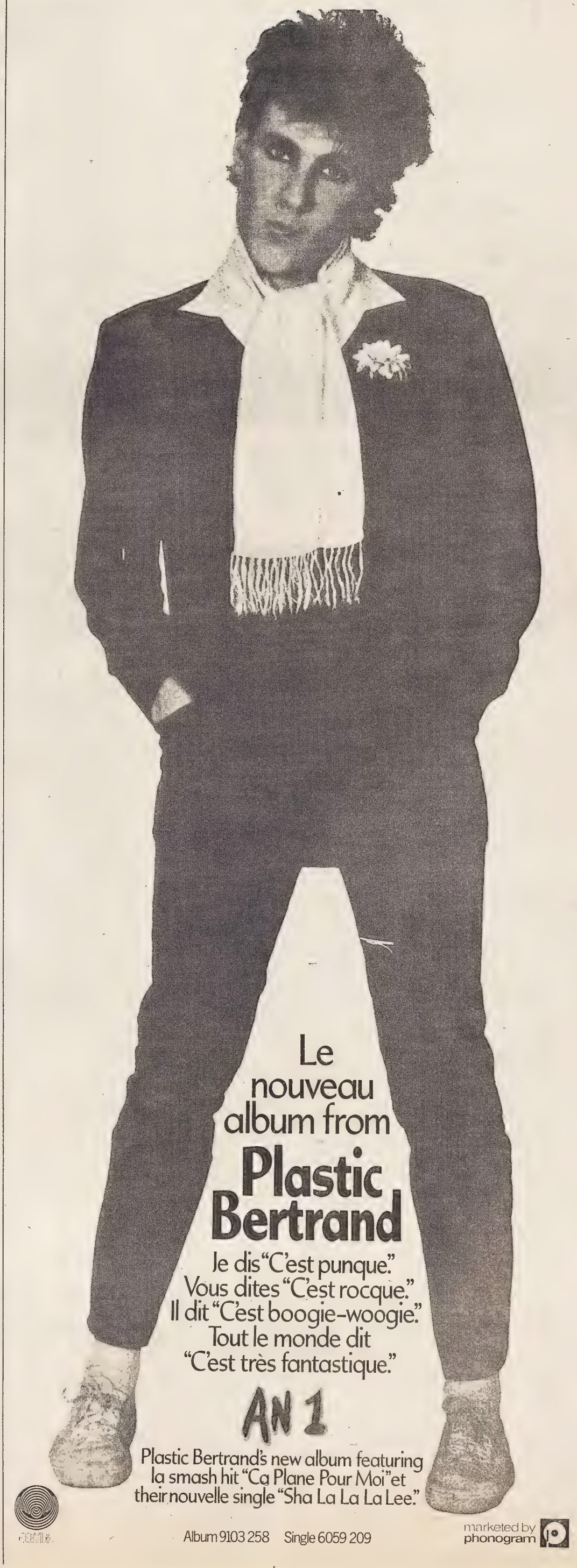
The revival of interest in Big Star, particularly English Monolithic Industries' double re-package (and by the way, EMI, I'll be suing for copyright) has led to rumours of their reformation. Hummel, Bell and Stephens are agreed, but Chilton continues to flog his solo dream in Memphis, working sometimes at Ardent Studios and less successfully on the Fun label at Sun records.

If they could steer clear of the utterly ennervating New York sycophants and the dreary sick rock clubs that still have some reputation as places where something is happening (it isn't) then we might yet see some action from one of the most genuinely electric experiences to emerge on vinyl in the last six years.

The stars are set fair and the climate is perfect for Alex Chilton to show himself once more. Somehow I think he doesn't want to take that chance. I'd love to be proved wrong.

DISCOGRAPHY

"BIG STAR — No 1 Record" (Ardent).
"RADIO CITY" (Ardent).
Above re-issued as Big Star "No 1 Record/Radio City" — (Stax SXSP 302). BIG STAR — "The Third Album" (Aura AUL 703).



IN TOWN TODAY...

ANNIE GOLDEN & HER FABULOUS SHOITS !!

BY PHIL McNEILL

ANNIE GOLDEN gives good letter.

Bank on it: there'll be one on its way right now. "Dear Phil . . ." The Shirts are touring your country. Remember that feature you were going to write?

First time Annie wrote was well over a year ago now. The Shirts were desperate, and they seemed to have turned me into some kind of last straw to clutch at. Apparently the only journalist for years who'd told them they were great, I found myself bearing the sword of the media. A bedraggled stream of letters arrived on my desk signed "Three Shirts fans, Brooklyn", and the like.

"Dear Mr McNeill, We understand you are thinking of writing a report on The Shirts . . ." Funny how the surnames often coincided with Shirt surnames — Ardito, Piccolo — and other similarly ethnic appellations.

In a way, it transistorised the whole sad Shirts vibe.

I mean, I really loved this band, but there was nothing to be said about them. Not in the UK press, anyway. No record, no tour, what could I say? Next time you're in New York, all you jetsetting readers . . .

Meanwhile the U.S. press was about as responsive to The Shirts as the Clash audience was to Suicide. So I got the call.

The call came, I did nothing.

Then The Shirts came to England earlier this year — to London, to be precise. They'd signed a deal with Harvest Records (because their own home labels weren't interested), and were recording here.

Annie Golden wrote to me again. "Dear Phil . . ."

So off I went to see them again. Did another interview. Listened to rough mixes. Look forward to reading the feature, they said.

The call came and went. What, I reasoned, was the point? No record, no tour — just a one-off at Dingwalls. I'll wait till the time's right . . .

But now there's no escape. The time is bang on right. The band's on the road and my ass, as they say, is in a sling. Here come Da Shoits.

BOTTOMS IS — or was, 18 months ago — a less than fashionable New York club. We were only there because we'd flicked through the *Village Voice* gig directory and The Shirts were the only name we'd even recognised. We assumed they'd be a punk group.

Even at 25, Annie Golden looked sweet sixteen. A ballet-shoe'd trance-eye'd ragdoll of a singer, she spent the entire second set chewing. (Afterwards, approached timorously at the bar, she drawled: "I was really annoyed in the first set because nobody had any gum.")

"Shirts" across her T-shirt, Annie swayed and pirouetted limply between a veritable barrage of male rock armaments: two guitars, keyboards, bass and drums. What music they made!

Each song was chucked violently around between four vocalists, running their lines together; alternately, across one another, in unison, in harmony, reflecting the deranged trickery The Shirts brought to every arrangement — complex webs of textures and riffs, climaxes and dynamixes held together with extraordinary control, and I wondered if the other 99 people present realised this was the best band they were ever likely to see.

Did groups like this still exist? This music, it was psychedelic! Drama! Light and shade! Doom and foreboding! The sound of Jefferson Airplane, the twists and turns of The Grateful Dead, the speed of The Ramones. Ridiculous stuff.

Sprawled on my hotel bed a couple of hours later, Annie and Artie Lamonica exuded the fatigue, not just of two sets' exertion, but of five years of frustration. The CBGBs band that everyone ignored — "We've heard it so many times: 'They're commercial, they'll get signed' " — and still no contract in view.

Artie's voice, you wouldn't believe it! It's that gangster movie Brooklyn archetype, just like the band's glorious array of (genuine) Italian monickers: Robert Racioppo (bass), John Criscione (drums), John Piccolo (keyboards), Ronnie Ardito and Artie Lamonica (guitars) . . .

He told me about the band he and Annie were in before The Shirts, Lackeys and Schemers. "Dey useta just play Brooklyn. Beer blasting colleges, block parties, nuthin' big at all."

Not that being in The Shirts had brought Lamonica any wealth of fame. Their only gig outside of New York State in five years had been supporting Orleans in front of — count 'em — 1,800 people. It was winter, they didn't have any money, they got sick. Scary times.

"Poe", the six-year-old highlight of any Shirts set, recalls their early days. "We were like the druids of Brooklyn," husked Annie. "Diving into garbage . . ."

Only the patronage of their manager, CBGBs boss Hilly Kristal, kept The Shirts intact.

We talked about possible deals, a session they were doing in Electric Lady with Genya Raven (Goldie Zelkowitz) directing men with cellos, a single in mind . . .

IN THE END, it took The Man Who Signed The Sex Pistols, Nick Mobbs of EMI, to see the potential of this bizarre, grandiose band The Shirts.

Spurred by EMI's example, Capitol picked up The Shirts in the States — and promptly stuck their oar in by demanding that the band do a cover version single. Incensed, the sextet went off to show they could write their own 45s.

Meantime, Mobbs took boy wonder Harvest house producer Mike Thorne to New York to sniff The Shirts. Impressed he wasn't — until Hilly Kristal set up a one-off CBGBs show for Thorne's benefit. What did he see? "I saw energy," he intones.

The album Thorne's put together with The Shirts down in Chiswick is 50/50 old stuff — including that very first Shirts song, "Poe", as well as their previously posited single "The Story Goes", the toytown episode "Tenth Floor Clown" and the old stage opener "I'm Reduced To Whispering" — alongside the fruits of that let's-write-a-single spasm.

Listening to the tapes, I was let down. Where was that demented ambition I'd preserved in my memory? Maybe it was never there — or maybe Thorne and Capitol have conspired to erase The Shirts' old indiscipline.

Certainly, they recorded under stress. Annie Golden, almost down and out just a year before, was now up to her neck in contracts and commitments.

Shortly after I'd seen Annie and decided she was the future of rock'n'roll, Milos Forman, director of *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest,* had also seen Annie — at CBGBs — and decided she was one of the stars of his upcoming movie version of *Hair,* the hit '60s flower power musical.

She was immediately drafted into the Broadway stage show for a month — sometimes coming offstage there, jumping into a cab to CBGBs, and Shirting onstage in her *Hair* duds — and then filming began.

Originally scheduled to finish in December, it dragged on . . . and on . . . When the album was cut in April, Ms Golden was forced to divide her time between the *Hair* set in New York and the studio in West London: two days here, two days there, shuttling madly back and forth on Concorde (she even made the young-starlet-flies-out slot in the *Daily Mirror*), until her nerves were snapping.

When I visited chez Shirts, it happened to be one of Annie's days with Milos. All her co-workers went out of their way to say her double life hadn't affected the LP . . .

Well it's just arrived in the office, and it just shows you shouldn't go listening to rough mixes. The second side is hardly scintillating, but the first side's got it: fine, fierce stuff. Drama! Power! Their star, on that side at least, is in the ascendant.

The Dingwalls gig had already restored faith and sorted out a pattern, anyway. The Shirts blueprint, current live version — it's dead straightforward. Every song starts slow, quiet, hesitant — and then builds and builds relentlessly to one of those ludicrous climaxes. You will enjoy, OK.

A very strange and entertaining group, The Shirts. Annie Golden, future star.

But will she still find time to write?

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Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

The Great Stiff Voucher Mystery?

CAN YOU explain what Stiff's single and album vouchers are all about? — **SIMON BRIDGER, St Annes, Lancs.**

WHEN STIFF Records was formed in the Summer of '76, Jake Riviera had plans to release an album compiled from tapes recorded at the Hope and Anchor, featuring such bands as Dr. Feelgood, Kokomo and Ducks DeLuxe. I'd like to know what happened to the plans for that LP? — **ANDREW WROBELL, Whaddon, Cheltenham.**

● Holy brunt rubber, Batman! This place gets more like the Stiff sorting office everyday! 'Bout that voucher thing though — I must admit that had me puzzled too. And when I phoned Stiff, they admitted that they hadn't even worked it our either — which isn't surprising really. But it seems that the general idea is that one day you'll have the pleasure of mutilating your album and single sleeves by chopping off those vouchers, in return for which Honest Jake will send you some absolutely ripping gift — at least, that's what the intention is.

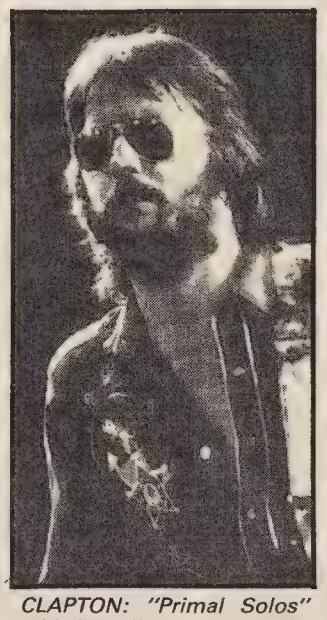
Meanwhile, those beer-sodden tapes are not forgotten. The story is that Stiff's Dave Robinson ran a studio at the Hope and Anchor, recording all the bands that appeared there and his office is currently stacked with tapes waiting to be unleashed upon an unsuspecting public. The label is now having a mobile studio built and when that's completed — which should be in just a few weeks time — the tapes will then be sorted and an album fashioned in readiness for an early release. Meanwhile, somewhere in Gotham City . . .

ONE COMMENT on the recent Info City answer to reader Hulme's question regarding The Yardbirds' album "Five Live Yardbirds": there exists an American import album on Springboard SPB-4036 called "Eric Clapton And The Yardbirds", which in fact is "Five Live Yardbirds" minus one track at the end of each side — the two missing tracks being "Respectable" and "Here 'Tis". But as "Here 'Tis" is available on the Charley album, it is possible, at least here in Finland, to get every track from "Five Live Yardbirds" except "Respectable". Incidently, on the cover the Springboard album there's a picture of Clapton taken at the time of his come-back concert at the Rainbow in 1973.

— **PERTTI OJALA, Tornipolku, Finland.**

● Thanks for the info — but how come all you'se guys up in midnight sun country write better English than most of us Carnaby Street shufflers? I mean, I can hardly spell Tasaval . . . er . . . . Tasavalian Pres . . . . er . . . . . oh, hell, I meant Wigwam anyway!

SOMETIME ago, there used to be a series of R&B compilation albums — featuring Muddy Waters, Bo Diddley et al — on the cheapo Marble Arch label. Can you tell me if they're still available? — **R. BOND, Barking, Essex.**



CLAPTON: "Primal Solos" with Mayall.

● Sorry — Pye's Marble Arch label got phased out yonks ago, to be replaced by the Golden Hour series. And even though Pye still have some good bluesware in their catalogue — mainly culled from Vanguard — they've long since lost all those Muddy Waters, Bo Diddley and Little Walter side, which emanated from Chess, a label now marketed in this country by Phonogram.

COULD YOU tell me who published *The Byrds* by Bud Scoppa? My local book shop have been unable to trace it? — **A. READER, Rawmarsh, South Yorks.**

WHAT'S THE latest state of play on Nick Kent's projected Beach Boys book? — **C. GILMORE, Godalming, Surrey.**

● I'm a bit schizo when it comes to books, the result of once working in a place that distributed both Bibles and sex literature — we once packaged some religious tracts in some spare sheets from *Stocking Tops* and got a note back from some irate Mother Superior who complained "Your books were fine but we didn't appreciate the wrapping paper?" — but I have managed to ascertain that Scoppa's *The Byrds* is virtually unobtainable, being only published in New Zealand or thereabouts. I dunno about Nick's tribute to those harmonizing members of wave watchers unanimous though — he just goes all coy each time it gets mentioned. But the less bashful John Tobler tells me that he (Tobler) has just penned *The Beach Boys,* published by Phoebus at 95p.

I HAVE the Island EPs by Free, Spencer Davies and Traffic and wondered if there were any more available? — **B.O.F., Felling, Tyne and Wear.**

● Following a meeting of the Security Council (actually it was just me and Cliff Gater but that doesn't sound so impressive!) it was decided that Island had released 10 EPs in recent times, these being by Bryan Ferry (IEP 1), Eddie And The Hot Rods ("At The Marquee" IEP 2 and "At The Sound Of Speed" IEP 5), Jess Roden ("Live" IEP 3), Mike Nesmith (IEP 4), Free (IEP 6), Traffic (IEP 7), Ultravox ("Live Retro" IEP 8), Jimmy Cliff (IEP 9) and Spencer Davies (IEP 10).

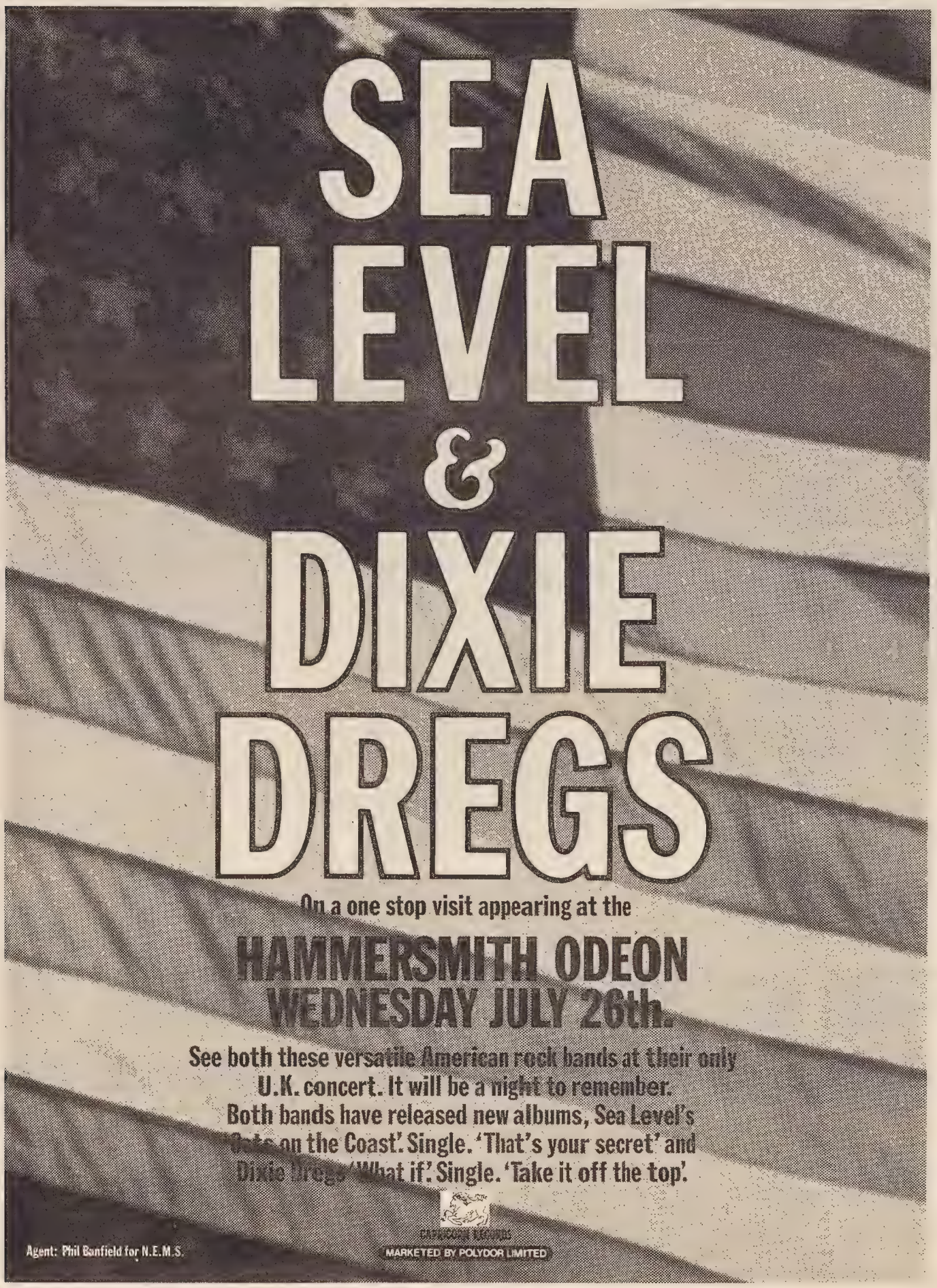
SOME TIME BACK, an import album of previously unreleased Eric Clapton 'n' John Mayall material was mentioned in *NME.* Can you supply full details of this desirable object! — **M. ANDERSON, London SE20.**

● I guess the album you mean is "Primal Solos" (U.S. London 1C 50003), which includes such Clappo-tracks as "Maudie", "It Hurts To Be In Love", "Have You Ever Loved A Woman?", "Bye Bye Bird" and "Hoochie Coochie Man", recorded by the Mayall, Clapton, Jack Bruce and Hughie Flint line-up at London's Flamingo Club in April, 1966. The other titles on the disc are "Look At The Girl" and "Start Walking", taped at Falmer College, Brighton, in May, 1968, and "Wish You Were Mine", which stems from a Swedish gig later that same year. These latter tracks all feature Mick Taylor on guitar.

REQUIRED — a list of all Wigwam albums, stating availability, either on import or British labels. — **EURO-FREAK, Haywards Heath, Sussex.**

● Prior to 1975 and the release of "Nuclear Nightclub", I'd always thought that Wigwam were merely a figment of Ian McDonald's fertile imagination. But it seems that the band really existed long before then, their first Finnish flapjack, "Hard'n'Horny" (Love LRLP 9) being issued in 1969, soon after vocalist Jim Pembroke joined their ranks. Since then there's been the Kim Fowley-produced "Tombstone Valentine" (LRLP 19 — 1970), "Being" (LRLP 92 — 1974), "Live Music From Twilight Zone" (LXLP 517/518 — 1975), Nuclear Nightclub" (Virgin V2035 — 1975), "The Lucky Golden Stripes And Starpose" (Virgin V2051 — 1976) and "Dark Album" (LRLP 227 — 1977).

In addition, a compilation album, "Wigwam" (LXLP 511 — 1972) has appeared, while Jim Pembroke has cut such solo albums as "Wicked Ivory" (as by Hot Thumbs O'Riley on Love LRLP 52 and deleted Charisma CAS 1071 — 1972), "Pigworm" (LRLP 103 — 1974) and "Corporal Cauliflower's Mental Function" (LRLP 214 — 1976), Wigwam multi-instrumentalist Pekka Pohjola cutting "Pihkasilma Kaarnakorva" (LRLP 71 — 1972), "B The Magpie" (Virgin V2035 — 1975) and "The Mathematician's Air Display" (Virgin V2084 — 1977). All the Virgin releases are still readily available, while the Love imports are obtainable in London from HMV, Oxford Street, or through local retailers, who can order from a wholesale firm called Studio Imports, c/o Alfa Ltd, 25-27 Oxford Street, London W.1. (01-437-0226).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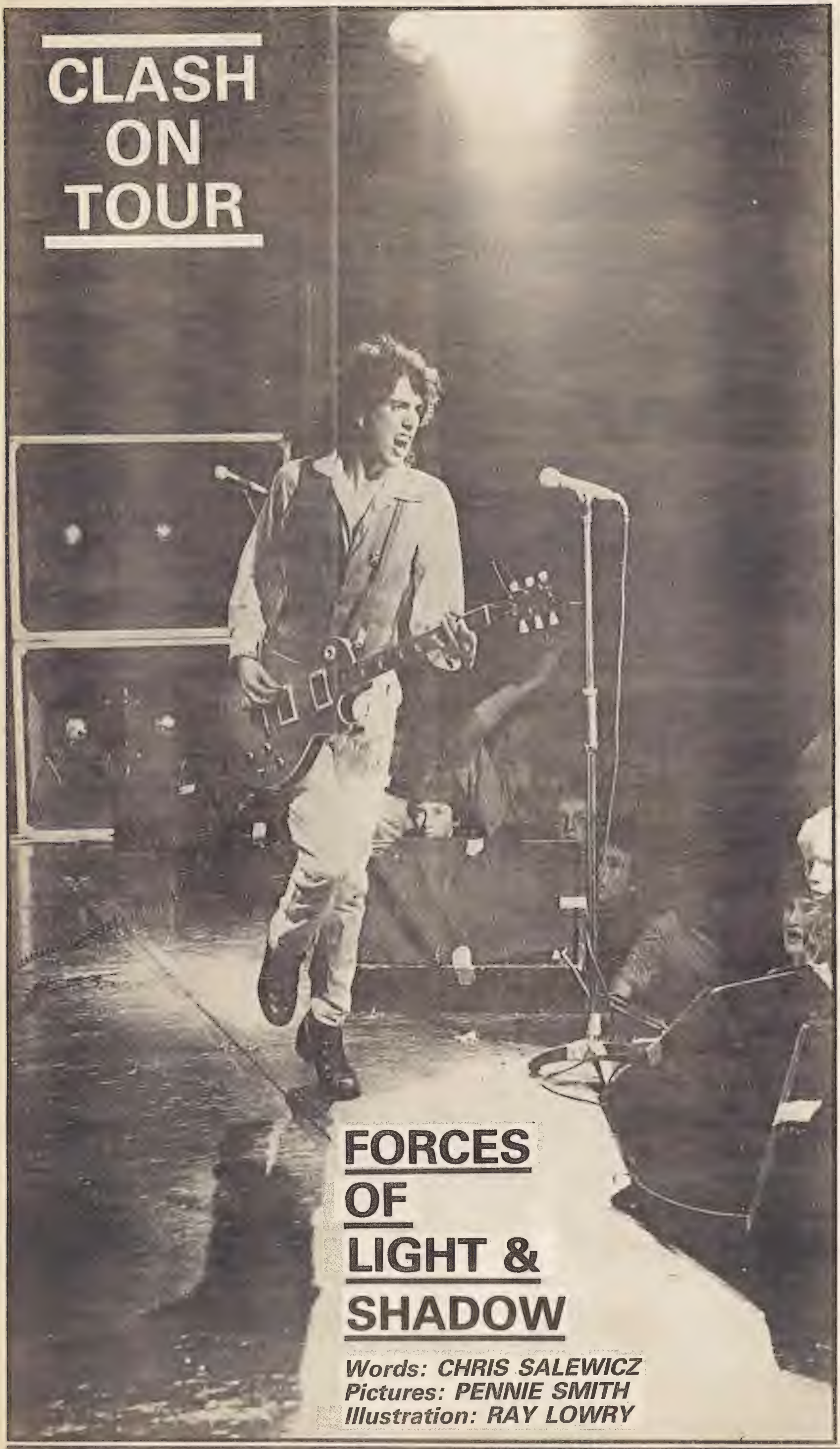
CLASH ON TOUR



FORCES OF LIGHT & SHADOW

Words: CHRIS SALEWICZ
Pictures: PENNIE SMITH
Illustration: RAY LOWRY

IT'S AS IF THE Clash's "Police And Thieves" stage backdrop has suddenly transmogrified into moving 3-D.

The scene: the cobbled street down the side of the Glasgow Apollo. Round about midnight.

The dramatis personae: The Clash, fifty to sixty Clash fans, Clash drivers and security guys, an indeterminate number of members of the Glasgow constabulary.

The sound:

C-R-U-N-C-H!!!

There it goes again: Paul Simonon, impeccably street-cool despite the Johnsons royal-blue shot-silk suit and Scotch House scarlet cashmere sweater, sinking down on his DMs onto the damp cobbles in a perfect staccato frozen-frame sequence as the back of his neck becomes the object of a manic, self-brutalising, truncheon-waving charge by an anorak-clad plainclothes Glasgow cop.

It's a disgusting incident. Highly emotive, riddled with flashes and waves of fear and terror and shock.

There's a whole pattern of ironies binding this little scenario together: the Apollo bouncers, the police, even some of the kids outside the back of the theatre, all hating The Clash because The Clash threaten the basic status quo on which their hatred has been erected. As the plainclothes cops suddenly emerge, chain-weighted truncheons in hand, from the shadows, they stir up eerie images of battles between the forces of good and evil.

BACKSTAGE BEFORE the Apollo gig, a Glaswegian punk is haranguing Simonon. "You still doin' all that politics stuff? That's not music."

"It's not politics," Simonon replies, taking a hit from a bottle of Smirnoff vodka. "It's just the difference between right and wrong."

"Yeah. But a lot of punks don't understand the politics. They're just here for the music."

"Well," Simonon shakes his head, "I don't understand it either. I just know what's right and wrong. Like closing this place — that's wrong."

There's something horribly appropriate in The Clash being the last rock band ever to play the Glasgow Apollo — always (in)famous for having some of the best rock audiences and the most psychotic bouncers in the UK — before it's turned into a bingo hall.

More than any other band, The Clash really do *care* — no, not care, *love* — their audiences. And, by extension, their fellow-men, though maybe that's another matter.

Anyway, the bouncers, apparently, have long been standing by for this night.

Tonight's the night, Jimmy, when they get their own back on the kids. "Here!" One of them proudly pulls up his vest to show the band's 'personal', Steve English. "This scar's from the David Bowie show. And this one's from The Faces. And this" (he shows a thick welt across his belly) "is from the last time The Clash played here."

The instant the band hit the stage it's like the Apocalypse is upon us and performing live in the stalls. Pogoing kids being dragged to the back of the hall and having the shit kicked out of them . . . Pogoing kids having the shit kicked out of them in front of the stage . . . "I'M SICK OF BLOOD. I'M SICK OF FUCKIN' BLOOD." Joe Strummer backs off from the mike and shakes his head to himself after pleading with the bouncers and kids to stop attempting to dismember each other.

They do stop. A little bit. But there are still obscene sights like a bouncer with shoulder-length hair diving head-first off the front of the

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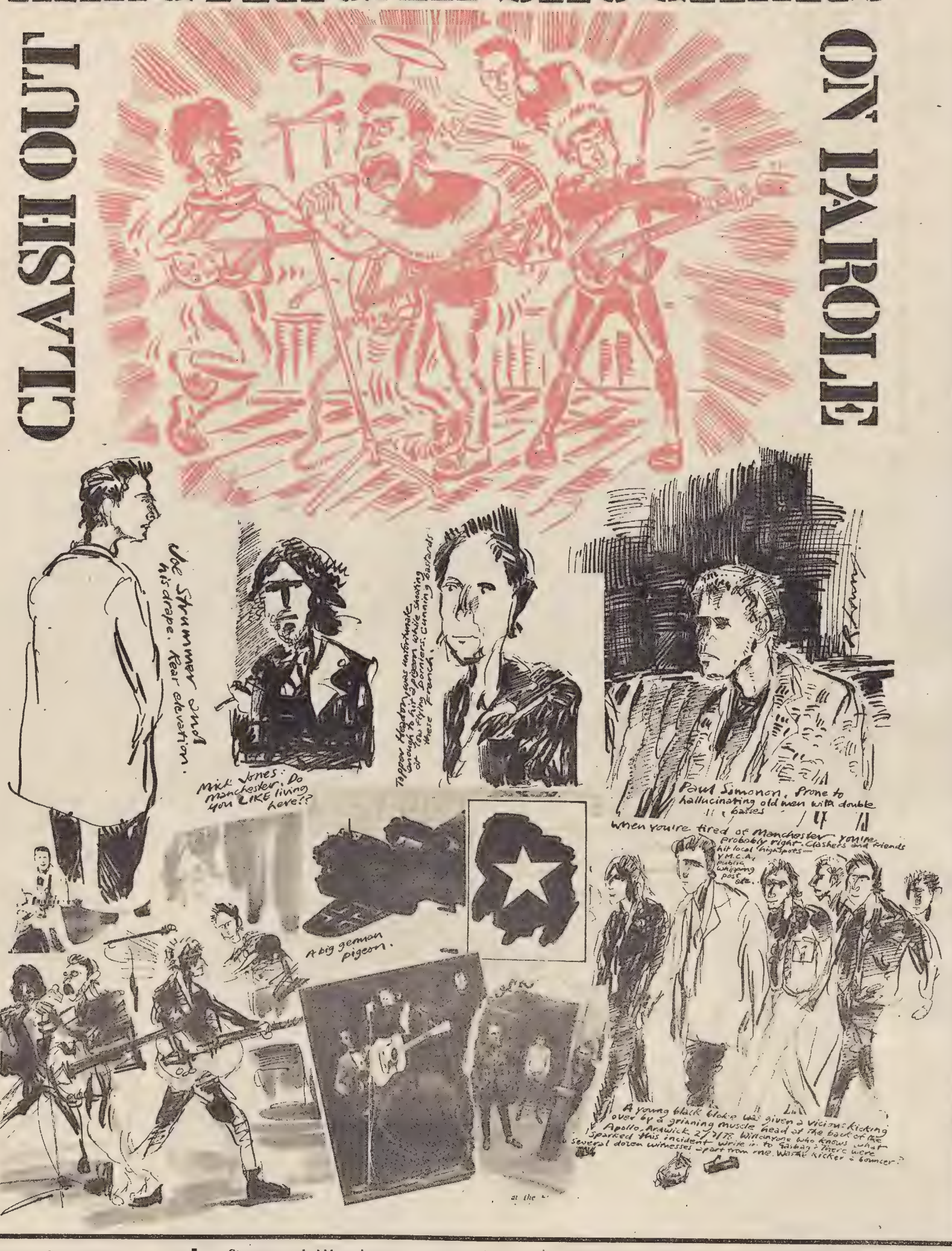
ELECTRICAL SHOCKERS

CLASH OUT ON PAROLE


Joe Strummer and his drape. Rear elevation.
Mick Jones: Do Manchester. Do you LIKE living here??
Topper Headon, your unfortunate enough to hit pigeon while shooting at low flying bombers. Cunning bastards these French.
Paul Simonon. Prone to hallucinating old men with double basses
When you're tired of Manchester you're probably right. Clashers and friends hit local 'high spots' — Y.M.C.A. public whipping post etc.
A big gemon pigeon.
A young black bloke was given a vicious kicking over by a grinning muscle head at the back of the Apollo, Ardwick. 27/1/78. Will anyone who knows what sparked this incident — more is to gaining? There were several dozen witnesses — apart from me. Was the kicker a bouncer?

From previous page

orchestra pit onto the heads of the audience . . .

As he's coming off the stage, one of the bouncers is waiting in the wings for Joe. Whisky-breathed, he leers six inches away from Strummer's face: "Ah'm gonna have y-e-e-ew."

The word is that the bouncers are intending to come up to the dressing-room to tear the band apart limb from limb. They are detained, however, by a young lady whom the theatre management have thoughtfully hired to stand on the stage and remove her clothes and do clever tricks with bottles.

Meanwhile, the band, Strummer with a bottle of lemonade in his right hand, head for the car that's parked just a few yards away from the stage-door.

As soon as they're out the door Joe is screamed at by kids who'd been kicked out of the theatre by bouncers. "Why'd you no' do anything to help us?" berates a guy who was beaten on and kicked out for pogoing during the first number. "Ye're jes' big egoed pop stars," snarls another.

Strummer, who'd been in tears after the gig over the way the fans had been treated, swears back and exasperatedly flings his bottle of lemonade onto the road. Instantly his arms are grabbed by two uniformed cops who've appeared from nowhere. As he's dragged out into the road, both uniformed and plainclothes cops appear to emerge from every crack in the pavement.

Simonon moves in to attempt to drag Strummer free . . . which is where you came in.

Topper Headon is chased up the road and manages to slip away and get back up into the dressing-room where Bernie Rhodes, the band's manager, is entertaining an American promoter who maintains he's never seen *anything* like the scenes he's just witnessed inside the theatre.

Mick Jones is dragged away in a state of total shock by some fans, who smuggle him through the prowl-car filled streets and back to the band's hotel . . .

STRUMMER, ONE of his brothel creeper laces replaced with a guitar string, and Simonon spend the night in the cells. "The people inside," says Strummer later, "the people up for drinking and nicking, they really treated us great. Giving us dog-ends and stuff."

A certain new wave spirit is maintained by the arrested punk fans spending much of the night singing chorus after chorus of "The Prisoner", the B-side of "(White Man) In Hammersmith Palais".

Contrary to the fears of those waiting for the pair back at the hotel, neither Joe nor the bassist have too rough a time of it down the police station — although as Joe points out, "Just as we were leaving for the last time one of the cops on the door said to the one in charge of us, 'How come you didn't beat them up? Are you reformed or something?'

"So I suppose they could've done that. But it never really seemed on the cards."

The magistrates court where the pair appear the next morning — both are on breach of the peace charges, with Simonon also charged with something like "attempting to free a prisoner" — reeks of austere, tiled Scottish Calvinism.

After a whole troop of casualties — crippled eighty-year-old drunks, 18-year-old hookers — have been led before the magistrate for him to sharpen his wit on, Strummer, appearing under his real name of Joseph Mellors, is called.

So authentic is Strummer's quite classic Brando slouch — head to one side, left lower lip hanging open, hands thrust deep in the pockets of his semi-drape jacket — that the real Gorbals heavies on the front bench of the visitors gallery turn round and nudge each other respectfully.

"Do you understand the charge against you?" demands the clerk of the court.

"Yeah," snarls Joe.

"Yeah what?" interrupts the magistrates.

"Yeah, sir," Joe snaps back sullenly.

"What is the name of your group?" enquiries the magistrate.

"Vuh Clash," Joe enunciates proudly.

"How appropriate," titters the magistrate, just like he's seen them do it in court-room scenes at the movies, too.

Both Strummer and Simonon, whose appearance is something of a replay of Joe's, plead guilty. (Hey Joe, how come Paul pleaded guilty when he was quite obviously innocent? "Cos I told him to. So we could get on to Aberdeen".)

Joe is fined £25, whilst Paul, who must be especially punished for going to the assistance of a friend, has to cough up £45.

As each leaves the court to pay their fines, the hard man poses are dropped and first Joe, then Paul, beams the kind of broad smirk that the bad kids in class always used to have on tap for walking back to their desks after they'd just been slippered in front of the whole form.

In the street outside the court Stummer turns to Simonon and grins: "Maybe it was a mistake calling this tour 'Clash On Parole'."

ALTHOUGH HE BELIEVES himself to have "trouble with words" and had equal difficulty adding up, Clash bassist Paul Simonon is actually far more articulate than the average rock musician.

Like guitarist and group founder Mick Jones, Simonon spent the early years of his childhood in Brixton, South London. Also like Jones, the bassist is the product of a broken marriage — although both would appear to present strong arguments for the single parent family.

In fact, Simonon tells me, it was because his father was always looking for some place to dump him for a few days that Paul became intersted in art.

Sent out to stay with a painter friend of his dad's in East Acton when he was about seven, Paul waited until the artist had gone out one day and then sat down with a book of paintings by Matisse and copied them all out in pencil. "After a while," he tells me, "you find you can like draw a woman with just one flowing line."

Sitting in his Earls Court flat following a secret pre-tour warm-up gig in Fulham, Simonon recalls how he first came to join the band.

Mick Jones and Geneation X bassist Tony James were attempting to get the London SS out of the rehearsal studio and onto some kind of stage, when Simonon turned up one day from the exclusive Byam Shaw art school in Holland Park, to which he had a scholarship, and, as a perfect David Bowie lookalike, auditioned for the role of lead singer by singing the words "I'm a roadrunner, I'm a roadrunner" over and over for ten minutes until he was requested to stop.

Later, Jones looked him up again and told him that if he wanted to be the bass player in a new group he was forming then he (Jones) would teach him .

Since taking up the bass and joining The Clash, Simonon feels his drawing and painting have suffered. "But then," he says, pouring me out a cup of tea, "I'm getting better on the bass all the time. I just want to transfer that simplicity from drawing and painting to bass-playing; to say an incredible amount with just one flowing line of notes just like Leonardo used to paint."

Leonardo Da Vinci, in fact, is one of Paul Simonon's major influences. All he wanted to do when he went to the Byam Shaw was to learn how to draw cars and tower-blocks "in the style of Leonardo". Going into the bed-room of his flat to get me a Clash tour poster, he shows me one of his paintings, a stark, sinister car dump with (almost a Clash cliche) the Westway as background.

Simonon learnt his bass technique by playing along with The Ramones, the Pistols and reggae records. Although a skinhead in his early teens, he claims he never actually got into their field sport of Pakki-bashing, though he didn't blanch at going thieving down Pakistani supermarkets.

West Indians, though, were viewed very diffently. "When I was at school in South London I used to always want to be mates with the hardest kids in school. So I could get to figure 'em out. And most of those guys tended to be black.

"Anyway, I used to hate all that Deep Purple and Hawkwind stuff and just listen to reggae 'cos I was a skinhead. Those reggae records really used to say a lot to me. Some of them really meant quite a lot."

As an English bassist who doesn't stick himself away back by the amps but chooses instead to move and dance about by the mike, Simonon is something of an iconoclast. And that's just for starters: "I want to be able to stick the bass behind my neck

and play it like Jimi Hendrix played the guitar. Really elevate its status. Show people all the possibilities that it has in its simplicity."

He puts a Rothmans between his lips, flicks his Zippo lighter but holds it, flaming, in front of him without lighting the cigarette. "The last couple of years," he muses, "have been like being born again.

"Although I did always believe in doing the best in everything that I did . . . . Even if it was only carrying carpets."

AH YES, THAT CLASH Pursuit Of Excellence that is the prime reason for my being at Simonon's . . .

Simonon, in fact, is about to play me the rough tapes of some of the new material The Clash have recorded for their next LP, the record for which the group have been in the studios laying down tracks since last summer.

After the slightly abortive alliance with Lee Perry — apparently whilst they wanted Scratch to give them a reggae production, the Upsetter himself was anxious to learn how to get a 'punk' sound — the band spent some months working on their own, though mainly only in the rehearsal studio, until the sudden appearance at the beginning of this year of one Sandy Pearlman, Witchfinder General for Blue Oyster Cult.

The introduction of the American Pearlman into the Clash camp can be seen as just one pointer to the fact that The Clash have now indubitably transceneded 'punk' — in its musical rather than social definition — and become A Rock Band.

Not just any rock band, mind you. Indeed, it is probable that right now The Clash are the finest rock band in the world. The hassles of the past year — finding the right record producer, the constant frictions between the band and record company and, it appears, with their management too, plus Joe Strummer's hepatitis bout in the early months of this year and the band's regular run-ins with the law — all these troubles appear to have enriched the band with new inner strength and righteous power.

Whatever, it's fitting that the band should have cut a track entitled "Last Gang In Town" — because that really does seem to be how The Clash see themselves. "We're the only one left," Mick Jones tells me, though he'll later qualify that by offering a fairly substantial list of other outfits who are trying to remain true to what he sees as the essential spirit of rock'n'roll.

Being on tour with The Clash, though, you do gradually begin to see the band as they seem to see themselves — or certainly as Jones and Strummer view it: like Peckinpah's vision of the Western outlaw in *The Wild Bunch,* the loners whose high moral sense is one of the last relics of another time.

Except that in The Clash's case they are not anachronisms but the forerunners of better times. The advance guards, the emissaries of the New Age when Babylon's flaky hold on rock music (and on life) will finally fall . . .

THE CLASH now appear to be approaching the future from firm foundations.

Although none of them has been as big a hit as it should have been, The Clash have put out a trio of classic singles in the subversive "Complete Control", their very own group anthem in "Clash City Rockers" and now the near-epic 'ballad' "(White Man) In Hammersmith Palais", probably the best single of 1978 so far.

Of course, had "Capital Radio" had an official release you could have chalked that up as *four* classic singles . . . but the band decided to give it away free instead. Still, Jah was probably quite happy about that.

Besides, "Capital Radio", along with "Complete Control", is being included on the U.S. release of the band's first LP. American CBS are finally beginning to wise up and, though it seems unlikely that anyone there fully understands what they're dealing with, they do at least see that The Clash are capable of earning them a large amount of money.

Listen, there is a lot of magic going on in the rough tapes Simonon plays me. All the indications are that when The Clash do finally release their second album it will be a rock music landmark.

Particularly notable are:—

● "Safe European Home". Written after Strummer and Jones returned to England from their trip to Jamaica shortly before Christmas of last year. Originally the lyrics were some fifty lines long, now shortened to twenty. (Much of the material the band have recorded was written, incidentally, whilst the pair were tucked away in their room at the Pegasus Hotel, Kingston, a matter to which we will return later. Topper Headon, incidentally, claims that they didn't just do a *bit* of writing whilst out in JA, but that the band's songwriting duo actually turned out some two and a half albums' worth of tunes.)

● "Guns On The Roof". The first Clash number to be co-authored by all the band. Details the Simonon/Headon pigeon-shooting incident, of which both Mick Jones and I heartily disapprove.

● "Stay Free". A Mott The Hoople-like anthem written and sung entirely by Jones, about the gang he was in at school. A great, stirring number that could be a Top Five single hit were it not for the number of four-letter words.

● "Tommy Gun". An uptempo rocker, as they were once described, that is fast becoming an onstage fave. None of the lyrics seem decipherable.

Other titles? "Julie's In The Drug Squad", "Groovy Times Are Here Again", "Scrawl On The Bathroom", "One Emotion" and the very excellent "Cheapskates".

It should not necessarily be assumed that any of these songs will be on the album, however.

JOURNEYING UP TO Glasgow from the Manchester gigs — in addition to the scheduled Sunday theatre date, The Clash also played a 'secret' gig at Rafters Club the following day — Mick Jones and I have the choice of either a very cramped car or the wonder of British Rail InterCity.

As Jah has specially delayed the Royal Scot by nearly two hours, we pick it up at Preston three minutes after disembarking from the commuter train that brought us from Manchester.

This ensures that we arrive at the hotel in Glasgow at *exactly* the same minute as the rest of the band, thereby dismissing manager Bernie Rhodes' taunt that Jones was only travelling this way to be 'flash', and that he would inevitably cause that evening's show to be delayed.

The group founder, Jones, like Simonon and Strummer, is a product of the English art school system.

While the rhythm section, and particularly the bassist, provide the truly primal punk aspects of The Clash, the central core of the group's being appears to emanate from Jones, with Strummer operating as an external expression of that soul. (It is interesting to note that although Strummer and Simonon are both fire signs — Leo and Sagittarius respectively — both Jones and Headon are Cancers, a water sign. Though logically one might expect the water to cancel out the fire, it seems reasonable to surmise that that indefinable warm tension within The Clash is a direct result of this astrological chemistry.)

Settling back in the empty dining-car which we've found, Jones crushes an empty Coke can in his right hand and soliloquises on his craft. "Rock'n'roll really is an art form — the most immediate there is, the most vital in terms of reaching out to the masses.

"But maybe one day if this all becomes dissatisfying I might go back to painting. Though it's one of the most introverted existences there is.

"Every morning when you get up and go and look at what you've done the previous day, in those moments you almost have to examine every aspect of your life. And if you're a painter — or an artist of any sort, come to that — then it's a full-time existence.

"I've no patience with people who claim to be artists and then just talk about it. Just get on with it: whatever you're doing."

Sandy Pearlman, Jones tells me, just appeared to "arrive" one day.

Above: PAUL SIMONON and friend

"There's definitely some inner magic circle — whether conscious or otherwise — within rock'n'roll. We've encountered it enough times already to be certain of that. People seem to have been *sent* to see us, to tell us we're on the right path, to tell us to keep it up.

"I think Pearlman definitely saw in us all the possibilities of that *black* side of rock'n'roll. He immediately seemed to see in us another possibility for what he really wanted to do with the Blue Oyster Cult. He knows the Cult don't really do it. And he knows we know it, too."

Working with Pearlman began to appear something like the Grand Quest. Which it was/is as far as the U.S. division of CBS is concerned: The Quest For A Hit Album.

As the producer has laboured in Island's Basing Street studio until six every morning, making the band go through as many as twenty takes of each track, executives from CBS in New York have flown in to check out the progress. As the tapes have been played back to these upwardly mobile young men, it has sometimes been necessary for all four members of The Clash to be present in order to have enough people coughing and

◆ Continues over page

CLASHOCK

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dropping books on the floor when particularly subversive or obscene lyrics came through the speakers.

Towards the end of the sessions, Pearlman became increasingly anxious over leaving what it seems he had begun to regard as Sandy's Perfect Studio Album in the hands of the band for the final mixing — particularly as they'd already been bitching about the cleanliness of the sound and expressing a desire to murk it up somewhat.

Matters reached something of a head shortly before Pearlman flew back to the States just prior to the tour. At a Blue Oyster Cult party thrown by CBS, Topper Headon placed a large cake on the head of the wife of Blue Oyster Cult's "gnome guitarist" Buck Dharma. Unfortunately the cake somehow slipped and splattered all over the good lady's head, with the result that several Cult roadies were on the brink of tearing Topper to pieces.

Not so Pearlman, however. *He* knew who was the *real* culprit. "He turned to me and said, 'You put the eye on him, didn't you? You made him do that, didn't you?' " grins a somewhat bemused Mick Jones.

THE ROCK AGAINST Racism festival in Hackney once again appeared to put The Clash in a position of conflict with other bands.

"We said we didn't *want* to top that bill." Jones shakes his head. "We just wanted to be part of it.

"And then backstage there were all these numbers going down with Tom Robinson's management — and someone turned the power down on us and made sure the PA wasn't working properly.

"But," he nods with a smile, "when we went onstage the sun started shining, so obviously the forces must have been with us.

"However, there are so many groups who do treat their fans as if they're complete rubbish. I can't think of many groups at all who really still care.

"Who is there? Well, we haven't given up. Neither have The Slits either. Nor Generation X. I certainly don't think John Rotten's given up . . . Nor Jimmy Pursey . . . Actually, I don't think Keith Richard ever gave up really. Mick Jagger certainly did, though."

We talk for a few minutes about the new material. Joe had told me that the anthem-like new number, "Stay Free", was about a friend of Jones' whom I'd met on several occasions in his role as dilettante journalist.

"It's not just about him," the guitarist says. "It's about all my gang in Brixton. That guy's the lucky one — he's escaped.

"Two of the others both work in butchers' shops and are in the National Front. Twenty-three and they're in the Front.

"I don't not talk to them because of that, though. I go and see them. Show them what *I've* done. Show them the possibilities.

"You know," he free-associates, "it seems to me there are only three types of possible relationships: master-pupil, or pupil-master, or — and this is the really rare one that I've had about twice — a one-to-one relationship where you both help each other. That's the one to quest for, isn't it?

"Actually, I've been reading a lot about orgone energy lately. I've suddenly started realising that all of these bands who're into pulling loads of girls backstage obviously can't be fulfilling their full potential when they're performing.

"Mind you," he admits, "all of this band are a right bunch of studs. I was the only one who slept on his own last night.

"But we *do* try and treat them with respect. In some ways we're probably the first group to ever do that. And it's quite difficult: making them realise that you really *are* a human being is something of a necessary strain in the job. It's quite understandable, though. When I first met musicians I never saw them as just people.

"But I think a lot of people are keeping their eyes on us. Waiting for it to crack. So it can't, of course.

"Listen, somewhere we played the other day there was some girl showing us the bruises this other band had given her.

"I mean, where's that at?"

"Hey, Joe — turn back a page. You don't know what you're missing, mate . . ."

ALMOST EXACTLY twelve hours later Mick and I are sitting in his room at the Albany Hotel in Glasgow, drinking whisky and smoking and recovering from the police aggro that's ensured neither Joe nor Paul will be using their rooms tonight.

Mick, who has been unfairly criticised for being a poseur by people who don't seem to understand that a certain dedication to looking sharp and stylish has always been an integral aspect of rock 'n' rolling, demonstrates a vision all too rare among rock 'n' rollers.

"You know when Joe was going over the top a bit in the dressing room tonight?" he asks through tight lips. "Well, the first reason that he could offer for those kids getting hurt in the Apollo was that it was all because of his giant ego, all because of his obsessive need to appear onstage.

"Except that it's not that at all. Totally the reverse, in fact.

"I sometimes really do wonder if someone hasn't set out to get us.

"But then, everytime you start thinking that maybe the answer is not to play at all, I start noticing all these strange things which we can't put down to just coincidence. Like the train today, or talking about that guy from *Melody Maker* and then he walks through the door.

"Coincidence, maybe. But there's too many of them. It really does seem sometimes like there's someone out there caring for us.

"Joe understands all that, too. That's why it really is something of a strain sometimes. Like living out your destiny everyday."

IN EIGHT DAYS I see The Clash play six gigs — two of them, in Fulham and at Rafters in Manchester, totally unscheduled and slotted in the day before the gig because the band found they had the time and the facilities to play.

The Rafters gig is notable not only for not being sold out ("Not only is it a return to playing club dates, but a return to playing club dates that aren't even sold out — makes sure you keep your perspective," says Jones), but also for a certain drama involving Topper Headon and a girl — a situation that puts him in a position where he is forced to decide between his emotions and his loyalties to the group.

"He's beginning to understand the full extent of his responsibilities," says Mick Jones as, fortified by half a bottle of vodka, the drummer tapes up the hideous blisters on his hands that drumming on the tour has already caused him and drags himself out onto the stage.

Replacing Terry Chimes after the first LP had been completed, Headon joined The Clash just in time for the White Riot tour in the spring of last year. A karate freak — in Manchester Strummer spends his last sixteen quid in the HMV shop on a Bruce Lee import that he knows Topper ought to have — his musical pedigree includes having played with Pat Travers.

He now seems a totally integrated member of the band.

The vibe at the Clash theatre dates is akin to what it once seemed only The Faces were capable of attaining — a warm, positive empathy between performer and audience in which no one person's contribution is any more or any less vital than anyone else's. Except that The Faces only attained that level on about one in every ten gigs — and beneath that superficial empathy there always seemed to exist a subtly disguised contempt for their audience.

The Clash get up there every night.

Moreover, their sound, which in the past has frequently been *erratic* to say the very least, has now been sorted out to an extent where you know this is a big league rock band you're witnessing and not some mere experiment in anarchic creative situations.

The set is about 50/50 old and new material — which, considering the paradoxically reactionary nature already evident in certain of the hardcore punk fans, is brave indeed.

And almost always it works.

After the first number — which I *think* is generally "Complete Control", although that might be complete mental aberration — you get (not necessarily in this order) "Tommy Gun", "Bang Bang" (featuring Mick Jones' Ron Wood-like runs across the stage), "Capital Radio", the splendid "Stay Free", a "Police And Thieves" that frequently segues into a verse of "Blitzkrieg Bop", plus the one that really seems to confuse them, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home". The Clash also play "Cheapskates" and "London's Burning" and "White Riot" (generally as the encore) and "Janie Jones" and "Clash City Rockers" and, of course, the superb "(White Man) In Hammersmith Palais". Plus several others that I've temporarily forgotten.

It's no wonder really that the kids at the front always seem into trashing the hall. The chemical fusion onstage is producing near-nuclear possibilities. After all, all influences duly considered, The Clash really do produce the best, the warmest, the most involving, the most enjoyable rock'n'roll shows I've ever seen.

Indeed, there were even rash moments during the quite magnificent Aberdeen gig when I start hallucinating that The Clash really were the '70s Beatles.

ON THE WAY BACK to the Piccadilly Hotel in Manchester after Jones and Strummer had been out scoring some sounds — Jones had bought cassettes of Peter Tosh's "Legalise It", Al Green's "Let's Stay Together", Neil Young's "On The Beach" and Randy Newman's "Little Criminals" — we pass a piece of Manchester United graffiti which, via an intelligent usage of paint, has transmuted into MU...NF.

"About the best piece of art-work they'll ever manage," snarls Strummer sibilantly through the gap in his front teeth.

A couple of hours later Mick Jones, Mary (the fan-club secretary, who's distraught at having only been given £15 by the Clash's management to form the band's appreciation society), and I are sitting up in Joe's room watching a highly emotive *World In Action* expose on the puerile macho fantasies of the Front, when a slightly tense version of the Strummer hip rockabilly gunslinger strolls in.

He stands scowling at the programme for maybe two or three minutes.

"Did you talk to Bernie about all these problems with the fan-club?" enquires Jones, as Mary disappears into the bathroom.

In a sudden spasm of rage, Joe takes a penalty kick at the wastepaper basket, a cassette just misses my head, and the band's onstage frontman storms out, followed shortly after by Jones who cools him down and discovers that the reason Joe's uptight is because he's been told he's going to have problems getting kids in to the Rafters gig for nothing.

As a matter of fact, this Strummer incident is somewhat atypical — although, in typical Leonine manner, he goes over the top a couple of times more in the next few days. In the Glasgow Apollo dressing-room he grabs by the throat a fan who is berating him for not having done more to stop the bouncers (this is perhaps a salutary lesson for the fan: later it is he who leads Mick Jones through the streets away from the police). But the days when those close to the band would tell you that "the real problem in The Clash is Joe Strummer", the days when Joe would be found lying drunk in the gutter outside Dingwalls with rain-water washing into his mouth, now seem to be over.

The occasional losses of control on the road are purely due to The Pressure, mon.

In the past, though, as Joe himself admits, they were down to "the demon drink" — a problem which was solved when his bout of hepatitis earlier in the year obliged him to lay off the booze altogether for the next six months if he didn't want a permanently weakened liver.

"It doesn't half make you lose your friends, though, not going down the pub," he laughs. He also vigorously denies that the hepatitis was due to any ingestion of impure stimulating powders. Cocaine he considers to be "complete muck. If you snort coke you're in on your own. You don't *want* anybody and you don't *need* anybody. Which is a *horrible* place to be."

Joe has a very powerful aura about him.

Onstage, he *never* smiles. This hard man stage persona, like the pre-hepatitis love of booze, may well be an extension of the belligerent Scotsman within him. His mother is Scottish and he claims that the sound of bagpipes renders him most emotional. (Jones, incidentally, is also a half-Celt — his mother is Welsh whilst his father is Jewish.)

He is also, as are all The Clash, a very sensitive and perceptive bloke, though not necessarily a near-intellectual in the same way that Jones certainly is.

When he was about 18 (he's 25 now) and just getting set to leave the minor public school in Epsom to which his parents had sent him (and where they told him he wasn't "university material", which is how he ended up going to Central Art School in London for a year before deciding it was a waste of time), Joe's brother committed suicide.

Although he comments no further than that "it happened at a pretty crucial time in my life," it seems certain that this event had a significant bearing in creating Joe Strummer, ally of the powers of positivism and light.

His brother, 18 months older than Joe, was a member of the National Front and was obsessed with the occult. In every way he seems to have been Joe's opposite. "He was such a nervous guy that he couldn't bring himself to talk at all. Couldn't speak to anyone.

"In fact, I think him committing suicide was a really brave thing to do. For him, certainly. Even though it was a total cop-out."

HE LEANS BACK on the bed-head in his Aberdeen hotel room. It's two in the morning and we're both pretty done in. All the time, he tells me, underlining what Mick had said earlier in the day, he keeps getting signs — whether in the form of actual emissaries or less tangible incidents — that he, and this band, are on the right path.

"I go in for that mumbo-jumbo a lot myself, " he smiles. "Like, when me and Mick went to Jamaica I was quite convinced we were going to die. At Heathrow someone dropped this ketchup all over the floor in front of us — and then we get there and we're driving through Trenchtown and I glance up at this wall and just see this one word: BLOOD.

"Mind you, nothing happened at all like that, and when I got back I thought, 'What a lot of time I wasted worrying'."

Jamaica, mind you, was not a particularly pleasant experience for the pair, who went over to JA kitted out as hard-line punks. Instead of welcoming them, black Jamaicans were calling them "white pigs" in the street. Unable to find *anyone* connected with the music scene — they spent their last Jamaican dollars on an abortive cab ride looking for Lee Perry's place — they stuck themselves away in their hotel rooms with a load of ganja and got down to writing songs.

Didn't they think they might look somewhat provocative?

"Sure," Strummer smirks. "We fuckin' went out on the streets dressed to the nines. We thought we'd show 'em where it was at." He laughs. "Cos they all like looking sharp, too.

"Boy, we got some funny looks. Sometimes when it got a bit heavy we'd pass ourselves off as merchant seamen."

Of course, one of the contradictions within The Clash is that all the warmth and positivism are hemmed in by overtly aggressive imagery — and here I'm thinking of the "White Man" gun logo, the militaristic stage backdrops, even the song titles: "Tommy Gun", "Guns On The Roof" . . .

"It keeps coming up, doesn't it?" Strummer nods. "I think it's just a reflection of what's out there. I really do think we *are* a good force, but we're dealing with the world and those images are just a reflection of what it is."

Strummer first recalls singing "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" as a kid in singing lessons at school. Rather than being about the American Civil War, as is the original, The Clash's version is subtitled "The English Civil War".

"It's already started," says Joe matter-of-factly. "Sure it has. There's people attacking Bengalis with clubs and firing shotguns in Wolverhampton . . .

"What really gets me is it's *so-o-o* respectable to be right-wing. All those big geezers in the Monday Club will probably switch over to the Front if they start making any headway. That's what happened in Germany — they turned round and said, 'Oh yeah, I've been a Nazi all along, mate.'

"It's a pity when the skins go out on the rampage, that they don't go down the House of Commons and smash *that* place up.

"Any time there's any urban disturbances they always occur on the poor areas of town. Why don't they happen in the rich areas? More things would get smashed up if they did.

"If it's in London it's always in either the East End or in Notting Hill. Or it's in Belfast or in Londonderry — they're like bomb-sites, the slums out there.

"You know, I was in Notting Hill the other day and I was walking along and I saw that all of Tavistock Crescent is gone. And they used to seem to really know how to build houses fit for human beings to live in in those days.

"I mean, round by Westbourne Park Road these real egg-boxes have suddenly sprung up from behind the corrugated iron. Which is just brutal. I'd like to blow the head off the guy who designed those — or, better still, force him to live in it."

DESPITE HIS serious intent, Strummer agrees that many Clash listeners seem to miss out on the humour in their lyrics. I tell him that there are certain tracks on the first album that make me burst out laughing everytime I hear them.

"Yeah," he smiles. "I think some of it's really hysterical stuff. We *all* used to burst out laughing too, when we first started playing them . . ."

Mick Jones has told me that he finds it a strain when people try to look on the band as evangelists . . .

"Yeah, that's a bore. Just a load of old crap. I think you've always just got to be grateful for what you've achieved and then just try and achieve some more."

But why do you think you've got to that position where people think The Clash have The Answer?

"We give 'em good stuff. That's all. There aren't that many other groups around doing it. Sham's doin' it. So's The Slits and Siouxsie."

So look: it's nearly two years on from when the band first started. How does it feel now?

"I could've told you the answer without hearing the question. *We're a good group.* That's the only answer.

"And when you're in a good group you feel good."

ALBUMS

TALKING HEADS
More Songs About Buildings And Food (Sire)

"THE DEEPER you dig, the more you uncover" — Nick Kent talks about "Talking Heads, '77".
"Things are entirely what they appear and, behind them, there is nothing — Jean-Paul Sartre in *Nausea*, '32.
"It takes a lot of time to push away the nonsense. I've heard all I want to, I won't listen any more" — David Byrne on "Talking Heads '77".

I STUMBLED across the mystery girl last week. She's in the bottom ten of the Top 50, I believe, with the best single ever made. It's called "Shame" and it's on RCA.

Her name is Evelyn "Champagne" King and I don't know what she looks like, where she's from, if she thinks . . . she's probably a pretty, tupenny ha'penny Muppett parroting a pair of murky discomposers (Fitch and Cross, anyone?). Nevertheless she has manufactured a monument in the history of music, and said monument was practically wedded to our turntable.

So, substituting the latest Talking Heads sculpture for this beauty, the needle must have felt like Marilyn Monroe losing Joe DiMaggio for Arthur Miller; ostensibly trading in the thick brawn for the sensitive brain, actually losing the dumb genius for the stultifying intellect.

From amazingly pretentious sleeve — photomosaics of Talking Heads (using 529 close-up Polaroids) and the Big Country (using 569) — and crumby, cynical title onwards I was lost in sheer space.

Talking Heads call themselves after the US television jargon for a head-and-shoulders entertainer, thus making themselves enigmatic and in need of explanation to us English buffoons. Talking Heads are blinding you with words and, to a lesser extent, with their nationality — as all the other American new wave bands are so brazenly doing these days. French girls, Rastafarians, and now American artists — it's ridiculous when people turn their nationality into an art.

"I'm Yankee — buy me." Rock and roll, so blinded by all those silly American frontier myths, reminds me of those wet British girls who used to chase after GIs, squealing for a pair of stockings. English rock fans really look up to America and all its pretty trash; there isn't one "hip" middle-class English kid who doesn't at one time or another wish he'd had to claw his way up from Hell's Kitchen.

Talking Heads are Sire's best-sellers — but that's not much because in America all these white middle-class bellyachers *aren't* exotic at all, they're just mildly successful citizens. Whatever Talking Heads have over those other bands comes from the fact that they come from New England and two of them are married to each other.

Apparently, Talking Heads weren't overfond of the sound achieved on their first album — that Chinese - water - torture - on - a - mirror clear-eyed clarity — and happily handed over their reputation to Brian 'Ultravox' Eno. Impressionable young David Byrne — Lorelei Lee with an art school degree? And for all you people who thought the first album was 'underproduced' (I may not know music from snot, but I have a *great* ear for production), here's just what you wanted.

That brassy, befuddled sound was employed so much better on Roxy Music's first. This is a dirty great panoramic Technicolour job with battles going on all over the show, Byrne's voice mixed right down into the cocksure Valkyrie guitars and skidding synthesizers. And cherubs hold up the sky! That Eno — talk about a tart in a trance! He gets Talking Heads to do what none of his other friends would as he snaps at Byrne's heels, until the optimistic tension of the last album starts sounding like the diary entries of a harrassed housewife. When Byrne's not chirping, it could be any embarrassed punk band galloping along at full dope only to get it all over with.

Despite this, it's an infinitely better representation of the sound they sink to live — busy, brazen and uneventful.

Their songs are *not* short stories; 10cc in their good days (and from whom Talking Heads seem to have lifted a good deal) did them once and for all. Their songs are false as all hell, that's all, and David Byrne's much lauded 'adopted-persona' songs sound like glove puppets with no hand in them.

Album starts off with the ineffectual, horrifically force-fed and cowboy-paced "Thank You For Sending Me An Angel", the title not so much enigmatic as a clumsy afterthought: *"Oh baby, you can walk / You can talk / Just like me!"* Ingenuously inhumane, but Dee D Jackson's done it all before: *"You can look / Tell me what do you see / You can look / You won't see nothing like me!"* It does not make a person melt in molten awe; it sounds more like Bachman-Turner Overdrive trying to figure out "Prairie Rose".

"With Our Love" is nothing more than an easy way to get from A to C: *"I look out the window and I call that education / And I see all my friends standing out there and / I call that education."*

Byrne may feel that evading people is the only way to hold their interest, and he may well be right. His calculatedly obtuse couplets and triplets attempt to steer clear of standard rock excuses for plots by plumbing the dubious depths of a style extant in American junk-literature for a lifetime: the great William Burroughs cut-up swindle.

The first record wasn't really like that. It was a *positive* record. Love, love, love. David's kicked the habit now, the hick. His songs increasingly get the reaction of the first album's unrepresentative "Psycho Killer", attempt menace, achieve irritation. Byrne, before sounding too superior to be supercilious, now sounds like Bryan Ferry and Lou Reed's tug-of-love offspring — especially on the pared down "Out Of The Blue" that is "Warning Sign": *"Warning sign warning sign / I hear it but I pay no mind / hear my voice hear my voice / It's saying something and it's not very nice."*

There are just two good songs here, "Girls Want To Be With The Girls" and "Found A Job", both catchy tunes that appeal to a person's vanity (that's rock and roll.) "Girls" is one of those raindrop tunes that should have taken the place of "Psycho Killer" on the first album: *"Girls don't want to play like that / Just want to talk to the boys / Just want to do what's in their hearts / And the girls want to be with the girls."*

"Found A Job" traces married tedium over a TV dinner, Byrne playing the strait-jacket case of "Pulled Up". Elsewhere they perform Al Green's parched "Take Me To The River" like people who've voted for the wrong politician and just realised it. The much talked-about "Big Country" seems to me like a grossly sub-standard "Circling LA" (Marc Thor). It's long and whining, an artist type's worm's eye view of a healthy town: *"I wouldn't live there if you paid me to!"* bleats Byrne, the big jessie.

These songs are stooges. Music to muse uselessly by, music to make lists to. Make of it what you will, I'm finished. Talking Heads seem like nicer people and better entertainers than Television, Ramones, Mink De Ville and all, but I still put teeth under my pillow, pull the chicken bone, you know. I wish . . .

Take it to the river, drop it in the water, go back home and play your copy of "Shame".

Alternatively, buy it, play it, put it next to the first Talking Heads record. That's entertainment.

I've heard worse.

Julie Burchill

The Heads at home — the blow wave starts here? *Pic: JOE STEVENS*

These Shirts (They Don't Wash)

THE SHIRTS
The Shirts (Harvest)

THESE SHIRTS have been trumpeted as more New Tack from New Yack.

The tale (ha ha) is one of CBGB's (yawn), no contract, non-compromise.

On the evidence of their debut it's hard to see exactly what The Shirts were ever asked to compromise; unless that is, they have. Their music is pleasant, slightly kooky, rather wistful. Neither wry nor hard. They should be on some Sniff compilation . . .

Slightly psychedelic, slightly HM, slightly Blondie — softly softly into the comparison delicatessen we pad. Annie Golden is a powerful singer, but unfortunately more Fanny (you remember Fanny) than Runaway.

Constructions keep to the verge, rather a dull gloss, mostly very similar to Blondie's "Plastic Letters" but without that album's polished Farfisa-in-the-'70s blend of old and new or Debbie and gang's arc-lamp-afternoon appeal. The Shirts try to play it casual, all straight, a kind of manic-depressive late-teens vamp; the wild and the innocent up in the loft reading Poe or making love, so on so forth.

But The Shirts don't wash (sorry). Their songs are tableaux constructed so as to involve the writer / singer in the memory of immaturity, that tainted innocence, innocence through a steamed-up window (heh heh). This device ain't nothing new — from The Ramones to Jean Paul Sartre, people have sought refuge in solipsistic systems-making. But ya gotta have charm to pull it off . . .

The opener, "Reduced To A Whisper", sounds like (exclamation) Budgie, then sliding into Blondness. Annie Golden's voice can actually be rather painful; a screechy upper register modelled to suit neither lyric nor image. "Empty Ever After" is lethargic, with the lyrical staying-power of Alka Seltzer: *"But I can't change / Or rearrange my life / So it fits your bill of goods".* **A dustcover for unexciting furniture.**

"Teenage Crutch" and "10th Floor Clown" wrap themselves in sex and obscurity respectively, but the poetry is second-hand, there is no real feeling of retreat from life, or Life Itself. "Lonely Android" is silly, but not Martian-Martian silly enough. A song which tries to cross Jefferson Starship and CP30. *What?*

"Poe" is just as dull, failing, in fact, to honour Baudelaire's teenage-crush, trailing a power-chord thrash-out. The Shirts give good titles; p'raps they should cut The Ramones' quick even further, maan, and stick to titles and titles alone.

Another safe music in a different Dormobile. The mundane sticking like a leech to struggling, warm New music.

Gimme DANGER, you little Shirts.

Ian Penman

CAN
Out Of Reach (Lightning)

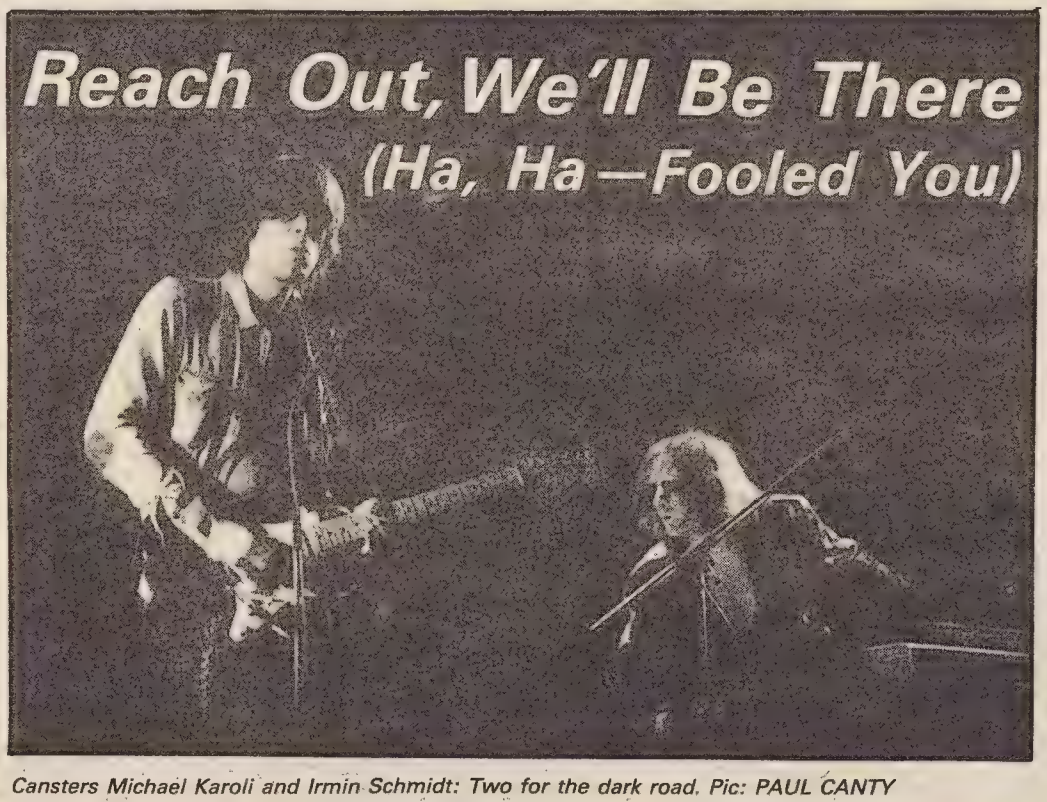
BEHIND ANOTHER, tangible but not always perceptible iron curtain — the tangled, intriguing, infuriating music of Can. It has circled for years. Over one compromise-hurdle after another: an abridged cyclone.

Oh, the crystalline silence; the circumstances; the industry. Forever a cold, harsh morning, forever warm and loving. The prevalent mood is melancholy. When she moved . . . oh, when she moved! . . . like a nervous angel.

We never receive the best of Can on record. At least not yet. Ironically, the crucial process set off by "Saw Delight" reaches what would seem to be penultimate realisation within "Out Of Reach". Just.

The album reconciles the two sides of Can. With songs, reptilian, Eastern, dream-clear songs. And with the open-ended search, their long improvisatory pieces. The light pours out of both . . .

"Serpentine" is a meander within confines. Michael Karoli's guitar is a rushing, piercing freeze-glide, Irmin Schmidt's acoustic piano a lush, clinging nest beneath. Rosko Gee's bass a slurs, shrugged-it-off, tense and torpid, meticulous and oblique (the epitome of latter-day Can). Rebop's percussion is perpetual dice and stream as Schmidt and Gee tug the initial theme along, Jaki Liebezeit's drums humming, clicking.



Cansters Michael Karoli and Irmin Schmidt: Two for the dark road. Pic: PAUL CANTY

Essential, equivocal, not always perceptible.

It is brief, the sensation pure, modal pop. Likewise Gee's "Pauper's Daughter" — hopping, disco-plunder merge of Gee's soft disco-jazz confluence and Karoli's frightening, intense playing: the malevolent, hollow, struggling side of the Can-muse locked within popular structure. The lyrics have lost old indulgence. Music and lyric work as one, whereas in the past the two dialogues were often at odds. Gee's curling vocals ghost into the purring, pure-neon mobility of the structure.

Songs which do not caress sentiment: they go straight for the nerves, the darkness of the heart. "November" is an evocation of a dark, atmospheric month. (The prevalent mood of the whole album is one of melancholy; it should have been released in autumn, methinks). A feeling, not surprisingly, of moving into shadows and not emerging again.

An inflexion of warmth ready to snap, love ready to hate (always felt that way with Can?) — abstract lyrical. "Seven Days Awake" (great title) is "November" bent even further south — can't tell the mirage from the frieze. Karoli's remorseless morse-expressionism is ever inventive, bites, shivers, gulps. An exorcism. Schmidt's piano is (ec)static, dotted round the circumference.

"No Roses" is nearly, precisely, a ballad. What could have been a 'new Can song', we must now whistle at twilight. Gee is the man behind the combine here, the one with the pop sensibility: *"Send me no roses, tell me no lies . . ."*

"Like INOBE GOD" is how to picture the exit (a final instalment of the Ethnological Forgery Series?). An elixir. Delicious, fine-spun. Crickets-singing, silver-blue, pure human joy and sadness. Tears fall.

"One More Day" seems almost a play on the title, such is mood and execution (literally). What Can were all about: structured such that play might be limitless. Yet it is a stab, no more. A shooting star. The demise. Suddenly, no more.

Goodnight.

Ian Penman

(Meantimes, both Rosko and Rebop have left Can since "Out Of Reach" was recorded — Well Cannected Ed.)

RADIO BIRDMAN
Radios Appear (Sire)

SUN AND sand and surfin' but not the corny Orstralian typecasts of bronzed lifeguards on Bondi beach. This is the pop noise of a new Australian generation, treading in the footsteps of The Saints at their loudest and most uninhibited but sounding more like a badly produced MC5.

There's a balance between the short radioplay hops and the longer, angrier pieces. The overall impression is of an American album coming from the wrong side of the world: most of the originals are the work of Deniz Tek, the Michigan-born guitarist, but they all bypass the pomposity and contrived self-importance which has characterised the bulk of US rock since the late '60s.

"What Gives?" launches with a flash of drums before the riffing and two-phrase chorus. The singer's over-eager and breathless so you can't hear the words, but it's only the noise that matters at this stage, Ramonic in its unsubtlety. With the instrumental break it's a refreshing relief to notice that Pip Hoyle's piping keyboards are respectably prominent in the mix, very unusual for music of this sort.

The second bout opens with my favourite piece. I like it because it's the most easily accessible and you don't need bionic ears to hear what's going on. It's "Aloha Steve And Danno," a touching tribute to that most plastic of TV fantasies *Hawaii Five-O.* First there's the rolling waves, then the surfing drums. The verses are flashes from the show, interspersed with thanks to Steve and Danno over Beach Boy harmonies.

There's only one revival on the record and it comes as splash of familiarity before the dark closing sequence. It's The Thirteenth Floor Elevators' "You're Gonna Miss Me", taken at violent speed with guitars straining in falsetto harmony.

This is a very loud and confident debut album from a virtually unknown band, bursting with energy and infectious ideas.

There's enough good humour, passion and rock and roll feeling, though, to give this album its own identity and style, and to make the appearance of the Birdmen more than welcome.

Kim Davis

QUARTZ
Quartz (Pye)

DESPITE the excessively phallic sleeve with its paedophile's pin-up, Quartz are just another limp disco act, with no suggestion of bizarre sexual preferences in their music.

The whole of the first side is taken up with a mercifully brief cut named somewhat immodestly after the band, "Quartz". This opus sounds like a cross between Kraftwerk and the Ray Conniff Singers. Weird.

The second side consists of three instrumentals. Donna Summer backing tracks without Donna Summer. As for musical ideas, this band can hardly be accused of trying to get quartz into pint pots. If even a fluid ounce of adrenalin went into this set, it was most definitely squandered.

Bob Edmands

IMPORTS

"ALL ABOUT" (Mercury) heralds a return to form for **Esther Phillips.**

"You've Come A Long Way, Baby", her first Mercury release — still an import only item — proved something of a disappointment. Though it contained a strong version of Van Morrison's "Into The Mystic", a welcome once-more-around-the-block for Dinah Washington and one of Esther's powerhouse bluesbusters in "You've Been A Good Ole Wagon", the unimaginative, production-line, disco treatments of such oldies as "If I Loved You" and "My Prayer", allied to some other dull material and lacklustre arrangements by Pee Wee Ellis, did the former sister of Synanon (she entered the centre in 1967 after a losing battle with heroin) no favours at all.

But "All About" is a far superior chop at the woodpile. Produced by ex-Crusaders' trombonist Wayne Henderson, the disc retains enough disco appeal to attract the would-be Travoltas — though these tracks are treated with more subtlety than some of the "What A Difference A Day Makes" remoulds that have been shuffled Esther's way since that '75 hit. And her black coffee with a slice of lemon voice is also allowed to wrap itself around such snuggle-up-to-your-best-girl-comforters as Bobby Lyle's "You Think Of Him" and Obie Jessie's "Pie In The Sky" in a way that would have received an approving nod from both Lady Day and the gutsy Dinah W.

Esther Phillips is a great singer, one of the few truly individual voices that are around right now. So tune in to her version of "Native New Yorker", which comes on like a downtown taxi ride with with De Niro in the driving seat, and hear how she can completely transform a song — then grab a copy of "All About" before some computer-operated numbskull decides that the album would make a neat entry on the early deletion list.

VISITOR 2035
Visitor 2035 (Ariola)

GARRISTER WENT white. It was almost as though he had seen a voodoo icon, and was afraid for the future.

"Oh God", he mumbled, and walked away. The three of us followed him after a time, and found him sitting with his back to one of the smaller chittering banks, his head on his knees.

Ellen knelt down beside him and stroked his hair. He didn't move, but his voice came out of his covered face quite clearly, "Why don't they just do us in and get it over with? Christ, I don't know how much longer I can go on like this".

It was our second week listening. He was speaking for all of us.

The four androids, modelled facially on Herbie Hancock, were programmed those two endless weeks ago by four minor technicians, Ray Deefholts, Peter Stround, Craig Pruess and Nigel Robinson. These four mistakenly and inhumanly assessed their craft and work to be beneficial to The Last Humans On Earth, the four fearing survivors cocooned in The Shelter in some vain attempt to outlast the strange gaseous invasion. Music to calm the nerves, it was decided. Fatally.

The androids commenced their seven set pieces for the 475th time. Their functioning was unstoppable. The four survivors had tried. Now their minds were twisted, their time short. It was hopeless.

Garrister had once thought, so very early on, that the music — pretty, symmetrical patterns of melodic jazz-funk fusion blotted with occasional patches of willowy electronics — was quite relaxing. Its equations of structure and construction weren't particularly lacking either, considering the minor rating of the programming technicians.

But, any feelings of affection had totally dispersed. Now, it was a torture. An absolute torture. The muzak permeated and dominated The Last Humans On Earth; their conciousness faded ... faded. The four died. Out of a boredom ... an unknown and terrifying boredom.

Centuries later, after the gases had disappeared, some travellers discovered the androids, still emitting the seven pieces : "Don Genaro's Waltz"; "At the Gates ... of Cosmic Consciousness"; "Toefunk"; "Celestial Dream Song"; "Centre of the Winds"; "Cassiopea"; "Contemplation".

The travellers slammed health warning labels on the sides of the androids and continued their missions of discovery, shaking their heads.

Paul Morley

GLORIA MUNDI
I, Individual (RCA)

"I, INDIVIDUAL, I, it was me ...", the defiant cry of a person running across a nightmare landscape of decay, disease and gloom; emotional and physical armageddon. The solipsism of desperation as society crumbles and rots and the only valid thoughts are fear and hatred. *(Gulp! — Ed.).*

Gloria Mundi give depressing glimpses of today and tomorrow throughout a grim, almost humourless first album. The music, harsh and unpredictable, is rooted in new wave but carefully dismembered and re-arranged as a soundtrack for the venomous lyrics.

They've given themselves room to stretch and experiment, four tracks lasting over six minutes, and the result is a curious but appropriate form of art punk, an ingenious, discordant instrumental thrash. The first side contains the four longer pieces, each running into the next. It opens with a background of strange sounds, human or electronic, which fill most spaces on the album giving it a compelling flow which discourages the playing of just one track.

"The Pack" is a saga of gang mentality in dark dangerous streets, a grubby *Clockwork Orange* scene. The lyrics are adventurous, occasionally clumsy or cliched ("*terminal zone*") but usually interesting. At least there's an attempt by the main songwriter, Eddie Maelov, to find some new images for the language of destruction.

"Condemned To Be Free" is more accessible with a chanting chorus and almost a pleasant tune. It's the angry but proud declamation of a man responsible only to himself for his actions. The music so far has been loud and unsettling, Beethoven's guitar ringing unpleasantly over Mike Nicholl's drumming and Ice's bass. The length of the cuts is made unobjectionable by the occasional quiet passages, Sunshine doodling on the piano before the waves of sound crash in again.

"Daughters Of Rich Men" changes the subject and setting. Smoother, less urgent, revealing some jazz roots, and making cutting remarks about certain young ladies, it's a brief respite before the final spite and accusations of "I Like Some Men."

This is Sunshine's contribution and she sings it without much sympathy for the specimens she dissects. Misleadingly titled, it numbers the insensitive techniques of the world's Saturday night romeos with perception but little humour. An explicit anthem for girls who don't need a tongue rammed down their throat as the full stop to every male encounter.

Shorter tracks on the second side begin with "I, Individual," a howling swipe at authority, programming and sex as mutual abuse with stream-of-consciousness lyrics and a bombsite backdrop. "You Talk About It" is nothing-ever-changes punk. "Park Lane" returns to the laidback groove of "Daughters," casual and lightweight with C.C.'s sax an essential feature.

The last two songs leave the rest of the album standing for despair, resentment and accurately directed fury. "Split Personality" is the story of an insane mind with Maelov at his most ominous and piercing. Had me hopping round the room looking over my shoulder. Beethoven's "Victim" closes the album: *"He's a mindless wanker and he believes in peace and love and opportunity and everything on ITV and lies and muck and mediocrity and annihilating cunts like me ...".* **Haven't you met that kind of boy next door?**

I don't as a rule like one-sided albums, all negation and no hope or all happiness and no heartbreak. It implies a limited scope of emotional expression on the part of the band. Nevertheless, Gloria Mundi have drawn their stark, depressing images with needle-sharp precision. If the music is sometimes contrived, it's seldom dull.

And if they really hold out no more hope than the dying shout of the title ... well, it's no fun for them.

Kim Davis

Mundi's Eddie Maelov expresses HIMself. *Pic: LEN HOOPER*

Right back at the beginning it was **Bessie Smith** who set it all up. Maybe she wasn't the first blueslady to record — Mamie Smith grabbed pride of place for that slice of history — but it was Bessie who sailed in two-fisted and bawling, proving that black music could sell almost as well as that provided by the aptly named Paul Whiteman.

She also went her own way sexually according to her biographer Chris Albertson, a writer who provides the sleeve notes to "AC/DC Blues" (Stash), a gay jazz compilation that includes Bessie's "Foolish Man Blues", and a recorded interview with Ruby Smith, who was Bessie Smith's travelling companion for some 14 years.

As far as one-upmanship is concerned, the best sort of import is the kind that's never likely to be released in this country — and "Bezerk Times" (German Beserkley) is one item that falls into that happy category. Recorded live in Hamburg, it's a double featuring **Greg Kihn, The Rubinoos, Earthquake** and **The Tyla Gang** but British Beserkley claim that it's substandard and not worthy of soiling the bins in the shops around Kingston-upon-Thames. But with the talents involved, it must have something going for it, and my guess is that "Bezerk Times" will be a stock item with importers for some time to come.

Finally, a remainder to **Groovies'** fans that there's an EP around by Roy A Loney, who used to be the band's vocalist. Titled "Artistic As Hell", it features Loney, Cyril Jordan, George Alexander and Tim Lynch, the original high school line-up, plus nutter drummer Danny Mihm, who joined the band around the close of '66, and Mike Houpt (guitar) and Cab Covay (piano), whom we met before with Hot Knives, the band Cyril Jordan produced for KO Records.

Fred Dellar

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This new two-minute-a-day treatment has everything you need to clear them fast.

Clinical tests show it works.

Spots, pimples, blackheads . . . aren't they a nuisance! But now, you needn't live with them for long, because now Clean and Clear is here.

Clean and Clear was specially developed by Beecham dermatologists after studying young people's skin problems just like yours. Clinical trial has shown how well it works. And it takes only two minutes a day to use.

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Clean and Clear is different in two important ways. First, it's a medicated *gel* wash, not an ointment, cream or lotion. Secondly, it combines, in one preparation, everything you need to clear spots fast.

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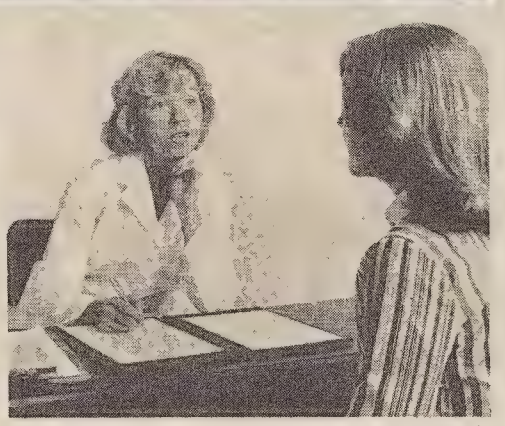
In order to demonstrate how successfully Clean and Clear works, a strictly controlled trial was undertaken in the dermatology clinic of a leading London teaching hospital.



All those taking part were young people and, in a high percentage of cases, the doctor in charge reported really positive improvement.

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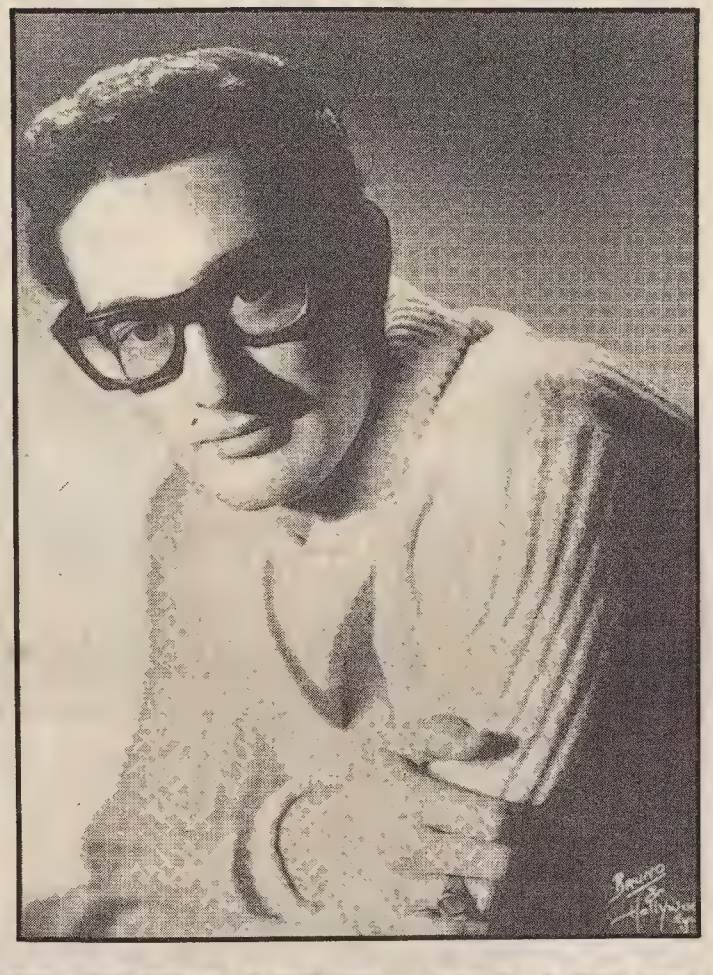

BROTHER BUDDY

VARIOUS ARTISTS
The Buddy Holly Story — Soundtrack (Epic Import)

THE VERY existence of this album is crucial to the immediate future of celluloid rock. Should it sell, and I sincerely trust that it doesn't, then it may well be seen as an acceptable (sic) yardstick by which future rock biopic soundtracks can be measured.

Over the years, Hollywood has earned a rather unsavoury reputation for the insensitive and unacceptable manner in which it has translated the careers of various entertainers onto the screen.

Whether the subject has been Caruso or Jolson, Red Nichols or Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman or Woody Guthrie, Leadbelly or Hank Williams, the end result has invariably been an innacurate stereotyped romanticism of the facts.

Despite the fact that actual film footage of Holly is extremely rare (his appearance on *The Ed Sullivan Show* seems to be the only known stock to have survived), his innumerable recordings are widely available. Also as a recent 20-track TV compilation corroborates (it reached No. 2 in the *NME* charts), the public is just as familiar with his legacy as that of Elvis, The Beatles, Beach Boys and Stones. Furthermore, the fact that artists like Linda Ronstadt frequently cover Holly hits with commercial success substantiates the seemingly inexhaustible mileage in his material.

If, according to reports, the film takes liberties with the legend, then the soundtrack album seems to go to extraordinary lengths in its attempts to destroy it. The overall impression is of an audition tape submitted by someone amongst the first to be turned down for the title role.

The difference between Gary Busey's (for it is he who portrays The Great Man) approach to the songs is the difference between Little Richard and Pat Boone's interpretations of "Tutti Frutti".

The fact that the producers of *The Buddy Holly Story* chose not to have Busey lip-synching to the original recordings is perhaps understandable. And, while one doesn't expect a perfect xerox of Holly's inimitable style, one would at least hope for something that evokes what made Buddy Holly such an important influence.

To his everlasting shame, not only does Gary Busey rarely attempt this, but for the most part he totally disregards Holly's unique style. His phrasing persistently deviates from the original blueprint. Holly's distinctive hic-cupping trade mark is replaced by a breathless out-of-tune ranting and any affinity with Holly's music is totally absent.

The same can be claimed of the backing. The entire miserable charade is brought into vivid disrepute during what is titled the "Clear Lake Medley". One assumes that this in-concert debacle represents some high-point in the film, in that it junks together five of Holly's best-known songs: "That'll Be The Day" (with blustering brass); a thoroughly dreadful "Oh Boy" (with strings); "Peggy Sue" (with piano replacing the frantic double-tempo guitar rhythm); "Maybe Baby" (again overloaded with orchestral droppings) and a shit-awful "Not Fade Away" (which bears absolutely no relation to the original).

The overall effect gives the impression that Buddy Holly (and The Crickets) were nothing more than a third-rate bar band. I'm sure Buddy Holly never saw it like this. I certainly don't.

About the only time that Busey comes within remote spitting distance of the Holly style is during a surreal accapella treatment of "I'm Gonna Love You Too" and one of Holly's earliest and lesser-known ravers, "Rock Around With Ollie Vee". However, this should not be misconstrued as any saving grace.

This album is a disgrace in its hamfisted attempts to re-create the music and style of one of rock's much-loved progenitors. How on earth the Holly estate or Paul McCartney's publishing company sanctioned this travesty of a tribute is well beyond me.

The thing that worries me is the thought that not only might this album be bought in preference to actual Holly recordings — that's like *Beatlemania* theatregoers buying the "Original Cast" album instead of genuine Beatle records — but should this film prove big at the box-office, it will motivate others to meddle with things they appear to know absolutely nothing about.

Indeed, I hate to contemplate what future acts of sacrilege will be enacted should Hollywood ever get around to making biopics of Hendrix, Elvis, Cochran, Vincent or Jim Morrison.

Roy Carr

AMANDA LEAR
Sweet Revenge (Ariola)

START WITH a tall blonde person. A lithe, long-limbed model in leather or leopard skin. She has had a six page nude spread in *Playboy*. Amanda Lear.

Her voice is low, deep, full. Dietrich or La Rue. Amelodic, dully penetrating. She shops around, eager to exploit the vocal and performing potential. British record companies shake their heads: "We don't need you. There's Twiggy."

Twiggy came from those swinging '60s, grew up in the '70s, readily soft and famil(y)iar. Lear came from the messed up '70s, grew up spiteful and pulsating. Impatient and obnoxious.

Lear tried German record companies. They opened their eyes and mouths: "We've been waiting for someone tall, blonde and nasty since the war."

Amanda makes a record, has a hit single. With minimal resistance becomes moulded as The White Disco Queen. In Germany and Italy, two minor markets, she is a star. She has her fame-fullfilment. She is intelligent enough to mess with the mindless masses and it could happen here. Leer.

She describes her success as "the quickest rise to fame since Hitler." Watch the eyes. Watch the twitches. Watch the verbals. The monster grows.

Play the record. It bubbles stiffly around its pulsebeats. Vocally, she stalks with minimal variation, huskily and archly, through its mechanical figures. Suggestive and hypnotic? No. Sinister and ecstatic? No.

Almost got carried away there. Just a load of trivial theatre.

Paul Morley

RUSS BALLARD
At The Third Stroke (Epic)
COLIN BLUNSTONE
Never Even Thought (Epic)
DAN HILL
Dan Hill (20th Century)
ROY HILL
Roy Hill (Arista)

TO BE a successful singer-songwriter you have to be *sincere* and *meaningful.* In order to appear so, you can adopt various ploys. One of these is to use the word "Oh", as in *"Oh, but I'm lost"* (Russ Ballard). This emphasises your sincerity, and is quite easy to sing.

Russ Ballard uses *"Oh"* 27 times, so his album is the most sincere, though Dan Hill scores the most blatantly sincere *"Oh"* with his *"Oh and God, I just don't know if I can believe in you".*

It's more difficult to be meaningful, especially if you want to do it on the radio. The traditional tactic is to make sweeping philosophical statements in words of one syllable. Russ Ballard again performs well with his *"There'll be good times, there'll be bad times, and in time, time may fade away",* though the repetition of 'time' hints at a paradox, the merest sniff of which is likely to get you nixed from the Radio One playlist toot sweet.

Dan Hill strolls away with the meaningful prize, though, with some *very* profound statements. Like the succinct *"Nobody's right, nobody's wrong, everybody's searching",* the almost Buddha-like enigma of *"I'm so high that I'm low but this is the only life I'd choose"* and the classic, neo-Hegelian dualism of the *very* meaningful indeed *"I love, I hate, I live, I die".* Wow!!

Of course, with singer-songwriters of this quality, it's even possible to be sincere and meaningful at once.

One strategy is to remain stoutly optimistic in the face of great adversity. Dan Hill has it sussed — *"I keep on smiling through my tears"* he mutters grittily, later adding that *"For all the pain that meets my eyes I still believe in people".* Wonderful!

Another sure-fire winner is agonised self-doubt. *"What kind of fool must I be?"* asks Russ Ballard. *"What kind of fool have I been?"* echoes Colin Blunstone. *"Like the fool I am",* suggests Dan Hill, eager to be helpful.

It's obviously an advantage to be stupid, too. *"My brain's in a parking zone",* reflects a rueful Roy Hill. *"What does it take to love you? What do I have to do?"* asks a puzzled Russ Ballard, while Colin Blunstone is utterly bewildered — *"What am I to do?"* he wonders, *"can I let it show? Do I keep it to myself or should I let her know?"* (No, no, his feelings, not NSU. For all their many and disastrous love affairs, singer-songwriters never seem to suffer from *those* kind of problems. It must be because they only fall in love with nice girls.)

Dan Hill tries the opposite tactic. *"Woman please don't try explaining how or why — I understand,"* he asserts masterfully. Though, lest one suspect him of arrogance, he does confess to having once been *"Unsure of my direction, using brains as my disguise".* Guess people soon saw through that one, eh Dan?

But it's all down to the album sleeve. Dan Hill, Roy Hill and Colin Blunstone all appear in the classic pose — casual stance, open-neck shirt, face slightly in shadow, eyes fixed outwards on the hapless punter with a full-frontal stare. Who wouldn't buy a second-hand album from these boys?

But Russ Ballard blows it. In what can only be a misguided attempt to appear witty or avant-garde (qualities more appropriate to persons with receding hairlines than to singer-songwriters), he has an abstract design on the front of his album and only puts in a personal appearance on the back.

Graham Lock

MOTORING

THE CARS
The Cars (Elektra Import)

I'M NOT at all sure about this band. Their roots place them in the Boston, Massachusetts region which, not being New York or LA, guarantees them an immediate status in the great undiscovered territories. And this debut album from The Cars is very New England, clever-clever. Deliberate?

These five Cars (note the modern name, subliminally phallic 1978 cover work, designed by drummer David Robinson) obviously must have known somebody. Got Roy Thomas Baker to produce, got expensive gear, got the fashionable cheek bones, the slightly twee, synthetic non-drugged, precociously clean, seen-it-all-before stance of a group who could go all the way. Or park it here.

Plenty of guile in the project too. The Cars reek of technology; it isn't necessarily sophisticated. Side one I don't like. Stylistically, their influences stem from glam rock 1973 division. I mean it — "Good Times Roll" holds few surprises. Updated Bryan Ferry. And then into a Sweet throwaway, "Best Friend's Girl". Singer, songwriter Ric Ocasek hints that one trump card is his vocalistic anonymity, minimalist and sparse. Behind him the band cooks like a microwave oven. They're artificially hot.

In a footless future you'd tap something to the beat of "Just What I Needed". Devo-tees might appreciate "I'm In Touch With Your World". Elliot Easton has a programmed guitar attack, in keeping with The Cars image he gets technical perfection. To this end Baker and keyboards Car Greg Hawkes maintain a soulless front, achieving a brilliant chrome finish with no personality. Machines have no character. It's small coincidence that three of the five tracks clock in at 3.44 exactly, deviation equalling risk.

Side two is far better. Less samey, high grade refined rock. The sound is Reggie Knighton meets Cheap Trick metamorphosing back into an updated Small Faces. When they attempt to be more ordinary they at least sound human.

The triumph of The Cars' ingenuity is the continual flow of the music, unchecked performance from carburettor to engine. Hence the smooth transmission from "You're All I've Got Tonight" to "Bye Bye Love" is inspired with a melodic quirkiness that recalls the sadly lamented Pavlov's Dog, the generation's smartest animal.

"Moving In Stereo" betrays an American hokum. We've got this multiple choice studio, boys, so let's go nuts. Unfortunately, too many of their lyrical licks and chord clusters are obsessions, semi-steals and I know where they came from. Weather Report have a lot to answer for playing with sterile instruments.

Odd that they hit the straightest road on "All Mixed Up" where the harmonies have a haunting pulse-rate entirely separate from Robinson's robotic flailing and Hawkes' unimpressive sax break. See, I'm not entirely down on this band although this isn't the direction for the tail-end of the '70s that I had in mind.

Not that they fit the industrial prop-pop mania. In many ways they come from another dimension but let the possibilities of masterful gadgetry cloud their strength. Personally, I shall wait for more plastic, some live proof or continue to take public transport.

Max Bell

New Hatchback Coupés Fail To Impress

MAX BELL Sticks To Public Transport

TRISTRAM SHANDY
Tristan Shandy (Silvermore)

DELICATE AND Delightful, just the sort of Irish folk to appeal to Chieftains fans, but Tristram Shandy's sound is swelled by the inclusion of Terry Thompson's Gcdackt organ (14th Century and no jokes please).

The strength of the material is in its simplicity, melodies like cobwebs, as the instruments weave around to create a rich and memorable sound.

Not everyone's pot of *poteen,* but nonetheless a rewarding treat for the discerning. Difficult to get hold of, but the curious should apply to Silvermore Records. 5 Brighton Road, Surbiton, Surrey.

Patrick Humphries

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14 Limit, Sheffield
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NOW WILL YOU LISTEN?

You must have heard 'Don't Fear The Reaper,' the brilliant top twenty single from Blue Oyster Cult.

But have you heard 'Agents Of Fortune,' the album it comes from? It was released in the summer of 1976, to a fanfare of critical applause.

Geoff Barton – Sounds said:

"'Agents Of Fortune' does it. One-time aficionados should return to the Blue Oyster Cult fold in their droves, true fans will be delighted, converts will be many. It's very good indeed."

Mike Oldfield – Melody Maker said:

"A magnificent album, brimful of ideas and fresh approaches, both musically and lyrically."

'Agents Of Fortune'
has nine tracks, every bit as movin'
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'Agents Of Fortune'
has been after you for two years now.
Don't you think it's time you listened?

BLUE ÖYSTER CULT
AGENTS OF FORTUNE
featuring '(Don't Fear) The Reaper'

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THE UPSETTERS
Return Of The Super Ape (Lion Of Judah Import)

IN THE race of life you are beaten before you have started.

"A false witness shall not go by unpunished. He that speaketh lies shall perish. A false balance is an abomination to Jah Jah" — **so warns Lee Perry/ Scratch/The Upsetter on "Psycha & Trim", one of the two immediately outstanding tracks to be heard here.**

It's been a long wait since the mighty and still unsurpassed "Super Ape". We'll forget about the disappointing "Roast Fish" pre-release album of a few months back. But has it been worth the wait? Do I risk life and death to comment?

Two sides to every story. Whereas "Super Ape" was uniformly excellent, this chapter does seem patchy in comparison. It's not such a slag-off since there are at least five strange and thought-provoking tracks here, but the remaining half of the album is — dare I say — average: an adjective I never thought could be applied to Perry's pioneering work in the past.

Sad to report yet another case of creative reggae artist meets blinding inconsistency head on. This, in other words, hasn't quite restored my slowly flagging interest in reggae in general, and in Scratch in particular. But at least this man's not afraid to experiment.

"Jah Jah Ah Natty Dread" is initially the most lethal cut, surpassed after repeated listenings by "Psycha & Trim". It's packed full and over-brimmimg with trade-marked and crashing cymbals, whirling flutes and a bass riff from Jah himself. God help the devil and the Pope if the lyrics come to force.

"Psycha" has a similar theme, only the lyrical malice is slow burning: *"You curse the roots, so you shall never inherit Jah fruit. Even though they may be wondering what I'm talking about."* **You can say that again! All delivered over an ecstatic cascade of archetypal Upsetter dub.**

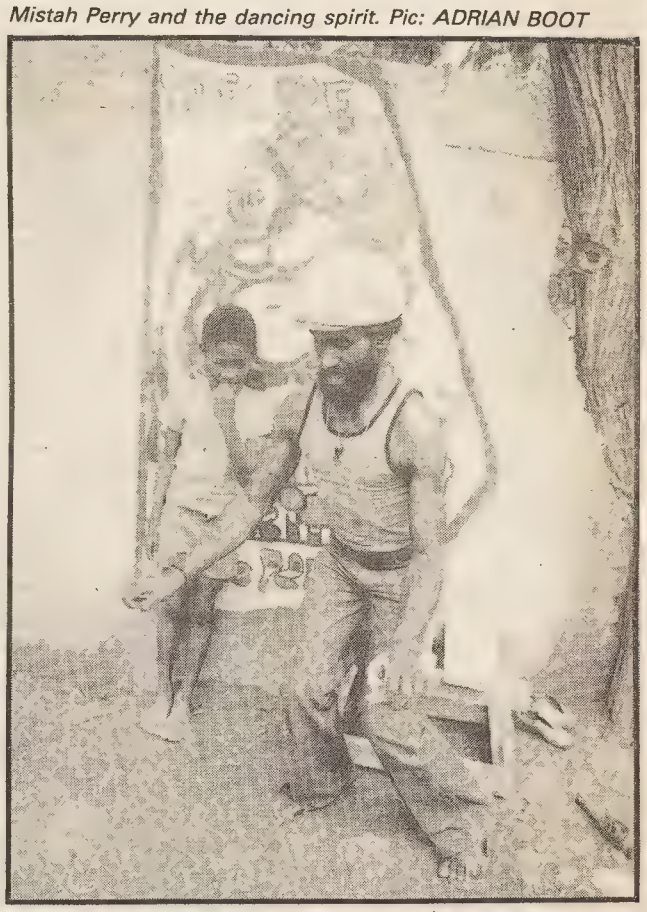
The title track is as weird as this music is ever likely to get. Machine-gun shots and rattling noises, muted and distant Beefheartian soprano sax and incoherent mumblings. However I *did* **catch:** *"Don't insult I, 'coz if you insult I, you will die!"* **Oh dear, what have I said?**

"Bird In Hand" is religious and hymn-like, featuring a single vocalist singing in a foreign tongue (could it be Congolese?) Unfortunately, Perry launches the track into a fairly mundane bass and percussion workout, the vocals still faintly drifting through the mix. All this grinds to a halt with a terrifying, gurgling scream. This is madness.

The remaining tracks range from straightforward chants through a couple of crooning throwaways, a great instrumental in "Crab Yars" and a hark back to Ska. Altogether a disorientating album, only more of a challenge for it. Even with its many flaws, this knocks creative spots off most of what's been passing itself as reggae lately.

John Gray

Mistah Perry and the dancing spirit. Pic: ADRIAN BOOT



KING KONG REGGAE

PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
A Talking Picture (CBS)
WILLIE NELSON
Stardust (CBS)

NOSTALGIA'S SURE not what it used to be. Nowadays the only thing a lot of people got to look forward to is the past. Commercially it's everywhere — television, movies and, of course, records.

The Pasadena Roof Orchestra effort is pretty much what you'd expect, elegantly recreating hits from the '20s and '30s and cashing in on the success of the Beeb's *Pennies From Heaven* (included here, natch) along with "42nd Street", "You're Driving Me Crazy", etc.

It's all done competently enough, but The Temperance Seven were there earlier with a lot more style, and vocalist John Parry lacks Viv Stanshall's elan and sincerity.

The Willie Nelson exercise is a far more curious effort. As Nelson is in the vanguard of the C&W renaissance, it's a surprise to find him tackling the evergreens of Duke Ellington, The Gershwins and Irving Berlin, and to have the whole shooting match produced by Booker T. Jones. Maybe it's a penance for all those green onions.

Tasteful enough for late night 'easy listening', but so low key as to give a whole new interpretation to 'soporific'.

Patrick Humphries

HUEY 'PIANO' SMITH & THE CLOWNS
Rockin' Pneumonia And The Boogie Woogie Flu (Chiswick)

EVER SINCE it first established itself on the map as an Open City, the music of New Orleans has always exuded its own particular brand of joie de vivre. Whether in jazz or R&B, the music's characteristic syncopation has permeated every new variation of familiar themes to come a-struttin' out of its innumerable fun parlours.

During the '50s, the Crescent City's distinctive and infectious style of R&B adhered to this good-time premise with even more unbridled exuberance. As an outside observer, one got the impression that New Orleans was just one continual rent-party and the flood of recordings just fly-on-the-wall extracts from the endless festivities.

Though it's possible to trace Smith's lineage through to Fats Domino, Professor Longhair and assorted Sporting House piano pumpers, he nevertheless managed to carve out his own laconic four-to-the-bar identity. Smith concentrated on a rolling mid-tempo shuffle stroll, assisted by a steady backbeat, gut-bucket tenor sax, plento of off-beat hand-clapping and, of course, The Clowns — three singers whose approach wasn't a stylus removed from The Coasters'. Above it all, Smith's 'second-line' syncopated stroll was graced with nudging good humour.

Like many artists, Smith's repertoire was based on a handful of tried and tested licks. The most popular was the much-covered album title track, which Smith cloned for "Tu-Ber-Cu-Lucas And Sinus Blues", another was "Sea Cruise" (a hit for Frankie Ford); though this isn't included, it's currently a Chiswick 45 and is essentially the same as "Little Chicken Wah Wah".

Smith's other contribution to New Orleans' R&B Hall Of Fame is "Don't You Just Know It" which, together with its re-write "Don't You Know Yockomo", can be located on this 14-track album. Now that it's once again readily available, a better Saturday night party album you'll not find at a comparable price.

Roy Carr

RON GEESIN
Right Through (Ron)

GEESIN, THE zany Scot best known for his collaborative work on "Atom Heart Mother", now lives in self-sufficiency in Sussex, conducting his musical experiments away from the pressures of the music biz.

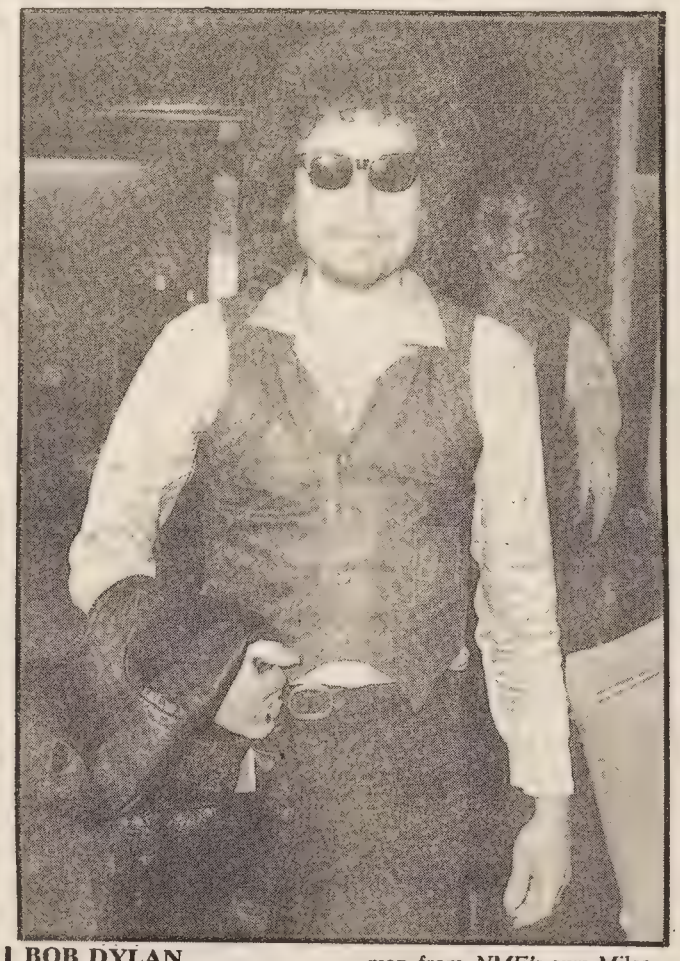
This, his latest offering, is a mixture of the odd, the beautiful and the annoying, making use both of "normal" instruments and those, like the "Door-o-plane" and "Rhythidoor", of Ron's devising.

Generally speaking, the tracks which are of more than merely formal significance are the longer ones: given time to unfold, pieces like "Throb Thencewards Thrill" and "Motion Above Rhythidoor" attain a satisfying, almost *majestic* wholeness absent in some parts of the album.

Although, it must be said, any majesty present isn't allowed to get out of hand; there's always Geesin's idiosyncratic, quirky humour, springing up and deflating pomposity when you least expect it. (Ron Records are available direct from Ron at Headrest, Broad Oak, Heathfield, Sussex TN21 8TU.)

Andy Gill

BOOKS: Beatles and Dylan Biographies Jazz Encyclopedia



Incompleat writings

THE ILLUSTRATED ENCYCLOPEDIA OF JAZZ
Brian Case and Stan Britt (Salamander, £6.95)

THIS PUBLICATION follows the successful formula established by the *NME Encyclopedia of Rock* — a huge number of biogs (over 400 in this instance), illustrated by an equally large number of album sleeves and pics of artists, most of 'em in colour.

The authors could hardly be bettered.

Brian Case, well-known to those who regularly purchase *NME*, is in my humble and slightly envious opinion, the finest scribe currently penning words of wisdom on the attributes of Diz, Bird, Getz, Gordon and associated rhythm kings, while his partner on this project, Stan Britt, is generally regarded as being one of the most knowledgeable jazz critics ever to sup at Ronnie Scott's.

Little wonder then that *The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Jazz* pans out as a worthy addition to any music library.

Hardly a facet has been missed: the biogs span the careers of New Orleans pioneers such as King Oliver, Bunk Johnson and Kid Ory; swing kings such as the much-married Charlie Barnet (11 times!) and Artie Shaw (a mere eight); bluesmen; boogie and renthouse pianists; bop and beret merchants; and a solid phalanx of new wavers from Coltrane and Ayler through to Anthony Braxton, Cecil Taylor and Mike Mantler.

Though, by necessity, the artists rarely emerge as human (space — even in a publication of 224 22 × 30mm pages — only allowing run-downs on musical achievements), the writing compensates, being of a high order for such a project.

Also by necessity, somebody's heroes have failed to make the final listing.

So Glenn Miller has been omitted, presumably because his band was considered too commercial — though one might argue that Jimmy Dorsey, who *is* included, led an outfit even more dependant on Tin Pan Alley — while Bing Crosby gains an entry at the expense of Frank Sinatra, who frequently won the Metronome poll and even recorded with the Metronome jazz all-stars.

However, such omissions are really of a minor nature and detract but little from the overall excellence of Case and Britt's book, which is wider in scope than John Chilton's excellent "Who's Who Of Jazz" and better to look at than Leonard Feather's "Encyclopedia Of Jazz", its only real rivals.

Fred Dellar

THE BEATLES
Hunter Davies (Mayflower, £1.25.)

FIRST published in 1968, Hunter Davies' official biography of The Beatles had just been reissued, for the most part in its entire, original form.

When it first appeared the book was useful mainly for its thorough documentation of the background of the group — their childhoods have never been better researched — though in other respects it was a wasted opportunity; Davies eschewed opinions on the band's music, and also sketched in only the barest information about Beatlemania.

Its main value has been as the one authentic narrative about the group, though inevitably in the years since it has been supplemented by the publication of other works, such as Alan Williams' *The Man Who Gave The Beatles Away*.

Since the timing of the original publication was rather inopportune (it came out at a moment when the four were beginning to exist and work independently of each other, but before they had come to their bitter end), the author was clearly now afforded an opportunity to put the entire saga in perspective, especially since he retains lingering contacts with at least three of them (or so he tells us).

However, Davies seemingly regarded the reissue as an irksome project, and has expended minimal energy on it; a six-page introduction and an eleven-page postscript constitute the bulk of the book's trumpeted "updating".

His lassitude is readily demonstrated. In the introduction he describes the difficulties under which the work was originally prepared; the biggest single handicap was that discussion of Brian Epstein's homosexuality was precluded. Having admitted this, though, he might have been expected to amend at least one of the cryptic references to it in the text ("His unhappiness was part of an illness, an illness which dated back many years"), which many will now find grossly offensive.

In fact the introduction *in toto* is curiously tasteless. Davies' reveries are morbid — "What I imagined would finally happen . . . would be that they'd all get killed in a car crash" — and his preoccupation with their demise leads him, incorrigibly egotistic, neatly to the fact that he has written their obituaries for *The Times* (I though it was bad form to reveal such things).

On the evidence here, however, it will need a sub-editing genius to raise the copy to the paper's required standard, since apart from Davies' juvenile style ("It was a pretty fed-up making process", he remarks of Beatles' recording sessions), he has clearly not concerned himself with the solo careers of each group member, something he even has the gall to admit. ("In all honesty, I have very little interest in these later, post-Beatle activities").

There are two conclusions to be drawn from this: *The Times* should immediately locate someone better qualified to write about the four; and anyone who buys this book under the impression that it is what it purports to be (i.e. "updated to include the Beatles' solo careers") will find themselves short-changed.

Indeed, the claims made for this reissue, whether in *Rolling Stone* adverts ("revised to include everything about their lives, loves and performances to date") or on the book's back jacket ("includes detailed accounts of the solo careers of John, Paul, George and Ringo") are simply untrue.

Even the discography is slipshod. Under U.K. singles, "The Long And Winding Road" is incorrectly listed (and its "release" even dated!), while singles which have been issued, "Yesterday" and "Back In The U.S.S.R." (both of which were chart entries) have been omitted — as have all the post-"Let It Be" Beatle albums; and even if he wanted to avoid compilations, "Live At Hollywood Bowl" should have been mentioned. "The Best Of George Harrison" is also missing, and Ringo's sixth album is erroneously referred to as "Richard The 4th" (which would probably have made a better title, though that's hardly the point).

Similarly, the appendix on Beatle finances is now meaningless, and certainly required some kind of contemporary comment; but even the monies are still discussed in £sd terms.

It's well known that the Beatles made many elementary mistakes during their careers. It now appears that one of them was in choosing Davies as their official biographer. When the original work was subsequently categorised by John Lennon as "bullshit" (a description which Davies' smugness doesn't permit him to admit) I found the criticism harsh; however, the sad truth is that no word is more apposite for this disgraceful reissue.

Bob Woffinden

BOB DYLAN
Miles (Omnibus, £1.50).

DYLAN: AN ILLUSTRATED BIOGRAPHY
Michael Gross (Hamish Hamilton, £2.95)

BOB DYLAN breathes, eats, shits, pisses, talks, hears, sees, is Jewish, writes songs, is a dreadful painter, has a hooked nose, grows a fairly nondescript beard, and (if the U.S. critics are correct) makes lousy, self-fixated and overlong movies about himself and his various identities. He was once known for a piercing wit, and a penchant for obscure flights of verbal fancy which were as well-known in the mid-'60s as his current mysterioso 'mum's-the-word' persona is now. He is 37 years old and, as well as having been known to physically assault his ex-wife, has enjoyed a career as songwriter / troubadour for nigh on 16 years.

He is a human being above all else, but he is also a genius — arguably the only bonafide one in rock, and his innumerable forays into the white heat of the spotlight have provided a hungry audience with the chance to ordain him a god — or a shaman, perhaps; a visionary, equally possible. It is this followers' uncontrollable desire to penetrate the granite-hard cocoon of an enigma that causes the most literary-inclined Dylan obsessives to pen endless theses on facets of the gentleman's hefty volume of work.

Questions remain unanswered — questions that, tied to the myth, have caused writers to expound at gargantuan length, either attempting to put forward their own theories about Dylan's various motivations and reasons for dramatic *volte-faces*, or else just contenting themselves by appreciating the mighty Zim via the unauthorised biography stand, simply going to great lengths to compose the latter using reminiscences from prior associates while otherwise piecing together the jig-saw puzzle of a career with salient quotes from the '60s Dylan and other arguably relevant pieces of ephemera.

Two volumes are hot off the stands to coincide with the Zim's tour of the planet; the first, a lengthy chronological study of Dylan with hot snaps from all eras, penned by Michael Gross. The other is a far less weighty tome on the man from *NME's* own Miles, who has apparently been constructing a veritable colossus of info and intimate studies of the man over the last ten years, and whose current work is but a frugal precis of what the author had been compiling, but it has its moments, and in general granted me more actual unknown facts about Dylan than the Gross book.

As examples of this, I can point to a hilarious chapter which simply sets out the transcript of an obscure 1965 T.V. talk-show spot with Dylan and compere Les Crane, which makes for a good wheeze; various other topics — Dylan's unpublicised donation to the right-wing Jewish Defence League, for example, plus numerous arguably trivial but nonetheless highly entertaining snippets — make the glossy-pamphlet-sized affair a fair purchase.

Miles also goes out of his way to interview such characters as Rolling Thunder fiddle-player Scarlet Rivera for intriguing insights.

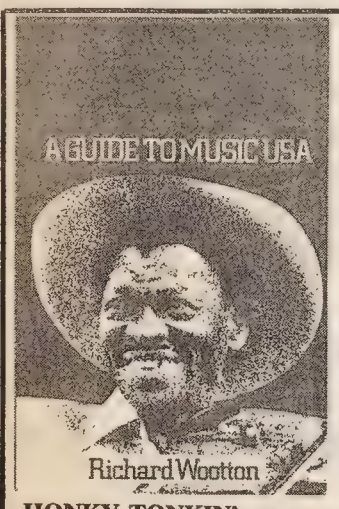
Michael Gross's book is a whole different kettle of fish. Lavishly illustrated with a keen out-take from the "Blonde On Blonde" sessions on the cover, the book seems aimed more at those newly acquainted with the Big D. than a diehard like myself. Beyond the odd revelation of minimal consequence, the book does an adequate job by going for already-known factes rather than maverick reportage. The publisher of *Tarantula* seems the only one capable of givin new info on Dylan, though it's hardly rivetting stuff.

As for the glossy veneer and the illustrated biog-schtick, the book does have its share of good pictures, though again hardly anything I haven't seen before; Stephen Pickering's Dylan-fetish periodicals have far more original shots of the Zim, particularly during the '66 period.

However, neither of these books compare favourably to Anthony Scaduto's detective work on the man behind the mask in his biography, *Bob Dylan*. And ultimately, Australian Craig McGregor has them all beat, with his compilation volume, *Bob Dylan: A Retrospective*.

Ask Dylan himself. He gave McGregor his best-ever interview (well, certainly since the '66 *Playboy* babelogue).

Nick Kent



HONKY TONKIN'
A Guide To Music USA
Richard Wootton
(Mail Order £2.75 from 21 Melbourne Court, Anerley Rd, Penge, London SE20)

DESPITE THE title, and despite sections headed "Local Talent", this isn't a primer for U.S. bordellos.

It's the second edition, seven times larger, of a guide compiled by Richart Wootton and put out under the banner Charlie Gillett's Sunday lunchtime Radio London *Honky Tonk* show, aimed at the traveller seeking records, clubs, and other related musical trivia in the Promised Land.

Chuck Berry may have mapped out the route but these aren't easy commodities to find, not in a country so de-centralised, where the state of Texas alone is bigger than all of Blighty.

Without this guide you might walk right past Buddy Holly's grave in Lubbock, or be waiting in the Macon greyhound bus terminal and not realise it was the place where Little Richard wrote "Tutti Frutti" while he washed the dishes.

The spectrum of music covered is wide, from avant garde to bluegrass, with information on what each area has to offer and the emphasis on indigenous local styles.

You can find out where to see the real Dixie Chicken (the cajun "Fais Do Do") in Lake Charles, Louisiana, where to hear the best zydeco in Lafayette, and how to get sloshed for free in San Antonio after you've had your fill of Tex-Mex music.

And should you be for the time being insolvent, unable to afford the somewhat pricey kind of expedition this guide is meant for, you could always buy it, a compass, and a map and get down to some serious dreaming.

Paul Rambali

JAZZ

BRIAN CASE

THE RISE OF the big bands in the '30s ushered in a new breed of singer. If Ma Rainey and Bessie Smith could banjax a Boots weighing scale between them, the big band shouters could've barely squeezed through the chemists's door. It was a specialized Sumo category, and most of them looked like a face on a thumb.

There was Mildred Bailey, 'The Rocking Chair Lady'; Miss Ethel Waters who had a hit with "Underneath The Harlem Moon", and went on to steal the movie *Member Of The Wedding* as the Mother Courage of the kitchen; Dinah Washington, 'The Queen', who had been known to haul out a roscoe when riled; there was Big Joe Turner, 250 pounds of hollering bartender to threaten the shot-glasses.

Bandleader Chick Webb fielded the mighty Ella Fitzgerald; Ellington had Ivie "Stormy Weather" Anderson; Jay McShann had Jimmy Witherspoon. Count Basie lost Billie Holiday in 1937 — neither a bulger nor a belter, but a subtle genius who could insinuate against a wall of brass — and brought in Miss Helen Humes to share the megaphone with Jimmy Rushing.

The grand old slab of history walks past me at Ronnie Scott's bearing her stage costumes ahead of her on hangers. A large lady, she likes to take things easy until she hits the stage. "I don't go out in the day. I got my hair in curlers. I don't like your weather. Well, it was nice at six this morning, but who the hell goes out then?"

Backstage, her speaking voice plays singer's games with her sentences, elongating vowels to sermon-length, crowding up on conjunctions. She sits at the dressing table, and blows. "Right now, headquarters Nooooo Yawk. Home is Louisville, Kentucky. Uh-huh."

Helen, an only child, except for a half-brother, was always close to her mother. "I useta play the piano with my mother, not professionally nor nuthin', just enough to play a song, and I'd sing or she'd sing. I had a professor, he was a Jew — uh, a German — he'd teach me all these blocks and stuff, and when he'd go, then I'd play my own little stuff. I'd just sit down and play and sing. We didn't have a record player — I just taught myself how to sing.

"I useta live right next door to the Baptist Church, and I'd play for them and the Sunday School. We had our little group and I'd play at an Orphans Home. You could play any instrument you wanted there at Miss Bessie Allen's — that's where Jonah Jones and Dickie Wells and all of them, they got started. I tried to play trumpet a minute or two, then I tried playing clarinet, and I said, I'll just stick with the piano!

"Miss Allen, she'd have a marching band for the boys where they'd go outa town for fairs and things, and then when they'd have a little affair at night, why, then that's when I'd play with the dance band.

"A fella named Sylvester Weaver, he heard me singin' one time, and he told Mr Rockwell at Okeh Records. Mr Rockwell came out to my house and heard me and he had my mother bring me to St Louis and that's when I made my first record.

"I sang something called, 'Do What Ya Did Last Night', another one called 'If Poppa Has Outside Lovin' and I think something else called 'Racetrack Blues'. I don't remember now. Mr Rockwell called by mother later and wanted to know if I could go on a theatre tour. Mom told him no, said I had to finish school, and after that, whatever I wanted to do, I could do."

OKEH RECORDS, like Columbia, Paramount, Vocalion, Brunswick, Gennett and Victor, combed the South for their Race markets in the '20s and '30s. Helen Humes came in at the tailend of the blues boom, which crashed with the Depression.

"Buffalo, New York — that's where I accidentally got started," says Helen.

"After I finished school, I went there to visit some friends of mine, musicians and their wives, so one night they took me to this nightclub, The Spider Web. They said, C'mon Helen — now get on up and sing. I said, I ain't gonna sing in this club — I don't know nuthin' 'bout these people!

"They said, Go ahead! So The Man said it was all right, and I got up and sang and The Man gave me a job. I was just making 25 or 35 dollars a week. You could do a whole lot with it then, but oh boy, now!

"I stayed at The Spider Web a long time, then, the Vendome Hotel, then we went on up to Albany and after I left there I came on back home. They sent for me to come to a club in Cincinnati called the Cotton Club, and that's where Basie heard me. He wanted me to come with his band because Billie had just left, but I went the following year. I was working with the Al Sears band, and after we got to New York and I worked this big affair, John Hammond was there and he kinda got together to get me with Basie."

Helen started with The Count at 35 dollars a week. In her autobiography, Billie Holiday writes: "I joined Count Basie's band to make a little money and see the world. For almost two years I didn't see anything but the inside of a Blue Goose bus, and I never got to send home a quarter."

"Well, I did!" says Helen. "Oh yes indeed. If I can't send money home, I don't work. I don't work just to be doin' somethin'. The first thing I would do when I got my little 35 dollars, I'd send 10 home and then whatever I had to do, I'd do with the 25. My mother would put it away for me."

"Wasn't your mother worried about you being on the road with 16 cats?" I asked.

Helen shook her head. "She didn't worry. She knew I could pretty well take care of myself. And then, they were just so nice, they treated me like I was a little baby. I was their little sister — but I still had to cook for them all the time! Cooking all up and down the road! We'd be in theatres, I'd be in the dressing room, I'd have the pots on!"

"You had to cook for the whole band as well as sing?" A case for *Spare Rib* here, and no mistake, I thought. Catch Sinatra slinging hash for the Dorsey band!

"Jimmy Rushing on his own would keep you at the range," I said, thinking of the Humpty-Dumpty figure of Mister 5×5. Rushing possessed the most penetrating pipes in the biz, and a shoving way with the iambic pentameters that has obviously influenced Helen Humes.

"Yeah. That was my buddy. Jimmy could keep me laughin' aaaaall night long! We'd be sitting there, Basie'd get mad at us. He could tell me some of the funniest jokes! We'd be sitting there on the stand and he'd reach over and he'd tell me something — he'd see something funny happening out there, you know — and I just had to laugh. We just had a good time!"

Lady Day hadn't liked him much, resenting his lectures against gambling and his reluctance to lend money. He was one of the few in the band who could read music, however, and, as Mary Lou Williams recalls, "he could be heard 10 blocks away without a megaphone."

Everybody loved Lester Young, though.

"Oh, he was a doll. Yeah. He'd wake us all up early. We'd be on the bus and he'd come round — you know, they useta roll the dice — so Pres'd come by and shake 'em up and say 'All right — get up! My horoscope says I'm gonna win today!'" Helen shook with laughter. "Wroooong as could be! He'd be the first one broke! He was a lovely fella."

Helen moved to Los Angeles in the late '40s, working at Billy Berg's, the Alabam, Down Beat, the Plantation, and appeared regularly on Norman Granz's JATP concerts. She turns up in three 1947 short films with Dizzy Gillespie and His BeBop Orchestra — *Tan & Terrific, Jivin' In BeBop* and *Ee Baba Leba*, the latter the title of her first big hit on Aladdin. Oddly enough, she's also to be heard in Kazan's early *Panic In The Streets* from 1950.

The first Helen Humes I ever heard was a 78 of "Million Dollar Secret" from around the time when Earl

JAZZ DIARY

IN ADDITION to his solo set at Bracknell, tenorman David Murray has been booked by JCS to play a concert at the Collegiate Theatre on August 11th with Butch Morris, Johnny Dyani and George Brown. Another August gig to watch out for is Bobby Wellins playing his "Culloden Moor Suite" at the ICA on 13th.

Dick Heckstall-Smith & Big Chief weigh in at Putney's Half Moon on July 16th, Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames are at the 100 Club on 17th, Soft Head are at The Phoenix on 19th and Turning Point and the OK Band are at 100 Club on 24th.

London Musicians Collective presents J-F Minjard, Brett Hornby, William Embling, John Russell, Phil Wachsmann, Tony Wren and John Latham on 15th and an open session on the 17th, all cats welcome. Redbrass will be playing a special concert at the Young Vic Theatre on July 16th.

Stargazer are playing at Crockers, Cotham Hill, Bristol on July 31st and August 1st and 2nd and at Dingwalls on August 21st. Moonspirit are at The Red Door, Croydon on July 25th.

The best new releases in ages are blasts from the past on the Italian Jazz Connoisseur label: The Sonny Rollins Quartet, including Don Cherry, Henry Grimes and Billy Higgins, "Stuttgart 1963 Concert"; the Max Roach Quintet and Sonny Rollins Trio including Max, "Graz 1963 Concert"; "Eriv Dolphy Quartet 1961".

New from Ogun, Louis Moholo's Octet with "Spirits Rejoice!" From Steam Records, the Stan Tracey's Octet "Salisbury Suite", and Stan Tracey with Keith Tippett on "TNT". On Original Records, Mike Westbrook's Brass Band bring you "Goose Sauce".

Brian Case

Ian Carr's glorious trail of musicianship through the years established his position as a mentor to so many accomplished players who are now established names in the Jazz field themselves. The Rendell-Carr Quintet was perhaps the best known and loved British jazz group during the middle 1960's. In 1965/6 Ian organised and led the Animals Big Band which consisted of the pop group augmented by three trumpets, three tenors, and a baritone. Ian was also a founder member of the New Jazz Orchestra which included Jack Bruce on bass. Ian Carr and Nucleus pioneered the jazz-rock area in Britain and were one of the first jazz groups to go deeply into the use of electric instruments and electronics. In January 1977, Ian toured in Germany. With the beginnings of some fresh musical ideas, Ian got together another version of Nucleus to do another tour in Germany, and during it, a live album – "In Flagrante Delicto" – was recorded on one night in Duren. The group was now a quintet, and Ian was playing electric keyboard as well as trumpet . . . part of his search for new sounds and new areas of development.

IAN CARR'S NUCLEUS
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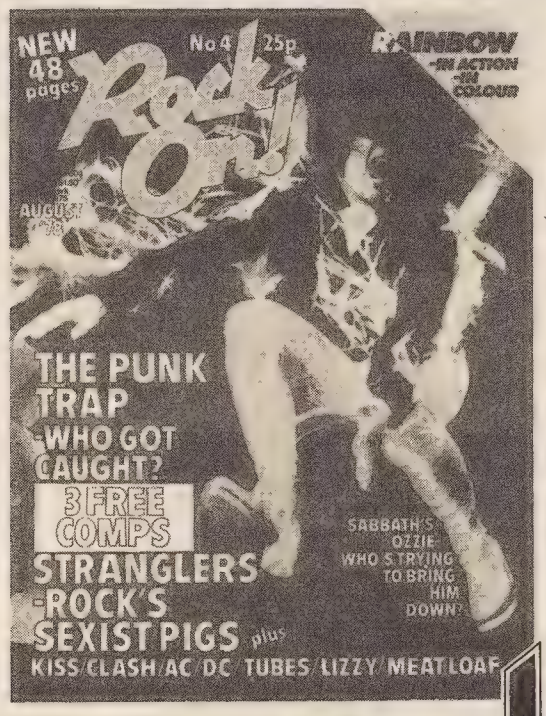
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48 PAGE AUGUST ISSUE OUT NOW 25p

ROCK 'N' RYE

HELEN HUMES, VETERAN OF THE BASIE BAND, GIVES THE RECIPE FOR STILL TEARING 'EM UP FOUR DECADES LATER

HELEN HUMES. Pic: DAVID REDFERN

Bostic was riding high on "Flamingo". A rumbustious, Red Hot Momma-ish song advising young girls to pull rich old men and work 'em to death — "C'mon you bad old thing, gimme my morning exercise."

"There's a variant called 'Helen's Advice' on the 'Black California' album," I told her. "It lists the origin as unknown."

"Well, I wrote it," said Helen, indignantly. "I don't know why they put that on there, because I should get some royalties on that. When it's a million dollar secret, you hafta give advice to the young girls AND the old girls too! I'd got a whole lotta extra lyrics and I just kept adding on to it. It seems to be doing very well now. There's a girl here that's recorded it — oh, that is a shame that I can't remember her name!"

I sat and suggested all the girls I could think of, and it wasn't until I remembered that pretty well anybody under 60 is a girl or a boy to Helen that I hit on Beryl Bryden. "Burl Bryden! That's her! She plays a washboard."

Out on the West Coast, she recorded for Lester Koenig's Contemporary label, kicking off with a startlingly incompatable "Songs I Like To Sing" arranged by Marty Paich and featuring Ben Webster, Art Pepper and a violinist called James Getzoff. Koenig's label has pioneered Pepper, Ornette, Cecil Taylor and hosts of commercially dangerous talents: his death is a blow to jazz.

"Did you have any trouble with BeBop? I asked, because she's really one of the great big band Swing vocalists.

"No, I didn't have no trouble with it because I didn't sing it," she guffawed. "I'd go in the studio and say, I'm gonna sing this — and they'd give ya a piano player couldn't read a note. He'd just hit a thing — CHING CHING KA-CHING CHING! — and I said, Oooooh no, cain't master this!

"How have you managed to hang in there for 40-odd years?"

"I have a liqueur that I drink called Rock 'n' Rye. It's a rock candy and they put oranges and cherry and all that stuff in it, and it's good for your throat. That's an old Kentucky drink, and I work as much as I want to. Knock wood."

And she rapped on Ronnie's tabletop and went on stage and cut loose, pipes virtually indestructable.

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You won't believe your ears

ON THE TOWN

Howie proves hair is unnecessary

Pic: HERSHMAN/MURPHY

Magazine
BRADFORD

ANYTHING can happen here. Punks still gob, grapple and get ejected, and those who lost their way through the mesh of foyers and balconies even rushed the stage for Peter Gabriel. This time around the management had removed the seats (so that Howie's devotees couldn't do it for them?), which was just as well, because there are still as many pogoers as National Fronters in Bradford.

It wasn't really necessary, though; Devoto still has a long way to go before he becomes a safety hazard. The precaution was as enigmatic as the man himself, but the performance transcended such trivial contemplations. For better or worse — and with a few reservations — Devoto has arrived to take the New Wave to another frontier. What the man lacks in hair he certainly makes up in brains.

For an apparently heavily strung-out thinker, Devoto, nevertheless, surprisingly strikes some incredibly well-worn postured attitudes, as though he were trying to secure a degree of *star* recognition, rather than the straight-ahead respect for his intellectuality which I was led to believe was all he was interested in.

Maybe it's only because he has designs to be the 'total performer' that makes Devoto frequently try *too* hard. And maybe you can forgive his stage excesses in the light of this being the formative phase of his career. He was, after all, endowed with fame and influential endorsements long before he earned them, and it's understandable and to be expected that his confidence is as premature as his charisma is undeniable.

In any event, Devoto's appearance here — a rake of a balletomane, wearing a red jacket off a lady's 50's suit, concealing an improvised leotard of his own gender's persuasion, and looking like a seven-pint blood donor — came as something of a shock. Devoto seemed to use the stage just because there was a stage to be used, his somewhat deliberate reptilian ballet gyrations featuring clinical passion were as paradoxical as they were redundent.

There again, his musicians, primarily John McGeoch (pioneer guitar), Dave Formula (comprehensive keyboards) and Barry Adamson (stoic bass) (that only leaves Martin Jackson, I know, but drummers have to get on with the job), contrived a gel of spectacular proficiency. No doubt having a blind but secure faith in the direction Devoto is taking them, they seemed (unlike their mentor) to be in it totally for the music. Maybe in the circumstances it had to be left to the ex-Buzzcock to supply the blurred focal points and the solitary selling-line. He blew the Rambert, but (to get things in perspective) very little else.

Frequently mounting a laddered topple-proof mike-stand (so that if every other medium failed, at least he could elevate himself physically), Devoto fully justified all the compliments already put down. "Motorcade", "Definitive Gaze" and the spooky "Burst", three of the four numbers I recognised — Devoto doesn't say much by way of explanation, and when he does, his fetish for gobbling the mike precludes much aural comprehension — corroborated the already-mooted early Roxy link and Thin White Howie's sense of melodrama and (perhaps justified) self-importance.

Magazine's live sound is essentially keyboards orientated (or was that just the mix?), that specific contribution adeptly supplied by runaround Formula but well-camouflaged by Adamson's strident bass when they needed to avoid Formula appearing obsessive. McGeoch is similarly outrageously impressive, a real-life luminary, often producing guitar solos of unconditional brilliance.

Devoto himself is sometimes a fairly unconvincing, effete vocalist, but he succeeds either through the enigma / charisma factor or else through his audience's total incapacity to identify with him.

He *removes* himself from his adulators' perception of the realities of showmanship to the extent that he threatens spiritually to leave them altogether — he remains aware, though, that his contract demands that the show must go on. Perhaps knowing that people respect things they can't understand, Devoto refuses to offer accessibility. To be understood is uncool.

"Shot By Both Sides" was rendered for the climax of the scheduled set, before the band returned featuring Devoto in red county cap for a couple of anonymous but powerful encores. While "Both Sides" was received with almost embarrassing acclaim, Devoto impressively declined to give this number any more attention than he gave the others.

Ironically, of course, Magazine, spawned from the energy of punk and the experimentation of New Wave, symbolise the full circle back to musical sophistication. Unlike their innumerable uncouth predecessors, this band isn't going to inspire the average impressee to hawk his ageing skateboard for a cheap six-string.

Likewise, Devoto might be the kind of guy who can take on all-comers with his fascinating ideological discursions, yet he's hardly equipped or able to give any generation an improved mentality.

And I can see the next album being such a tour de force of artistic accomplishment that Magazine will be as far out of it as Genesis were to their punk denouncers two years ago.

Time will tell. The ironies are there, but only of importance to the unnecessarily conscientious. Personally, I'm glad that some more sense and enterprise has come via Devoto to the music of the '70s, and I don't care how or why it came about.

Emma Ruth

The Night Mover continues to stalk...

Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
LOS ANGELES

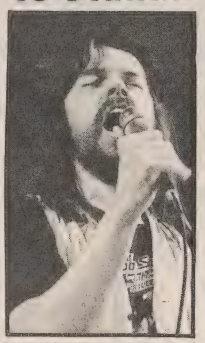
THE HARRIED press officers at Capitol Records wanted to ensure that Bob Seger's return to LA wouldn't be marred by unexpected mishaps.

"*NO* photographers are to shoot during the first 30 minutes!" yelled the label's PR director. "I want Bob to get loose. When he's into the show he won't even know they're there."

Judging by the triumphant manner Seger took to the stage, he obviously couldn't have cared less if flashes were going off.

Riding high on the heels of the well-tailored LP, "Stranger In Town", Seger has reason to bubble with confidence and energy. After dilly-dallying in rock circles with only marginal acceptance for well over a decade, the 32 years old Detroit-bred rocker is now a bona fide star. Seger probably flinches at such an accolade, but the fact that his music has reached the masses is his greatest reward.

Amid all the 70s' changes in direction, Seger has held on to the good time, rollicking spirit of 50s rock, but augmented it with tasty doses of R&B and jazz. There's such a genuine honesty pervading in his persona and music that he's



hard to fault. Even if you don't care for his work, you have to admire the man's commitment and persistence.

Seger's set at the LA Forum showcased six songs from "Stranger", all of which came off as well as any of the familiar oldies. With the dramatic instrumental shading of the bristling Silver Bullet Band, he tore through Frankie Miller's "Ain't Got No Money", "Rock 'n' Roll Never Forgets", "Ramblin' Gamblin' Man" and "Beautiful Loser" before breaking the pace.

Surprisingly, it was the reflective "Turn The Page", delivered from behind the keyboard, that was the first emotional highlight of the evening, with soothing colouring deftly provided by saxist Alto Reed. Seger then strapped on an acoustic guitar, and went into a version of his single, "Still The Same"; a predictable, but nonetheless solid tune.

There's a freshness and vitality in his approach to every song that makes even the well-worn favourites sound like newly penned material. This became crystal clear during the second half of the 90-minute set as he concentrated on all the standards from "Night Moves" and "Live Bullet", with "Katmandu" capping off the programme.

Two encores later Seger drew yet another ovation, but exhausted by the frantic pace, he had to leave the stage.

Seger has repeatedly proved that you can stick to the basics — simple melody, a few good hooks, interesting themes — and make it work for you everytime. No real theatrics, overblown volume or elaborate costuming; just old time rock 'n' roll with no holds barred.

The Night Mover continues to stalk.

Justin Pierce

Taking trad punk into a new league

Penetration
NASHVILLE

THE LARGE and very spikey-topped contingent that packed The Nashville on Friday night was proof enough that, to stalwarts of the New Wave, the gig was of great importance.

In fact, many irate-looking souls were turned away at the door, and I doubt it'll make them feel any happier to know they missed a great show.

Penetration, who formed nearly two years ago after seeing The Sex Pistols, still have their roots very firmly in trad punk, but with so much variation as to be in a completely different musical league.

No great believers in a uniform stage presence, visually, the band's front-line is a very mixed bag.

PENETRATION'S Pauline. Pic: PAUL SLATTERY

The recently acquired lead guitarist, Fred Purser, looks almost reserved alongside Neale Floyd, who plays rhythm, and obviously shares Keith Richard's keen interest in a rosy complexion and the joys of prime physical health.

Far right, we have man / beanpole bassist Robert Blamire, towering above the crowd and working solidly with the concise drumming of Gary Smallman.

And out front is the inimitable Pauline, scampering around the stage, fetchingly clad in leathers, studded belt and a lurid yellow headband.

Their songs, except for "Don't Dictate", are nearer observations than criticisms, and so don't feel the need to over-assert their ideas with brainless chord-bashing and rebel yelps. "Lovers Of Outrage", "Life's A Gamble", and "Race Against Time" were all perfectly balanced, rising, falling and doubling time to follow the changes in the lyrics.

Pauline carries the whole show with her shrill, commanding vocals (especially on Patti Smith's "Free Money"), and her not-too-self-indulgent theatrics.

They seem to have mastered an exact mixture of a very raw live sound and Purser's supersmooth guitar solos. Very rarely do they become predictable, or lose a feeling of acceleration throughout the set.

On this level, playing small venues, and to crowds of converts, Penetration can do no wrong. Countless punk bands that disintegrated over the last few months would still be on the circuit if they had half the imagination of this lot.

I noted fresh graffiti on the much-abused khazi wall, which, I'd venture, was the modest artwork of the band's bassist. It read "Penetration — The Future Is Robert".

Exactly what the future is will be stamped with a little more permanence by the arrival of their first album.

Mark Ellen

"I LIKE IT."

THE LATE SHOW

I LIKE IT.

The new single from
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Bet you do, too.

DECCA

RAMBOW OPENS TOILET TOUR

PHILIP RAMBOW. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

Philip Rambow

HOPE & ANCHOR, LONDON

AND JUST when I was beginning to wonder (again) "Whatever happened to Philip Rambow?" . . .

Towards the end of last year, Rambow and a band that included Mick Ronson, Dave Cochran, and even a pair of female back-up singers, played a few very auspicious debut gigs in some of the clubs and pubs of London, and rave reviews abounded.

There were plans then for a provincial tour by the same band in January of this year, but Ronson became involved in production work, and no tour materialised.

No gigs . . . and no word whether Rambow was or wasn't recording. All he had left behind was a track on the Hope & Anchor compilation, "Underground Romance", definitely one of the best on the album.

The reason why this was Rambow's first gig in over six months is, so I'm told by a source close to the band, that he has been recording (certainly the first I had heard of it). An album is on the way and Mick Ronson will be playing on it, although he was absent from this first stop on Rambow's Toilet Tour.

Rambow's band is back down to a trio, with the same drummer, Laurie Jellyman, but Dave Cochran, who, my source tells me, is busy doing session work, has been replaced by Mark Richardson. It's an undeniably powerful rhythm section, if a mite heavy-handed at times.

Rambow himself showed no sign of nerves on his return to live performances. No need to say it was good to be back because it was obvious from the expression on his face.

Ronson was only missed during a few of Rambow's solos, which tend to be slightly ordinary, but his rhythm work was fine, beautifully deft and flowing. He was in fine voice, too, a meaner and more nasal Van Morrison.

The real strength of the set, though, lies in the songs, gems all, from the opening "Don't Call Me Tonto" onwards. Comparisons are hard to come by; the songs are so adventurous, immediate, and free from stylisation. There's an air of hope even in defeat about many of them, and it's hard to ignore that Rambow looks happy singing them. The word that springs to mind when talking about him is "genuine", because he eschews affectation and / or concern for image so completely.

The gig ends with Rambow atop a monitor at the front of the stage scratching at his guitar, his head inches from the ceiling, and a broad smile on his face.

He's going to be gigging throughout this month in London, and every Tuesday at the Hope & Anchor. Pardon the plug, but it would be very foolish to miss him.

Neil Peters

The Pop Group
This Heat

COLLEGIATE THEATRE, LONDON

TWO SEEMINGLY unconventional, superficially 'bleak', jagged modern-music outfits. Both engineer music suggesting radical departure, still somehow quaint.

Their chaos is meticulous but there is a common fault: both seem reluctant to communicate. I refer not to snakeskin-boot 'let's all stomp' rallying calls, nor to the operation of salivation balloons — just the simple accommodation of song titles.

This Heat dummy and hatch volatile, sly music. They hop rather than swagger — argumentative, tenuously rock-orientated noise. It's often pure noise, yes (what isn't?), but 'Industrial' only in the sense that Abba too are 'Industrial' . . . (both engaged in the *manufacture* of noise?).

It's a very angry music, anchored with a superficial reliance on a more conventional form — rock-gloss ("Horizontal Hold")— soon to be severed as the barbed, coughing triptych-sound stabs into an ebbing, nebulous caution.

Successive grey zones of mechanical, ponderous aggression; aggression which is detached, drifting, resolute. The three players seem almost to spite their instruments; performance is both obscured and accentuated (Pop Mummers?).

Both This Heat and The Pop Group seem to be in the grip of an almost Cage-like desire to *possess* noise, to include EVERYTHING, all influence into the confluence of performance (aggro-noise therapy?)

The Pop Group are more 'attractive' . . . they have gelled. Their implementation of tape, tape machines, hits quicker than This Heat's. Their performance is more markedly the *result* of experiment, as opposed to the experience (which can be embarrassing, can be mesmerising).

The Pop Group are smart. The pre-recorded sound is disconcerting (that's all we need). Audience reaction runs the gamut, largely disguising fear (of the unfamiliar; or rather, the familiar rendered in a disturbing manner).

The two guitarists also structure their interactive playing like people inside the freedom of Jazz/Experimental music (everyone solos-nobody solos): abrupt, stammering, caustic, clinging like static on wool — a real cliff-hanger.

As for the singer — he is quite obviously in the throes of a distressing psychological imbalance, suggesting, along with the two guitarists, the instructions of a French author for one of his early plays: *"Movements . . . either heavy or else extremely and incomprehensibly rapid"*. Genet never exploited strobe-lighting though . . .

As for the 'bleak' aspect of it all, well, certainly — nobody smiled all evening. But it cheered me up more than anything 'Fun'-fixated, to know that there is still hope of *genuinely* new music.

Ian Penman

Rebel

DINGWALLS, LONDON

IT'S NO great liberty to assume that anyone trading under the name 'Rebel' mightn't be averse to slanging The Establishment with a little hell-raising criticism.

What you'd least expect is a band whose only serious commitments appear to be to guzzling ale, posing, and mutilating old Chuck Berry numbers.

Exactly what, I'd like to know, is rebellious about a combo with an average age of about 35, and a brace of guitarists sporting Rod Stewart-type Greco-pineapple hairdos, hammering Stone's numbers to death with garish heavy metal riffs.

And where, I muse, is the defiance in a third axeman frittering around in grubby tweed jacket and cap, playing fills that are living homage to Status Quo.

As for their choice of material, what on earth is the point of churning out "Johnny B Goode", "Route 66", and even some old blues number, while still clinging to pretensions of novelty?

To make matters worse, the twin lead guitarists were both very proficient, as evinced by a song called "The Price Of Rainbows", so why they're content to be in the ranks of such a monstrously unimaginative band, I can't even hazard a guess.

Mark Ellen

Great Slate 'farewell'

Black Slate
Junior Brown

MUSIC MACHINE, LONDON

THE ACCOMPLISHED Black Slate roadshow has reached just about the limit of its capabilities without coursing a drastic change of direction.

During the past year or thereabouts, riding off the success of "Sticks Man", the group have maintained an active touring schedule in the UK, during which time they have gained both in terms of professional expertise and fame.

However, without the benefit of a secure recording outlet, Black Slate are now doomed to circle an ever-decreasing futurity of small club venues and audiences.

As a result, their management are taking the group upon a tour of Jamaica next month, where they will also be completing work on a long-awaited debut LP at Upsetter's Black Ark studio.

The gig at the Music Machine was touted as Black Slate's great farewell performance. One of those dewy-eyed events like, say, Soft Machine's Middle Earth concert a decade back (when the band disappeared to Paris, not to return until a couple of years later, and then boasting a disquietingly different line-up). It proved a triumphant parting note.

First onstage was young Junior Brown, newest act with Tempus Records — the previous label of both Steel Pulse and Matumbi — at the embarkation of his career.

Backed by Ladbroke Grove compatriots Aswad's rhythm section, plus Ras I of Brimstone and brother Lloyd Brown on percussion, Junior Brown sang well, danced with flair, and moved across stage with agreeable presence.

Sadly, his self-composed material left a lot to be desired in terms of originality. "Equal Rights", "Show The Youths The Way", "Jah Say" and "Israel" all plied themes already given lyrical utterance by entertainers of more established experience.

Junior's closing number, merely, "Jah Find Babylon Guilty" — plagiarising the inspiration of Burning Spear's "Door Peeper" — demonstrated his potential and flair; the single inspired song in a small repertoire.

Starting on the low-key "Sing A Little Song", Black Slate paced the length of an inevitable stage act, including renditions of "They Can't Make Us, They Can't Break Us (Do What You Wanna Do)", The Abyssinians' "Declaration Of Rights", "Sticks Man", "It's Coming" and "This Is Reggae Music".

By the time the group moved into an "Exodus" / "Natural Mystic" medley in tribute to the former Bob Marley, Black Slate's Music Machine audience were ecstatically toasting the band in ritualised dance.

This was followed by the climax of their show, The Jamaicans' old Festival knees-up "Ba Ba Boom", at the conclusion of which they left the stage, only to return for an encore detailing their most recent release, "Live Up To Love".

Ooh coo coo — screw coo coo — bagga bugaboo!

Penny Reel

BLACK SLATE. Pic: DAVE HENDLEY

BOB GELDOF. Pic: PENNIE SMITH

Boomtown Rats

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

THE LAST time I saw the Boomtown Rats prior to this emphatic Hammersmith triumph was last year at the Marquee. Remove the tinsel, the cameramen and the multicoloured beachballs that cluttered the stage beside Graham Parker's ace horn section, and the Rats remain basically the same good clubland R&B band they were in those far-off sweaty days.

Towards the end this show, Bob Geldof took the time to thank the audience for the "best nine months" of his life. And there's no denying that the Rats have worked hard for their success or that it's been achieved with style, and again, undeniable talent.

It's hard to knock a band who go out of their way, as the Rats do, to make sure the kids are not shortchanged, but I still reserve a few doubts.

For starters, they are going forward primarily by looking back: back, to the pop music of the early '70s — the cherubic Johnny Fingers' keyboards particularly recall the twists and squeaks of the old Sparks Mael-stroem; back, more than anything, to the R&B of the Stones.

On top of that the irksome showband/showbiz parodies left me feeling like the White Man In Hammersmith Odeon.

As I see it, there are two R&B based bands, the Rats and The Jam, hooked into the mainstream riding on the New Wave and enjoying considerable success at the moment. Of the two, The Jam are far superior. There's a hint of desperation about the Rats and their sonic tonic not evident in the live fire and skill of The Jam.

There's also something decidedly forced about the Rats in songs like the cringful "Joey" — a Springsteenesque street scenario that would send the Asbury One turning in his 69 Chevvy.

The Rats — if the audience at Hammersmith was anything to go by — rival Jonathan Richman in providing rock and roll for the under 14s. Which is fine.

Only I'm 20, and I had T. Rex when I was that age and I don't really need the smug wholesale Rats now.

Adrian Thrills

Mike Westbrook Brass Band

OPEN SPACE, LONDON

CABARET, THAT long-running standby of fringe theatre, is one of those idioms that look easy on paper and usually turn out like a bellyflopped jelly on the boards. You can't just bung anything in, and rely on the old sketchbook excuse to pull you through.

Mike Westbrook, composer of "Mama Chicago" and leader of the troupe, knows all that backwards. More than anyone else on the British scene, he bears out Stravinski's definition that the composer is like a shoemaker, pulling and pushing his material into the required shape; manual gifts to offset the usual flannel about muses and divine inspiration. Westie is a fine craftsman.

No section of his latest work goes on too long, and all the transitions are seamless. For example, the way that Kate Westbrook's vocal on "Apple Pie" (lyrics by Adrian Mitchell) gives way to a two-way interchange between piano and trombone which in turn evolves into something else with the entry of a tenor and alto swell, shows just how homogenous and organic the composer's craft can be.

With a book based around Chicago's history of wardheeling politicians, Prohibition gangsters and the slaughterhouses, and an all-brass cast, memories of Brecht and Kurt Weill are bound to be evoked: that toddling town has always been the political polemicist's dream. Westie has always been an unabashed eclectic, taking bits and pieces from contrasting idioms and pressing them into service — Weill, Monk, Bali, R&B, Free jazz.

The sound of the band is sumptuous, avoiding the oompah and emphasizing the mulled bouquet of massed brass: trumpet, euphonium, tenor horn, saxophones. Outstanding solo work from Paul Rutherford on trombone and the fast and slippery alto of Chris Hunter. Phil Minton is a phenomenally gymnastic singer, a species of supercharged Leo Watson who can get the tonsils around the weirdest noises and make them swing.

Fun is the key-word, and everybody left smiling. If you miss them, check out "Goose Sauce" by the Mike Westbrook Brass Band on Original Records.

Brian Case

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Saturday July 15th 40p
JACK LYNTON'S H.D. BAND

Sunday July 16th 40p
REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
By demand

Monday July 17th Free
Zaine Griff

Tuesday July 18th Free
Young Bucks

Wednesday July 19th Free
Angelo Palladino

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

Siouxsie and the Banshees

THE SHIRTS
WHITE CATS
ROUNDHOUSE
CHALK FARM, N.W.1
SUNDAY 23rd JULY at 5·30

ADMISSION £2·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE ROUNDHOUSE BOX OFFICE, TEL. 267 2564, OR LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., W.1. TEL. 439 3371, OR AT DOOR

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9

MUSIC MACHINE

Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight.
CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE · N.W.1

Wednesday July 12th £1
BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLE AXE
+ Warm Jets
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30pm

Thursday July 13th £1.50
ROKOTTO
+ Heart Stealer

Friday July 14th £2
THE TOURISTS
+ The Invaders

Saturday July 15th £2
RACING CARS
+ Rumblestrips

Monday July 17th £1
JAPAN
+ Support
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30pm

Tuesday July 18th £1
C.G.A.S.5
+ Berlin
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30pm

Wednesday July 19th £1
SORE THROAT
+ Blazer Blazer

Monday July 24th, Tuesday July 25th,
Wednesday July 26th, Thursday July 27th
THE CLASH
+ From New York SUICIDE + The Specials
Advance tickets £2.50 from box office

LICENSED BARS · LIVE MUSIC · DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

ilka promotions present
AT THE CALIFORNIA BALLROOM, DUNSTABLE

HI - TENSION

+ **ROBBIE VINCENT**
(Voted Britain's No. 1 Soul & Funk Radio D.J.)

SATURDAY JULY 22nd at 7.30pm

Tickets £2.50 from F. L. Moore Records Luton, Dunstable, Bletchley & Hitchin. Telephone Luton 20423, D. J. Holland Recs L/Buzzard, Past & Present Recs Watford, Spin-A-Disc Abingdon Square, Northampton, telephone 311144, L.N.A. Recs High Street, Rushden, telephone 55064, Jordans Recs Silver Street Wellingborough, telephone 222689, HMV Silver Street Bedford, Record Room St. Albans, California Box Office, telephone Dunstable 62804 or at door on night.

THE RED COW

HAMMERSMITH ROAD, W.6

Friday July 14th 60p
JAB JAB
Saturday July 15th 50p
RAMBOW
Sunday July 16th Free
FISCHER Z
Wednesday July 19th Free
THE V.I.PS.
Thursday July 20th Free
STARJETZ

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Friday July 14th £1.00
THE BOYFRIENDS
+ The Backbeats

Saturday July 15th £1.00
TANZ DER YOUTH
+ BERLIN

Sunday July 16th 75p
WHITE CATS
+ Doll By Doll

Monday July 17th 50p
AUTOGRAPHS
+ THE EDGE

Tuesday July 18th 75p
ERIC BELLE BAND
+ Interview

Thursday July 20th £1.00
TANZ DER YOUTH
+ Random Hold

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel 01-603 6071)

Benefit for the National Council for One Parent Familes
THURSDAY JULY 27th, FRIDAY JULY 28th and SATURDAY JULY 29th

9 9 9
+ SUPPORT
Tickets £1.00 in advance from Box 9, 147 Oxford Street, W.1
Cheques payable to Albion Management, S.A.E. required
Over Eighteens Only

CGAS

MUSIC MACHINE
Tuesday July 18th

QUEUE EARLY FOR THE CENTRAL LONDON STORMER

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS
★ at the Lyceum

A UNIQUE EVENT
THE ONLY U.K. CONCERT

TALKING HEADS

+
MERGER
Wednesday 12th July
£2.00 in advance £2.25 on door

THE RUNAWAYS

+
THE DICKIES
+
THE ADDIX
Sunday 16th July £2.25 in advance £2.50 on door

Doors open 7.15pm

Tickets available from the Box Office, Lyceum Ballroom, The Strand, W.C.2 01-836 3715. The Harvey Goldsmith Box Office Chappells, 50 New Bond St, London W1 01-629 3453 (20p Booking fee)

ADAM & THE ANTS

This Thursday, July 13th
MARQUEE CLUB

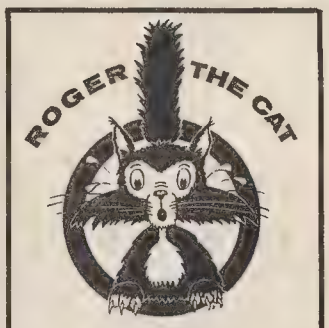
Rainbow Culture

OUTLAW CONCERTS PRESENT

FRIDAY 28th JULY 7·30
TICKETS £3·00 £2·50 £1·50
From Box Office, London Theatre Bookings 439 3371
Premier Box Office 240 2245 and usual agents

spring offensive

First Major London Appearance
DINGWALL'S
17 July 78



Thursday July 13th
TAM O'SHANTER
CHATHAM
Friday July 14th
HAMBRO TAVERN
SOUTHALL
Saturday July 15th
CRANBROOK
ILFORD
Wednesday July 19th
STAPLETON TAVERN
CROUCH END
presented by Vehicle Music and Gilmore promotions 01-204 9976

LAST BASTION!

THE WHITE HART PUB
246 HIGH ST. ACTON

C GAS 5
+ Skid Marks
+ Jerry Floyd
Wed. 19th July
8.00

prag-VEC

JULY 14th YOUNG VIC
JULY 15th RED LION, WATFORD
JULY 17th ROCHESTER CASTLE
ENQUIRIES:
— STEVE 01-727 0734

MEMBERS
AT THE
RAILWAY HOTEL
WEST HAMPSTEAD
TUESDAY 18th JULY

JOHNNY MOPED

F Club Leeds.
Thursday July 13th
Rock Garden,
Middlesboro,
Friday July 14th
MARQUEE LONDON,
Monday July 17th

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BLACKBURN King George's Hall: THE CLASH-/SUICIDE
BRADFORD Princeville Club: ALWOODLEY JETS
BRIGHTON Alhambra: THE SATELLITES
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: THE EXECUTIVES
BRIGHTON Corporation Bus Club: THE PIRANHAS/ATTRIX/NICKY & THE DOTS
BRIGHTON Hungry Years: JODEY
BRISTOL Granary: CHAMPION
COLWYN BAY Dixieland Showbar: THE ENID
COVENTRY City Centre Club: RAY KING BAND
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: THE RUNAWAYS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: KENNY BALL BAND
DERBY Station Hotel: STEVE ASHLEY
EDINBURGH The Place: GOOD STUFF BAND (resident until July 28)
EXETER Routes: PAUL GOODIE
GREENFORD School: PIN-UPS
HARLSTON Chiltern Club: J.A.L.N. BAND
HAYES Alfred Beck Centre: THE LATE SHOW-/ZAINE GRIFF
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: SORE THROAT
ILFRACOMBE Top of the Town: THE WURZELS
LANCASTER No.12 Club: THE OUT
LEEDS 'F' Club: JOHNNY MOPED
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: LUIGI & DA BOYS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: FILTHY McNASTY
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: RAMBOW/THE RUTS
LONDON EPPING Centre Point: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WARREN HARRY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: UNCLE PO
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SOUNDER
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE EXILES
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE REZILLOS/THE INVADERS
LONDON Marquee Club: THE AUTOMATICS
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: THE TUMBLERS
LONDON SHEPHERDS BUSH Trafalgar: APOSTROPHE
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: CADILLAC/THE BONESHAKERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: O.K.
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE SMARTIES
LONDON WANDSWORTH RD. Southbank Polytechnic: THOMPSON TWINS
LONDON WATERLOO Young Vic (11 pm): RAINCOAT/TOYA WILCOX
LONDON W.C.1 Collegiate Theatre: CARLA BLEY BAND
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: SWIFT
MANCHESTER Didsbury Cavalcade: SALEM
MANCHESTER Moss Side Alexandra Park (Anti-Nazi League Carnival): GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR/JOHN COOPER CLARKE/THE SMIRKS/THE FALL
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: CISSY STONE BAND (for three days)
MILFORD HAVEN Torch Theatre: KRAKATOA
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Langley Mill Club: PARADOX
NOTTINGHAM Town Arms: ZHAIN
PLYMOUTH Metro: MAGAZINE
PORTSMOUTH Cumberland Tavern: BLIND DOG
PORT TALBOT Troubadour: KRYPTON TUNES
POYNTON Folk Centre: JOE BEARD
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: THE LURKERS/THE DICKIES
SKEGNESS Festival Pavilion: GUYS'N'DOLLS
STOKE Etruria Rose & Crown: ALIAS

Friday

ABERYSTWYTH Borth Hall: KRYPTON TUNES
BICESTER Nowhere Club: DOUBLE XPOSURE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE RUNAWAYS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Edgbaston Bell & Pump: JOHNNY COPPIN
BIRMINGHAM Elizabethan Days: BAD EARTH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BLACKBURN Dirty Duck: DAWNWEAVER
BRACKNELL Folk Festival at South Hill Park Centre: ALEX ATTERSON / BULLY WEE / BILL CADDICK / COSMOTHEKA / HOT VULTURES / JO ANN KELLY / MARTIN SIMPSON / SPREDTHICK / TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS etc. (for three days)
BRADFORD Star Hotel: PACKIE BYRNE & BONNIE SHALJEAN
BRISTOL Colston Hall: MAGAZINE
CARMARTHEN Civic Hall: KRAKATOA
CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter: DOLL BY DOLL
COVENTRY Ryton Bridge: RENO
DERBY Bell Hotel: STRANGE DAYS/BUZZ BAND
HAILSHAM Princes Park: POSSUM
HIGH WYCOMBE Town Hall: THE LURKERS / WHITE CATS /THE VENTS
HULL Dockers Club: CHINA STREET
KIRKLEVINGTON Country Club: THE DODGERS
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: STEVE ASKLEY
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: AFTERMATH
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Hunt Hotel: ZHAIN
LINCOLN A.J.'s Club: THE JERKS
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: ALWOODLEY JETS
LIVERPOOL Valentine's: CO-CO
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TROUPER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE LATE SHOW
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE INVADERS
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLY-ROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: RAMROD
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: SCARECROW
LONDON CHARING CROSS Global Village: THE DIERCTORS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Basement Club: METABOLIST
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE RETAINERS
LONDON ENFIELD Starlight Room: GUYS'N-'DOLLS

The big one! Dylan plays Blackbushe Airport on Saturday

BOB DYLAN (top left) returns to Britain after completing his shows on the Continent, and plays his final European date on Saturday. It's the massive "Picnic" at Blackbushe Airport in Surrey which, if the weather's fine, could attract one of the largest crowds ever assembled in this country for a music event. ERIC CLAPTON (top right) and his band put in a guest appearance, along with GRAHAM PARKER (left) & The Rumour, JOAN ARMATRADING (right) and German band Lake. Fasten your seat-belts, prepare for take-off.

Maggie's comeback at Festival Hall

MAGGIE BELL launches her comeback with her new band on Sunday, in one of a string of three summer concerts at London Festival Hall. The other two shows are the first stage performance of "Variations" (Saturday) and The Chieftains (Monday). Unfortunately, the scheduled Linda Lewis gig on Tuesday has had to be cancelled (see news pages).

LONDON FULHAM Town Hall: REGGAE REGULAR/BLITZ
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: RAMBOW/THE RUTS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: PIN-UPS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE BOYFRIENDS
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits: WARRIOR
LONDON Marquee Club: NEW HEARTS / SPARE PARTS
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: REBEL
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: STEVE BOYCE BAND
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: NOEL MURPHY
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON SOUTH BANK Jubilee Gardens (free open-air, 6 pm): REDBRASS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: TAMMASHANTE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: CHARLIE DORE'S BACK POCKET
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: ROOTS
LONDON WATERLOO Yong Vic (11 pm): ANGLETRAX/PRAG-VEC
LONDON W.1 Pizza Express: RUBY BRAFF (for a week, excluding Sunday)
LONDON W.9 The Chippenham: THE PASSENGER/THE LEOPARDS
LONDON W.10 Ackham Hall: PLEASURE ZONE / NIGHT FLIGHT / THE CRACK
MACCLESFIRLD Travellers Rest: THE ACCELERATORS
MANCHESTER The Factory: THE GANG OF FOUR
MANCHESTER Tyldesley R.C.: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
MANCHESTER Valentine's: DOZY, BEAKY, MICK & TICH
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: HOT SNAX
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGAHM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Megalomania at the Sandpiper: THE TOURISTS
PORTSMOUTH Wiltshire Arms: STAA MARX
PRESTATYN Royal Victoria Hotel: THE EDDY
RETFORD Porterhouse: SONJA KRISTINA & ESCAPE
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: THE SHIRTS
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: GLORIA MUNDI
SLEAFORD Nags Head: JUGGERNAUT
SOUTHEND Westcliff Pavilion: THE SPINNERS
SPALDING Springfields: THE NEXT BAND
SUTTON COLDFIELD Martsmith Social Club: THE UTENSILS
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: HI-TENSION
WATFORD Red Lion: DESPERATE STRAIGHTS
WOLVERHAMPTON Layfayette: WHIRLWIND
YORK White Swan: ETHEL THE FROG

Saturday

ABERTILLERY Six Bells: TRANS-AM
AYLESBURY Friars: MAGAZINE/THE SHIRTS
BATH Culverhay School: THE SHORTWAVEBAND
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE RUNAWAYS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: MELANIE HARROLD (ex-Joanna Carlin)
BIRMINGHAM Midlands Arts Centre: REDBRASS
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BLACKBUSHE Airport (Camberley, Surrey): BOB DYLAN/ERIC CLAPTON BAND/JOAN ARMATRADING/GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR-/LAKE/MERGER
BRADFORD Golden Cockerel: THE EDDY
BRIDGWATER Arts Centre: THE DANGEROUS BROTHERS/THE LEAR JETS
BRISTOL University: THE ENID
BUDE Headland Club: FRINGE BENEFIT
CARDIFF Sophia Gardens: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH/THE CIMARONS
CARLISLE Flops Club: STRAW DOGS
CHELTENHAM Bishops Cleeve School: BANNANA MOON
CHESTERFIELD Brimington Tavern: VESUVIUS
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: THE SEARCHERS
DAGENHAM Longhouse Youth Club: TICKETS-/PURPLE HEARTS/CLIQUE
GRANTHAM Riggsby's: THE NEXT BAND
GRAVESEND Red Lion: WHITE CATS
HANLEY Bircheshead Gardeners: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE
HARLOW Spurriers Town Park (free): DARTS
HARROGATE P.G.'s Club: CYANIDE
HAWICK Tower Hotel: THE MONOS
KENDAL Brewery Arts Centre: THE GANG OF FOUR
LEEDS Staging Post: RED EYE
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: DEADRINGER
LINCOLN A.J.'s Club: JAPAN
LIVERPOOL Litherland Red Lion: JUGGERNAUT
LIVERPOOL Swinging Apple: EMERGENCY
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: SWIFT
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: PANTIES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: CHAMPION/APOSTROPHE
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: RAPED
LONDON CHELSEA The Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE RETAINERS
LONDON ENFIELD Starlight Room: GUYS'N-'DOLLS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: RAMBOW/THE RUTS
LONDON HAMPSTEAD E.G.A. Studio: BLACK SUPERSTITION MOUNTAIN
LONDON HARLESDEN Roxy Theatre: STAA MARX
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: TANZ DER YOUTH
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: First live performance of Andrew Lloyd Webber's "VARIATIONS"
LONDON SHEPHERDS BUSH Trafalgar: PIN-UPS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: ERIC BELL BAND
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: ROOTS
LONDON WATERLOO Young Vic (11 pm): JAM TODAY
LONDON W.10 Acklam Hall: CAROL GRIMES-/MISTY
MACCLESFIELD Rose Street School: THE LEMMINGS/SILVERWING
MANCHESTER Carib Club: RAY KING BAND
MANCHESTER Midland Hotel: MATCHBOX
MANCHESTER Moss Side Alexandra Park (Anti-Nazi League Carnival): THE BUZZCOCKS/STEEL PULSE/CHINA STREET/EXODUS
MANCHESTER Pembroke Hall: DESMOND DEKKER
MANCHESTER Valentine's: DOZY, BEAKY, MICK & TICH
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE DODGERS
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: BUSTER JAMES
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: STRANGE MIST
READING Target Club: THE HEAT
RETFORD Porterhouse: KRYPTON TUNES
RHONDDA Leisure Centre: KRAKATOA
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: DAVE LEWIS BAND
SLEAFORD R.A.F. Cranwell: STRANGE DAYS
SOUTHEND Westcliff Pavilion: THE SPINNERS
ST. ALBANS City Hall: TRAPEZE/BLEAK HOUSE
ST. AUSTELL New Cornish Riviera: THE RUBETTES
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WOKING Centre Halls: THE INVADERS

Sunday

BAKEWELL Monsal Head: WITCHFYNDE
BARROW Civic Hall: "UP COUNTRY" with McCARTHY/SLIM PICKINS/STEPPINSTONE/PETER & MARY
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BLACKPOOL Imperial Hotel: DESMOND DEKKER
BRIGHTON Alhambra: DOUBLE EXPOSURE
CANTERBURY Odeon: MAGAZINE
CARDIFF Chapter Arts Centre: JOHNNY COPPIN
CHRISTCHURCH Jumpers Tavern: WHIRLWIND
GREAT YARMOUTH ABC Theatre: CO-CO
KENDAL Brewery Arts Centre: THE GANG OF FOUR
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: G.P.O.
LIVERPOOL Dove & Olive: HYBRID
LONDON ANGEL City Arms: ZHAIN
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE VIPERS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE SHIRTS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: THE INVADERS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE EXILES

CONTINUES OVER . . .

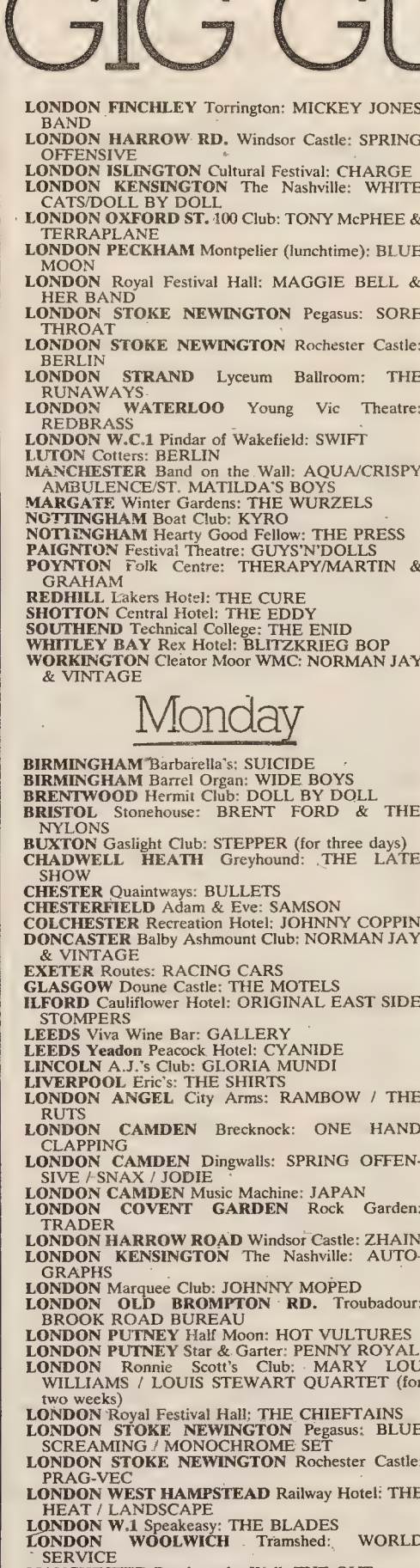
GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

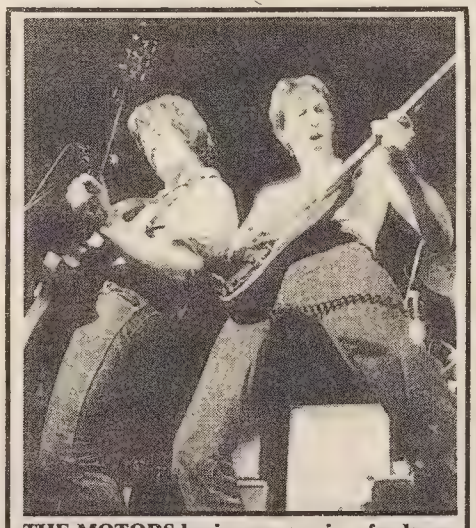
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: MICKEY JONES BAND
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SPRING OFFENSIVE
LONDON ISLINGTON Cultural Festival: CHARGE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: WHITE CATS/DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: TONY McPHEE & TERRAPLANE
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: MAGGIE BELL & HER BAND
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: SORE THROAT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BERLIN
LONDON STRAND Lyceum Ballroom: THE RUNAWAYS
LONDON WATERLOO Young Vic Theatre: REDBRASS
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
LUTON Cotters: BERLIN
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: AQUA/CRISPY AMBULENCE/ST. MATILDA'S BOYS
MARGATE Winter Gardens: THE WURZELS
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: KYRO
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
PAIGNTON Festival Theatre: GUYS'N'DOLLS
POYNTON Folk Centre: THERAPY/MARTIN & GRAHAM
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: THE CURE
SHOTTON Central Hotel: THE EDDY
SOUTHEND Technical College: THE ENID
WHITLEY BAY Rex Hotel: BLITZKRIEG BOP
WORKINGTON Cleator Moor WMC: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE

Monday

BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SUICIDE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: DOLL BY DOLL
BRISTOL Stonehouse: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BUXTON Gaslight Club: STEPPER (for three days)
CHADWELL HEATH Greyhound: THE LATE SHOW
CHESTER Quaintways: BULLETS
CHESTERFIELD Adam & Eve: SAMSON
COLCHESTER Recreation Hotel: JOHNNY COPPIN
DONCASTER Balby Ashmount Club: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE
EXETER Routes: RACING CARS
GLASGOW Doune Castle: THE MOTELS
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: GALLERY
LEEDS Yeadon Peacock Hotel: CYANIDE
LINCOLN A.J.'s Club: GLORIA MUNDI
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE SHIRTS
LONDON ANGEL City Arms: RAMBOW / THE RUTS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: ONE HAND CLAPPING
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: SPRING OFFENSIVE / SNAX / JODIE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: JAPAN
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TRADER
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: ZHAIN
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON Marquee Club: JOHNNY MOPED
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: BROOK ROAD BUREAU
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: HOT VULTURES
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: MARY LOU WILLIAMS / LOUIS STEWART QUARTET (for two weeks)
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: THE CHIEFTAINS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BLUE SCREAMING / MONOCHROME SET
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: PRAG-VEC
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: THE HEAT / LANDSCAPE
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: THE BLADES
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: WORLD SERVICE
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: THE OUT
NEWPORT Stow Hill Town Hall: J.A.L.N. BAND
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
SHEFFIELD Fiesta Club: CO-CO (for a week)
SUNDERLAND Boilermakers Club: MATCHBOX
WOLVERHAMPTON Queen's Hotel: ATLAS



THE RUNAWAYS are back in Britain this week for an all-too-brief visit, playing just four gigs. If you fancy seeing them, or simply fancy them, you can catch them at Cromer (Thursday), Birmingham (Friday and Saturday) and London (Sunday). Pictured above is Joan Jett.



THE MOTORS begin a new series of a dozen summer gigs in Coventry on Tuesday, followed by Birmingham on Wednesday.
● Other highlights this week: the Anti-Nazi League Carnival in Manchester with Graham Parker (Thursday) and The Buzzcocks (Saturday); and Darts' free concert in Harlow on Saturday.

Tuesday

ANGLESEY Plas Coch: HOT WATER
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: GLORIA MUNDI
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: TEAN BEATS
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: DELEGATION
BRIGHTON Richmond Hotel: THE PIRANHAS-/NICKY AND THE DOTS
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: CYANIDE
COVENTRY Locarno: THE MOTORS
DONCASTER Romeo and Juliet: DAVE BERRY
EXETER Routes: SCRATCHER
GLASGOW Amphora: THE MOTELS
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: STA-PRESTS
LONDON ANGEL City Arms: THE INVADERS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: URCHIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE 2-TIMERS/WHITE CATS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: ABBRAKA/TRANS-AM
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope and Anchor: RAMBOW/THE RUTS
LONDON Marquee Club: SUICIDE
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: U.K. SUBS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: STRAIGHT 8
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DESPERATE STRAITS
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: THE CRACK
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: SORE THROAT/MEMBERS
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: MARABOU
NEW MILLS Bees Knees: SAMSON
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE SHIRTS
NUNEATON 77 Town Club: THE LURKERS
PENZANCE The Garden: RACING CARS
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: LANDSCAPE
ST NEOTS King's Head Hotel: JOHNNY COPPIN
SWANSEA Globe Theatre: KRAKATOA

Wednesday

BIRMINGHAM, Barbarella's: PALOMINO
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME
BIRMINGHAM Hall Green The Sherwood: CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM Mayfair Suite: THE MOTORS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
BRIGHTON Alhambra: DANDIES
CHELTENHAM Pavilion Club: GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES/STEVE WINWOOD
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: ROADSTERS
DONCASTER Romeo & Juliet: DAVE BERRY
GLOSSOP The Trap: DAWNWEAVER
LEEDS 'F' Club: THE SHIRTS
LEEDS Polytechnic: THE GANG OF FOUR
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: GULLIVER
LONDON ACTON White Hart: C.G.A.S.5/SKID MARKS
LONDON ANGEL City Arms: SCHOOL MEALS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: WARM JETS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE STOREY / LASSCELLES CUCKOO BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: O.K.
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ANGELO PALLEDINO
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: GINA & THE ROCKIN' REBELS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: RAMBOW / THE RUTS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red —Cow: THE V.I.P.'s / ZHAIN
LONDON Marquee Club: CYANIDE / DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON PADDINGTON Fangs Disco: RAY KING BAND
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES SHOWCASE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: 64 SPOONS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE INVADERS
LONDON STRAND Lyceum Ballroom: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON TOOTING Forresters Arms: U.K. SUBS / RAPED / NOBODYZ
LONDON WIMBLEDON F.C. Nelson's Club: PEKOE ORANGE
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SOME CHICKEN
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: FLYING SAUCERS
PLYMOUTH Big Top: THE WURZELS
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: RACING CARS
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: OTIS WAYGOOD BAND
SKEGNESS Festival Pavilion: GUYS 'N' DOLLS
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
UXBRIDGE Load of Hay: JOHNNY COPPIN
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: ATLAS

THE TRANSMITTERS
24 HOURS TOUR

Wednesday 12th July
The Transmitters are playing **inside The Speakeasy**

Thursday 13th July
The Transmitters are playing **outside . . .**
12.00am The Rainbow
1.00pm The Roundhouse
1.30pm Dingwall's
2.30pm The Lyceum
4.00pm The Nashville Rooms
4.30pm Hammersmith Odeon
5.30pm Albert Hall
7.00pm The London Palladium
7.45pm The Marquee
11.00pm Ealing Common
EBONY

All times are approximate and subject to traffic conditions!

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FROM NEW YORK U.S.A.
FIRST LONDON SHOW
THE SHIRTS
ADVANCE TICKETS NOW AVAILABLE £1.75
N.B. CLUB OPEN 7.30pm—11.30pm
TUES 18
ALSO FROM NEW YORK, FIRST LONDON SHOW
THE 2 TIMERS
ALL BOOZE ½ PRICE PRIOR TO 10pm

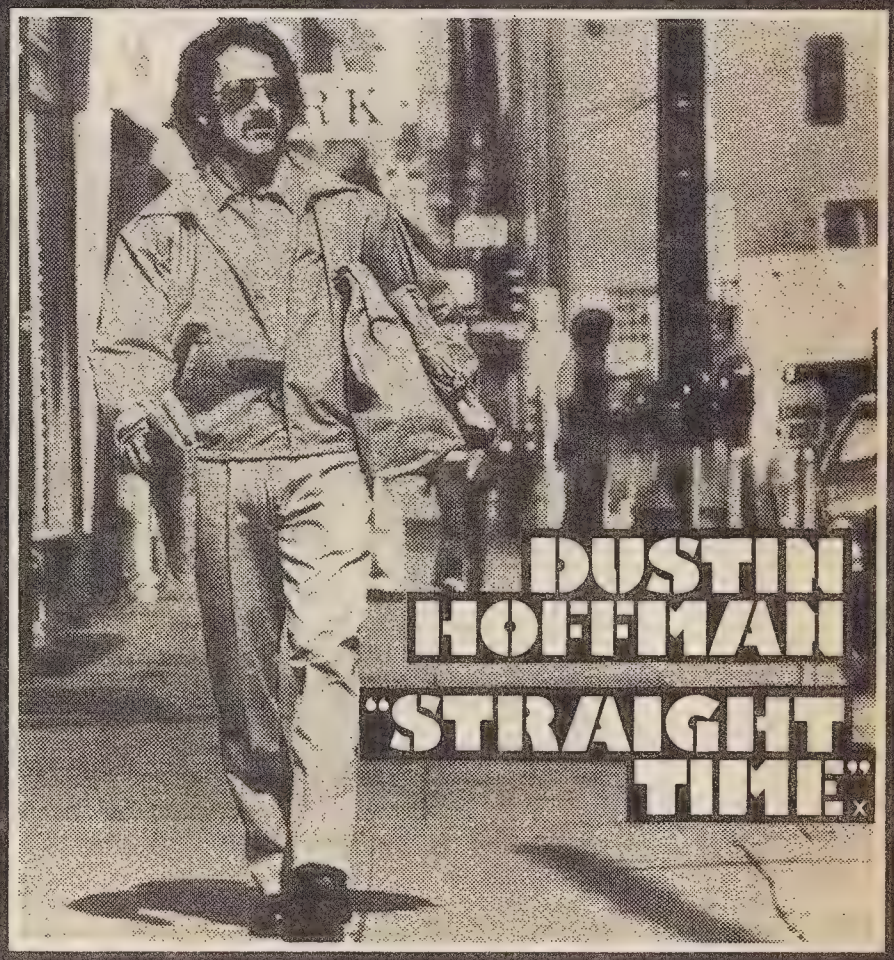
Fulham Town Hall
Friday July 14th
REGGAE REGULAR + BLITZ
Doors open 8pm. Bars open till midnight
Admission £1 for the first hundred, £1.50 thereafter
BLITZ
also playing
MARQUEE, Thursday July 13th (with Automatics)
SPEAKEASY, Saturday July 15th
WHITE HART, Wednesday, August 9th
Watch this space for further dates!

RAPED & UK SUBS + NOBODIES
Foresters Arms, Mitcham Road, Tooting (Nr. Tooting Broadway)
WEDNESDAY JULY 19th
Admission 50p

There are more ads on Pages 44 & 47 Don't Miss 'em!!!

FILMS

"Please God, don't let him get caught."



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Screenplay by ALVIN SARGENT · EDWARD BUNKER · JEFFREY BOAM
Produced by STANLEY BECK and TIM ZINNEMANN · Directed by ULU GROSBARD · Music by DAVID SHIRE
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ABC FULHAM RD
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AND ALL OVER LONDON FROM SUNDAY JULY 16

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UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Friday July 14th 75p
PIN UPS

Tuesday July 18th 75p
RAMBOW

Saturday July 15th £1.00
JAB JAB

Wednesday July 19th 75p
TWO TIMERS

Sunday July 16th 75p
BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES

Thursday July 20th, Friday July 21st
Saturday July 22nd £1.00
PETE BROWN & PHIL RYAN'S NEW BAND

14th CAMBRIDGE FOLK FESTIVAL
Cherry Hinton Hall Grounds
28, 29 and 30 July

Billy Connolly, Tom Paxton, Richie Havens, Dave Swarbrick & Friends, The McCalmans, Diz Disley, Five Hand Reel, Stefan Grossman and John Renbourn, Na Fili, Red Clay Ramblers, Shirley & Dolly Collins, Clannad, New Victory Band, Dan Crary, Muckram Wakes, Happy Traum, Pete and Chris Coe, Packie Byrne & Bonnie Shaljean, Fred Wedlock, Hot Vultures, John Foreman, John The Fish, Hamish Imlack, Silkie Miller & J.J. Dion, Dave Treharne, Jake Walton, Brian Cookman, Alex Atterson, Ougenweide, Chuck Brunicardi.

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Promoted by the Cambridge City Council

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+ Rogue Herring
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FRIDAY, JULY 14th 7.30 pm
Tickets 75p in Advance, £1 on night
Box Office 387 9629
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THE PORTERHOUSE
20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts. Tel. 704981

Friday July 14th
SONJA KRISTINA'S ESCAPE

Saturday July 15th
ROKOTTO

FRIARS AYLESBURY
AT THE MAXWELL HALL
SATURDAY JULY 15th at 7.30 p.m.
Real Life
MAGAZINE
(Howard Devoto, Barry Adamson, Dave Formula, Martin Jackson, John McGeoch)
+ From New York City
THE SHIRTS + THE ZONES
AC Sound & Vision
Tickets 165p from Earth Records Aylesbury, Sun Music High Wycombe, Hairport Amersham, Free 'n Easy Hemel Hempstead, F. L. Moore Bletchley Dunstable & Luton, Hi-Vu Buckingham or 165p at door on night. Life membership 25p.
DEFINATIVE GAZE TECHNIQUES

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CITY HALL, ST ALBANS
Saturday July 15th at 8 pm
TRAPEZE
+ BLEAK HOUSE
Saturday July 22nd at 8 pm
SONJA KRISTINA'S
(from Curved Air)
ESCAPE
+ Special Guests DRUID
MARY JANE DISCO BAR FOOD
Advance tickets from Box Office, 37 Chequer St. St Albans, tel. 64511 or available on door
Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words

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the future without vocals . . .
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Ronnie Scott's Club (downstairs), 47 Frith St., LONDON W1
Monday 17 Moonlight Club, Railway Hotel, 100 West End Lane, West Hampstead, LONDON NW6 8.30-12 midnight
Tues 18 The Limit Club, West St., SHEFFIELD
LANDSCAPE summer holidays
AUGUST Sat 5 Dingwalls dance hall, LONDON
"Workers Playtime" E.P. in the shops now 99p, from Event Horizon Records 154 Forest Hill Rd., LONDON SE23
Enquiries 01-703 7677 / 01-870 2061

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Saturday July 15th 50p
BIG CHIEF
Featuring Dick Heckstall-Smith
Sunday July 16th 75p
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Monday July 17th
BLUE SCREAMING + MONOCROMB SET
Tuesday July 18th
STRAIGHT 8
Wednesday July 19th
64 SPOONS

BOGNOR ROCK SOX
ROXY, Harlesden
Saturday July 15th
STAA MARX
+ FRIENDS

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Trinity Church, Old Market, Bristol
presents
A Spectacular Rock'n'Roll Double
DANNY WILD AND THE WILDCATS
+
GINA & THE ROCKIN' REBELS
+Guest DJ
Saturday July 15th, 8pm to late
Admission £1 on door

PEPPERS, TOWN HALL, HIGH WYCOMBE
Friday July 14th at 7.30pm
THE LURKERS
+ WHITE CATS
+ THE VENTS
Admission £1.30
Opening Night *Free Membership*

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BOOKER T & THE MGs — Time is Tight
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Subway Sect Prefects

MANCHESTER

TWO GROUPS, both of whom have to some extent followed their instincts. Prefects have always been aware of the area they were aiming for; Subway Sect have developed through numerous incarnations testing almost by a process of trial and error.

Neither have 'compromised', neither can ever be said to be confident with their product, neither play easy music. Both have a small audience both at the present and potentially.

This is a tragedy, but only artificial additives plus facets like 'marketing' and 'exploitation' generally introduce consumers to a product, so Subway Sect and Prefects must suffer and struggle.

Rock audiences and listeners are notoriously reluctant to contribute much effort to a performance, to meet half way, to assimilate. A lack of curiosity, a downright lack of shame.

The Prefects have been together for 15 months, with one major personnel change in March which settled tensions of direction within the band. Since their early days they have matured totally; no longer are they a shambles, at cross purposes perhaps, humorously slaphappy.

The process of discovery obvious in November of last year, when their music was developing effectively and healthily, is still alive.

They use ordinary rock instruments; two guitars, bass, drums, vocals, occasional mouth organ. The calculated elements of Prefects composition are movements, direction and speed of sounds, plus spontaneity with its ultimate power, expressiveness and creation of atmosphere(s).

The music is simplistic, repetitive, peculiarly 'tight', alienating, with subtle variations within a movement altering its mood. It can be vague, intense, unnerving. It relies loosely on orthodox rock techniques like harmony, rhythm, melody, but somehow strains these techniques, swallows them and spews them up slightly changed, so that the music is only distantly recognisable as a 'rock'.

The length and width of songs is indeterminate; there is fast music, slow music and fast - and - slow - at - the - same - time music. A very fluctuating, liquified state of noise is created, rock rhythms used but somehow submerged so that the confines of a rigid framework are evaded. The drumming is rock drumming, on a kit, relatively fast, limited, but percussion is used as a sort of interruptive noise, for fracturing, propelling, texturing.

All this is indicative of the way The Prefects use orthodox rock instruments unnaturally, almost giving them new found roles. They have established their own natural techniques for playing, proving the emotional and musical possibilities present within minimal orthodox technique.

Significant of new found depth and maturity from The Prefects is the way they now slide their ironical and cynical view of popular rock music into their set. The previously straight humorous 46-second deliveries of 'Bohemian Rhapsody' have now gone. During a doomy, lumbering improvisation, vocal phrases float to the top of the music, just out . . . *angels with dirty faces . . .*" then slide back into the music . . . *"shot by both sides"* . . . an evocative, disdainful use of references.

They need more discipline and control before any thought of records — at times the music became an endurance test — but such thoughts are a long way off. At their most concentrated and intense, they transcended all barriers and played some of the purest music I've heard. On the edge of madness and room for a smile.

Subway Sect are quite an enigma. From the early days, when Clash, Buzzcocks, Sex Pistols, Subway Sect played the 100 Club punk festival, lead singer Vic Goddard is the only frontman not to have made a name for himself (unlike Rotten / Strummer / Devoto / Shelley).

Because of this obscurity he's probably had more room than those others to indulge and experiment, and certainly it's hard to deny that he himself is a strong, individual writer and performer, as unique as the four who have 'arrived'.

Compared to the likes of The Prefects, Subway Sect have to some extent had things 'easy'. They've had comfortable access to gigs, and have also made a record — "Nobody's Scared", a sub-standard recording from a vague period in their existence.

The band have passed through many distinct periods; early basic minimal aggressive punk, through blank, flatly improvised rock, then, as their control of instruments became sturdier, into tough, strong, coherent rock songs.

Now, fully technically able, they have arrived at a music that is unpredictable only in the surprising orthodoxy of its components. The cool, very American style is probably obvious when Goddard's lyrical and musical pretensions are taken into account. He fancies himself as some sort of modern balladeer — a role to which he could do justice.

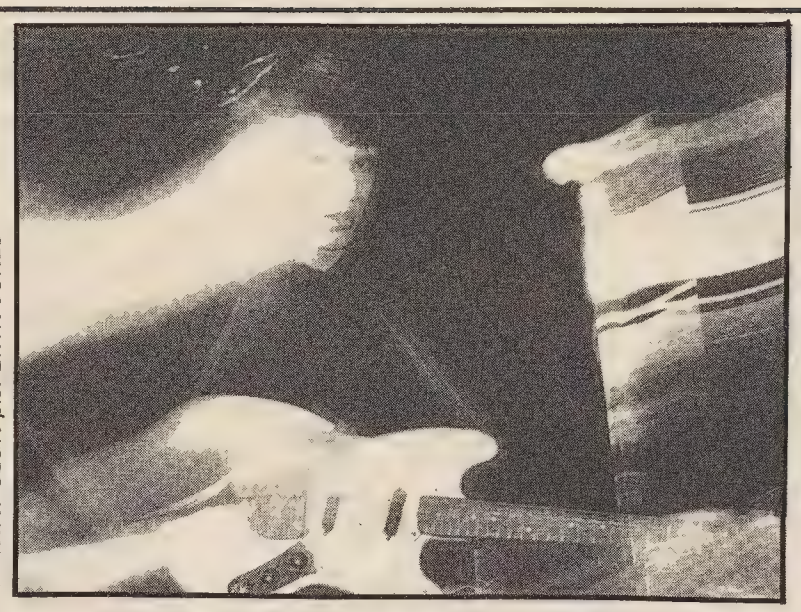
The Subways' set now relies on drive and exhilaration; they play compact, accessible, emphatic songs, short and self conscious, with just a dash of discordancy and some absurd tinges of country rock.

Goddard's Dylan influences surface to incongrous prominence. He is now a strong and versatile performer. A guitar toughly slung over his shoulder, he occasionally played some excellent solos, sweet pickings full of pull and mystique. His vocal delivery is casual and laconic, and he uses it in much the same way as Dylan sometimes does to construct a melody; not fluently, but in a sharp exaggerated manner, relying on length of sounds, rising and falling.

Occasionally he would round off a phrase with a disconcerting sheep warble reminiscent of very early Bolan. Very odd.

Subway Sect *are* very odd. Ultimately, they are all about growth. How they enhance their current particular stance, one of a very obvious rock basis with a strong recognition of — though not reliance on — much communicative rock from Dylan to Verlaine, will be intriguing. What Goddard has shown so far hints that once he has shaken off the borrowed mannerisms, he could be very important.

Paul Morley



SUBWAY SECT: pic: BRYN JONES

A TALE OF TWO BANDS

Young Bucks

NEWCASTLE

THE YOUNG BUCKS are glowing hot and the feeling is good. Good because I watched them when the fire was kindled and the latent energy was submerged in a mish-mash of bad sound and rough playing. Good because with all the encumbant problems of a fledgling they stuck with it. Good because their feeling for music is part of the Great Tyneside Awakening.

Tonight the 'Bucks assert what I've known all along. They've got it. Whether on the Stax soul of "Backfield In Motion", or the New York insanity of their own "Cold Cold Morning", it's there.

"Dance you buggers, C'mon dance!" pleads Pat Rafferty from behind his keyboards. Unnecessary; there's not a soul in the place who isn't moving.

The night reflects the entire Bedrock Festival. With Newcastle Festival-backed credibility, we've got the Guildhall, recently a no-go area for rock. Four nights, 16 local bands and not enough room to lift your glass.

The Young Bucks meanwhile prepare to form the vanguard, ready for the impending invasion of the rest of the country. Archie Brown, blowing life through his dirty sax, slowly becoming the frontman, "Get Your Feet Back On The Ground" his song, his command and we throw our heads back and dance, eye to eye fashion.

Tony Wadsworth, Van Morrison voice, pretty face and slashing R&B guitar. I tell you, he's gonna be fashionable. He's so damn sure of himself confidence.

The Young Bucks are a live jukebox, stocked with goodies like "Gloria" and "Lets Dance" but their own songs provide that little bit extra. The message? Look out, the North is about to rise again.

Tom Noble

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Johansen goes frantic

David Johansen

SANTA MONICA

DAVID JOHANSEN, the guiding force of the misunderstood New York Dolls, is back after a period of self-evaluation and Dolls off-shoot activity.

Armed with former guitarist Syl Sylvain and a much tighter batch of musicians by his side, Johansen is on the road still yearning for a fair shake. With a strong and critically acclaimed solo LP under his belt, the odds finally seem to be turning his way.

The only question is whether it's too late.

When the Dolls surfaced in the early '70s, they were a much-needed shot in the arm, taking away some of the attention from an over-abundance of singer-songwriters and tired bands re-defining previously explored territories. Although they were bagged with the "glitter rockers", Johansen's songs had much of the bite that eluded the latter day Rolling Stones.

Whether the Dolls brought their inevitable downfall upon themselves is still questionable, but it's certain they're now missed.

Enter Johansen circa 1978.

Four years after the Dolls stint, new wave, power pop and punk rock have taken over the industry. Now there are hundreds of bands projecting an irreverent stance and trying to make defiant statements. Johansen, no longer doing anything really novel, has to prove he's better on musical merit alone. Image isn't going to help get press or sell records this time.

With an inherent understanding of these problems, Johansen is taking his chances with a rough and rumble, albeit mainstream band.

There's almost a sense of masked desperation in his overly frantic approach. He takes the stage at the Santa Monica Civic and goes full throttle. He's not out to give you a chance to try and think about it; he's out to overwhelm with a batch of classy songs and unleashed energy.

DAVID JOHANSEN Pic: CHRIS WALTER

From the opening bars of "Cool Metro", Johansen kept the audience transfixed. Old Dolls fans were shrieking along when he launched into "Looking For A Kiss". They were almost too loud, but the pace and assaulting power consumed the auditorium in the frenzy.

Midway through the set, Johansen finally slowed things down. Strapping on an acoustic guitar he delivered a reflective, reassuring version of "Frenchette": a new tune that chronicles the story of someone trying to find themselves after enduring a highly emotional romantic disappointment.

Loneliness and frustration seem to be themes Johansen wants to explore. His riveting version of the LP's classic "Lonely Treatment" was the show's highlight, with Johansen stalking the stage in his sailor suit and slicked back hair.

Besides delving into the new album, readings of The Four Tops' "Reach Out I'll Be There", and the encore of "Personality Crisis", provided Johansen with a balanced set.

It's a show that should gain him a greater following, and the key now is to gain momentum.

Justin Pierce

Free Concert

SHEFFIELD

PAST LINE-UPS for the Free Concert (an annual event staged by the students union) have included, in one particularly forward-thinking year not too long ago, both the Kilburns and The Doctors of Madness.

At the side of that, this year's billing appears a little, ah, *conservative* at best. Or does the music biz really believe that what's needed in the aftermath of punk is a thorough dousing in the comfy retrogression of bands like Dire Straits and The Movies?

The real reason, of course, that these two bands are bill-topping is that someone somewhere's done a little deal with A Certain Record Company, whose logo, expanded into a ten-foot high backdrop for the stage, beams down with corporate smugness on all the poor sods who have to try and stay awake through the affair.

Far be it from me to ask why, at a time when the home-grown music scene's at its fullest tide for many a year (ever?), there's no sign of such as Cabaret Voltaire, 2.3 and The Human League; no, I'll merely point out that of all the bands playing, none provided greater excitement than the token local band, The Extras, stuck ignominiously at the foot of the bill and having to perform at some ludicrous mid-afternoon time.

In retrospect, The Extras seem to have profited by the criminal neglect accorded Sheffield by record companies. Had they been signed a year ago, they'd have been either lost in the flood or despised for their refusal to adhere to any dogma (musical or political) you care to name.

Perhaps the best summation of their musical style is that they combine the urge to *experiment* — the only unifying factor of nearly all the Sheffield bands — with a deep-rooted love of Roxy-period rock (as in Eno), without resorting to the monochrome definition of XTC, probably their closest comparison.

Their performance, although not without its faults, was notable for the continued magnificence of guitarist Simon Anderson and the growing insanity of both vocalist John Lake and saxist Andy Quick.

The inclusion of jazz-rock drummer Mark Anderson now appears a minor coup, his tendency to push things too fast more than compensated for by the sheer power he lends the material.

Blackthorn are two guys (violin/mandolin and guitar) and one Julie Felix type who play music for people with shetland jumpers and bushy beards. Their name, in fact, says it all. Not my scene, I feel, and not the scene of 90 per cent of the audience, who disappear in search of other stimulants.

I grab a bite to eat, and return to hear a little of the aptly-named Rainmaker's set. A five-piece boogie band (keyboards, two guitars, bass, drums and superfluous congas), they sound not unlike the Allman Brothers with a head cold.

Jab-Jab are a considerable improvement. A bizarrely-attired multi-racial foursome, they make a grand entrance, percussing themselves to the stage Osibisa-style, and proceed to liven the proceedings with a potent combination of reggae and drum-based funk. Enjoyable, and best when skanking it up, their version of "All Along The Watchtower" must have made them more than a few converts.

From here on, however, things get a trifle arduous. For a start, someone seems to have cocked-up the license application, so getting a drink becomes a matter of running a gauntlet of bureaucratically-minded students intent on letting pass only those with the requisite credentials (which caused not only ill-feeling, but dangerous crowd crushes near the doors).

Okay, so the event's gratis, but as gift horses go, this one could do with a new set of dentures.

As support for The Climax Blues Band recently, Dire Straits persevered against malfunctioning equipment and atrocious sound to give a commendable performance. Maybe I've seen them too many times in too short a while, but the soporific side of their music overwhelmed me: why should growing confidence manifest itself as growing clinicality?

A lot of this month's promo budget has been blown ostentatiously on The Movies, although when a band's that unexceptional I guess there has to be as big a splash as possible, just to get the name known. They may be very clever musicians; they're also, in my opinion, very boring. No busting barriers here, no stretching limits: no apparent attempt to *achieve*.

They are *not* Steely Dan. Although they might be tickled pink with comparison.

And so to Sandy and The Back Line, a Scottish AWB-style bunch of funksters whose name is presumably a musicians' in-joke. Ha, ha. There's two saxes, a keyboard, a guitar, a bass and drums behind a squat little fellow (Sandy) who seems to wantto be a stereotype white soulster.

So what's new? Not a lot. They murder "I Wouldn't Treat A Dog", thus demonstrating that the equation "saxes + funk + shouts + screams = soul" is more presumption than certainty. Over and out.

Andy Gill

Irish Music Festival

ROYAL ALBERT HALL

TIME SERVED in the RAH cold storage echo chamber listening to a classical recital (because that's what it amounted to) by The Chieftains a few years back was almost enough to dissuade me from attending another folk gig at this huge venue.

However . . . I mingled with my fellow Paddies once again for this call to arms — a festival of traditional Irish music. Or more to the point, ex-Planxty members supporting The Bothy Band.

Clad in green, optional shamrock on right lapel, I found my seat to the plaintive refrains of Liam O'Flynn's uileann pipes — a short but brilliant set that made one long for the old Planxty days.

Paul Brady, surely the final nail in that group's coffin, proved to me that he's truly Ireland's answer to John Denver. His spot seemed over-long and uninspired.

Five-piece De Danann sounded at first like speeded-up chamber music, and although their jigs and reels were proficient, I still missed Johnny Moynihan and the songs they can do so well.

We were treated to a single vocal number, an hilarious "The Song And Praises Of The City Of Mullinger", which had the entire audience laughing and the bodhran player making his single hand drum sound like a tribe of African percussionists.

Before The Bothy Band came on, Christy Moore almost stole the show. Judging by the crowd calls for certain songs — "Follow Me Up To Carlow" in particular — I'd say many were there to see him alone. He had the only real human contact with the audience.

His performance of Planxty's famed "The Well Below The Valley" was stunning with just his own bodhran accompaniment. And the militant "Only Our Rivers" was received with wild patriotic fervour.

The Woody Guthrie song "Sacco & Vanzetti", "January Man" and a song about Jerusalem, were on the other hand, attentively appreciated in absolute silence — until the place erupted in a mass of whistling and stamping, bringing him back for "The Moving-On Song". He deserves to headline.

The Bothy Band raised the biggest applause with an excellent mixture of songs and instrumentals. A Gaelic song, "The Twisting Of The Rope" worked really well with it's simple but haunting melody while the standard of Paddy Keenan's uileann piping and that of the flautist's reels was breath-taking.

The Bothies are one of the most together bands I've ever heard live.

By the end of the set a handful of pseudo-Morris Dancers were jogging in front of the stage to add to the party atmosphere . . . and now I'm off to investigate The Bothy Band's three albums. White, green and gold is the rainbow; know *your* culture.

John Gray

FLASHES . . .

The Skids

NASHVILLE, LONDON

THE SKIDS are a bizarre signing for Virgin. First impression is of surrogate Budgie/Zep guitar trio plus drape-jacketed singer.

But a sense of dynamics emerges, with singer Richard Jobson showing a flair for the dramatic and guitarist Stuart Adamson an increasingly impressive ability to embroider a riff. Some of the riffs even sound like songs, with good, strong choruses.

"Sweet Suburbia" is trite, but "Scared To Dance" and "Hope And Glory" are confident and convincing.

Richard Jobson whirls and contorts in bow tie and leathers, sounding reasonably menacing. The closing two-parter about a brutal rape in his native Glasgow is their best-structured song, hinging on a mocking repetition of *"It's just not your day"*.

A professional, hard-hitting set that established The Skids' identity . . . Watch them go.

Harry George

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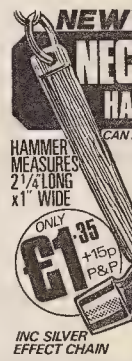
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IT'S DISTINCTIVE
A really fashionable neck swinger for guys or gals. Realistic design with satin finished metal head. You can even use it as a key ring. Makes a super gift.
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This is the famous super sleeping bag so much appreciated by mountaineering expeditions and all experienced campers.
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Not new but in excellent condition. Wt. Approx. 6lb.
Limited Quantity Only OF GENUINE GOVERNMENT SURPLUS
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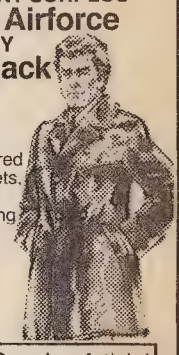
TOP QUALITY
Heavy Black Leather Jackets

Beautifully tailored with slant pockets, epaulettes and blue melton lining as new.
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Made in Brown heavy sheepskin with the brown sheep leather on the outside, pockets and seams bound in leather; Large sheepskin collar with storm straps, zip sleeves & sheepskin lined pockets
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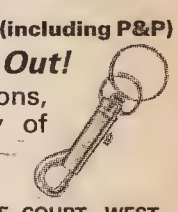
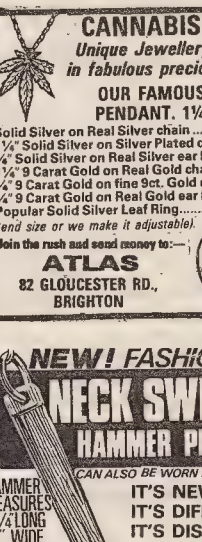
(Personal Callers welcome at 2 Sherwood Street, London W1)
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FAST DELIVERY
P.V.C. STRAIGHTS
In shiny black, pink or snakeskin
Mens sizes: 26" to 38" waist. Girls sizes: size 8 (32" hips) to size 20 (44" hips)
£6.90 + 60p P&P
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In shiny black, pink or snakeskin
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(Similar to famous name makes)
In navy, brown or sand.
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214. BIONIC COCK
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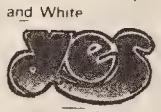
687 CHARLIE'S ANGELS
Cap Sleeves only £2.65 each (or £5 any 2)

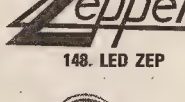
T-SHIRTS ONLY £2.20 EACH (OR £4 ANY 2)

All designs shown below are available all garments.

Details as follows
Colours: Red, Yellow, Blue, Black and White
Sizes: Sml, Med & Large
(679 Type T-Shirts also available in child sizes: 26", 28", 30" & 32")
When ordering state size, colour and one alternative colour.



720 YES (Glitter)



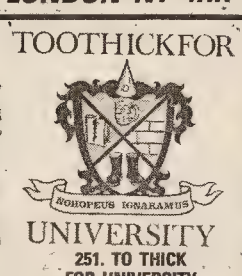
148. LED ZEP

250 PUNK PANTHER

320. I'M SEXY

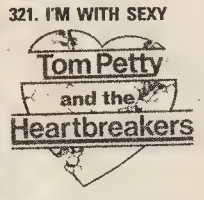
321. I'M WITH SEXY

714 LORD OF RINGS

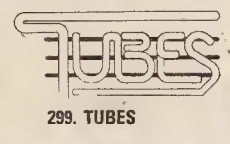


251. TO THICK FOR UNIVERSITY

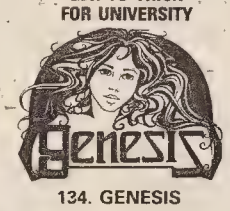
240 LYNYRD



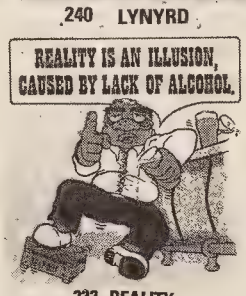
313. TOM PETTY



299. TUBES

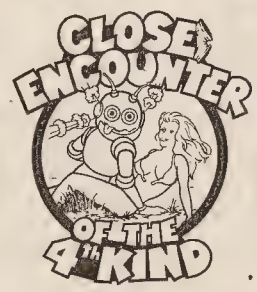


134. GENESIS



232. REALITY

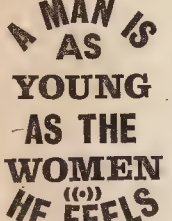
756. RAINBOW



303. CLOSE ENCOUNTER

DEATH IS NATURE'S WAY OF TELLING YOU TO SLOW DOWN

312. SLOW DOWN

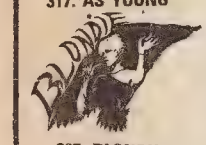


317. AS YOUNG

SEX MAY NOT BE PERFECT BUT IT SURE BEATS SITTING ON AN EGG

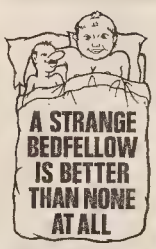
318. EGG

315. NEW HAWKWIND

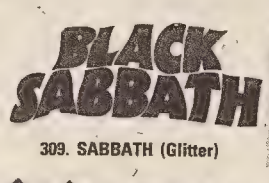


297. BLONDIE

322. W. ANCHOR

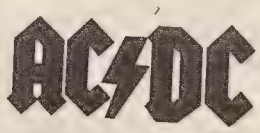


319. BEDFELLOW

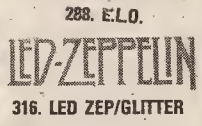


309. SABBATH (Glitter)

288. E.L.O.



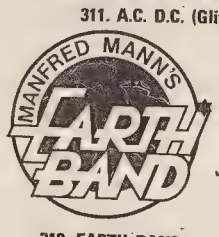
311. A.C. D.C. (Glitter)



316. LED ZEP/GLITTER

296. BOB DYLAN

314. CENSORED



310. EARTH BAND (Glitter)

YOUR OWN SLOGAN ON LEATHER WRIST BANDS
As shown ▸ but with your own name, slogan, group, etc. Up to 16 letters printed
Only £1.20 + 10p P&P

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from PERMAPRINTS
TOP QUALITY NICKEL
ROCK BELT BUCKLES

3" × 2" Buckle, adjustable to all standard width belts

COLOURFUL TITLES AVAILABLE
B20 Genesis. B21 Led Zep. B22 Status Quo. B23 Sabbath. B24 Floyd. B25 Lynyrd Skyn. B26 E.L.O. B27 Stones (mouth design). B28 F. Mac. B29 Wings. For Buckle only send £1.95. for Buckle + 1½" Leather Belt, send £4.25 (includes P/P)

Trade and Abroad enquiries welcome

Calling all clubs, groups, etc. Have your own design printed on T-shirts (min quantity 20)
Write in for full details.

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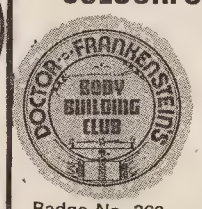
New Lines from Permaprints

All designs shown in this advertisement are now available as

COLOURFUL BUTTON BADGES



Badge No. 260

Large size 2½in dia.
Metal badges complete with pin fastener, and de luxe PVC finish.
ONLY 40p EACH
or £1 for any three + 10p P&P to total order.

When ordering state on order form: Badge and Ref No. of Design.

LEATHER WRIST BAND

1½in wide, tan leather, embossed with the following titles: W1 Hawkwind, W2 Yes, W3 Genesis, W4 Led Zep, W5 E.L.O., W6 Status Quo, W7 Rainbow, W8 Floyd,

W9 Blondie, W10 Queen, W11 Dylan. W12 Black Sabbath, W13 ACDC, W14 Kiss, W16 Elvis, W19 Bowie, W20 Stranglers. **ONLY 90p each + 10p P&P to total order.**

PLEASE ADD the following for Postage and Packing: One garment add 25p (50p for abroad); Two or three garments add 35p (70p for abroad); For four or more garments add 45p (90p for abroad).

**ORDERS TO: PERMAPRINTS LTD.
(Dept. N.M.202, PO BOX 201)
96 NEWINGTON GREEN ROAD,
LONDON, N1 4RR**

Name ..... *(PRINT CLEARLY)*
Address .....
.....
.....

please send the following. State which garment required Ref. No. and title of design also size and colours for each garment

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OTHER ITEMS .....
.....
I enclose £.....

(Dept. N.M.202,)

When ordering if not enough room on order form give full details on separate piece of paper

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SHORT SLEEVE RUGBY SHIRTS
Your Eddie Waring Rugby Shirt in 100% cotton, two combining colours with white collar **£3.80** + 20p p&p. Two for £7.40 + 30p p&p. Colours red/white, navy/red, green/navy, navy/white. His 32" to 38" chest, hers 34" to 40" bust. Please state chest/bust size and a second colour choice.

CHEESECLOTH KURTA
A good quality white natural cheesecloth Kurta with white embroidery. Only **£2.70** + 20p p&p. Chest size 30" to 40", girls 32" to 42". Him state chest size, her state bust size.

COLOURED EMBROIDERED KURTA
Same style as above but with coloured embroidery on a white background. **£2.80** + 20p p&p. Chest sizes 30" to 42", Bust 32" to 44".

COTTON LOONS
A fine cotton in the original tight fitting hip loons. **£2.15** + 35p p&p. Colours: Black, brown, maroon, navy. His 26" to 36" waist, hers 32" to 42" hips (33" i/leg length). Please state an alternative colour. Also in a good quality cotton drill, his 26" to 29" waist, hers 32", 33" 34" hips. Colours: Dark green, navy, brown, olive green, purple, maroon. **£2.60** + 40p p&p. 2 pairs **£5.00** + 70p p&p. Please state 2 alternative colours.

HEAVY DENIM JEANS
A brand name jean. Navy blue pre-shrunk heavy indigo denim. 25" flared bottoms. **£7.55** + 70p P&P. His waist 26"—32". Hers 32"—38" hips (inside leg length 34").

Postage outside UK double. **Please write your name, full address, colours and size clearly.** All goods can be exchanged or refunded if returned unworn within 10 days. (All goods dispatched within 10 days). Send PO/Cheque to
SHAPES (Dept. Z), 252 High Street, Waltham Cross, Hertfordshire, EN8 N78
Our shop is open all week

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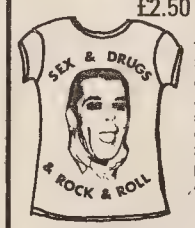
IAN DURY
SEX & DRUGS & ROCK & ROLL
T-Shirts
£2.50



Top Quality: Red lettering, dark blue face and green scarf, printed on white T-Shirt. £2.50 plus 30p post age and packing

- *State exact chest size*
- *Don't forget your name and address*
- *Please allow 14 days for delivery*
- *Send cheques/P.O. or cash to:*

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BASEMENT STUDIO (NME),
33 NORTON ROAD,
HOVE, SUSSEX, BN3 3BF.

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The Birth of the Blues
or how the original Shrunk to Fit jean was born - & all that jazz

The original Shrink-to-Fit blue jeans
LEVI'S

Original Levi's are made shrink-to-fit because in the beginning they were made of tenting that shrank. So REMEMBER add 2" to your waist and leg measurement ....'cause the more you wash them, the more they wear you.
100% Cotton
Sizes: 28"30"32"34"36" Leg 34"36"38"
£14.99
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Four Glossy 10×8 B/W Photos Debbie (Blondie) £2.95 inc. p&p

●●● LEATHER WRIST BANDS
Hendrix and Bolan (male size) Sabbath, Kiss, Status Quo, Queen, Yes, Zeppelin, Sex Pistols, Clash, Rainbow, Runaways, Blondie
70p inc P&P
☆ Add 25p (1-2 Posters) + 5p extra Poster
CARDS & POSTERS
22 MOOR ST, BIRMINGHAM 4

SEX & DRUGS & ROCK & ROLL
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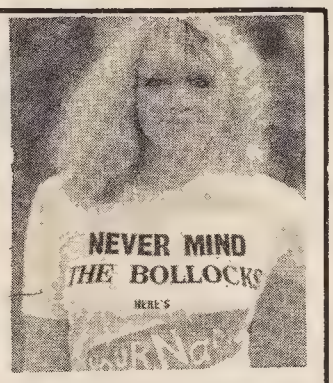
RAMONES
Also "Hooligan" designs in white on navy or red. T-Shirts (S,M,L,), dirt cheap at £2.20 + 40p P&P



Also available "Here's The" T-Shirts. The Ultimate Street Cool! Your name or have group, team etc) printed in pink strip with "bollocks" etc in black. Max 10 letters.

EVERYONE PLAYS DARTS

☆ Both Darts & Rutles are in blue and red designs.
Darts, Rutles and Bollacks are available in white or yellow (S,M,L).
A pinch at only £2.50 + 40p P&P

Don't forget name, address and postage at 40p per item (double abroad). Please allow 21 days delivery. Cheques, P.O.s payable to Modern World Fashions, Dept. CSM11, 11 Berkeley Square, Bristol 8, Avon.

AFGHAN WAISTCOATS! (Left) Chest 34-38 **£12.75.** 40-46 **£13.75.** p&p 85p **AFGHAN SLEEVELESS COATS! £12.75.** Chest 34-40 **AFGHAN COATS! new £22.50** Chest 34-40 nice soft skin, brown embr, sheepskin 36" long. p&p £1.10
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BUTTON BADGES 2in diameter. Any Three £1 including P&P*

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STRANGLERS	E.L.P.	BEATLES
WHO	PINK FLOYD	T.R.B.
DEEP PURPLE	STATUS QUO	LED ZEPPELIN
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ALL MAKES OF CARS ALL MAKES OF MOTORCYCLE
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Send 50p (incl. P&P) with description or send 25p for catalogue
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2 SHERWOOD STREET, OPPOSITE REGENT PALACE HOTEL, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON W.1. 9 am to Midnight
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STRAIGHTS IN SHINY BLACK P.V.C., WITH ZIPS.
Men's 26" to 38" waist.
Girls' sizes 8 to 16.
ONLY **£5.99** + 61p P&P
FAST DELIVERY
THE CHEAPEST AND THE BEST IN THE U.K.
Also available
Shiny Black P.V.C. Mini Skirt
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LEVI WESTERN JEAN 25" flares. 14oz. heavy denim. Sizes 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40. Inside leg 34 (and 36 up to waist 36). Prewashed. **£12.95**
LEVI WESTERN STRAIGHT JEAN 18" bottom. 14oz. heavy denim. Sizes 26, 28, 30, 32, 34. Inside leg 34. Prewashed. **£12.95**
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WRANGLER WESTERN STRAIGHT JEAN. 18" bottom. 14oz. heavy denim. Sizes 28, 30, 32, 34. Inside leg 34. Prewashed. **£12.95**
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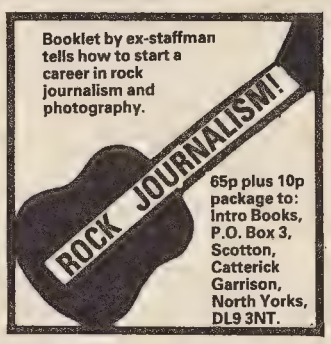

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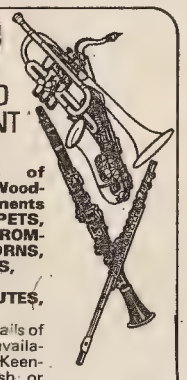

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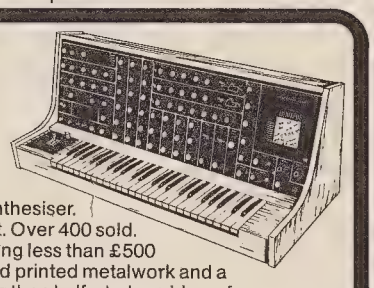

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DYLAN BOOKS, cuttings, etc. not from 1978. Please state price. 24 Bramfield Close, Norwich.

DYLAN TAPES Earls Court, also photos. Timberdyne House, Rock Cross, Kidderminster, Worcs.

DYLAN TAPES Earls Court. 15 Bessbrook Road, Liverpool. 051 727 2275.

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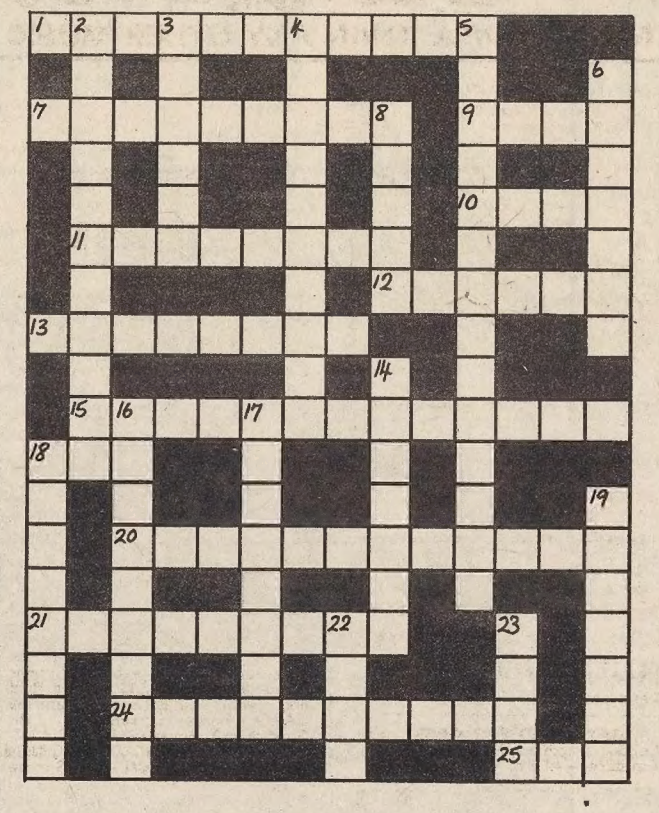

ACROSS

1 A puzzler for Zimmologists — does he mean loitering without intent, not parking on yellow lines, or not allowing one's dog to foul the footpath? Interpretations on a postcard please to . . . (6, 5)
7 & 19 Top popsy ethnic crossover t'ing — as played by U-Blackburn and I-Jensen on Radio 1 and 1! (2, 4, 3, 7)
9 Keith Emerson's old band
10 A McGarrigle sister
11 Golden soul oldie recorded by Fontella Bass (6, 2)
12 Reg's label
13 Cockney Rebel's first hit single — *whatever happened to Muhammad Harley?* (4, 4)
15 Inspired by Chuck Berry, written by Nick Lowe, recorded by Dave Edmunds (1, 4, 3, 5)
18 & 6 down. Leader and daftest Dart
20 Written by Chuck Berry, recorded by The MC5 — title track from their classic second album (4, 2, 3, 3)
21 Another golden soul oldie, this one from The Temptations hit songbook (5, 4)
24 He was part of the final Family line-up — before that was one third of the trio who had a hit with "Resurrection Shuffle" (4, 6)
25 A *booking* in keeping Iggy straight!!

DOWN

2 JA toaster as handiman! As in "Man A Plumber" or "Blocked Sink In The Ghetto"! (6, 5)
3 More JA vibrations — Bob Marley meets Ferrante & Teicher, curious t'ing!
4 Does it describe the plates of Randy's "Short People", or Lowell's modest achievement in the English class?! *(Come again! — Ed.)* (6, 4)
5 Wife, pop star, photographer, mother! We don't know what the critics find to complain about . . . (5, 9)
6 See 18 across
8 Tosh or Green
14 Mop Tops movie and album (3, 2, 2)
16 At which Akron's favourite weirdoes got showered with abuse and beercans!
17 Your third golden soul oldie of the week — a week at Wigan Casino if you get all three right and go on for the jackpot — this was a '60s hit for classy Ms Dionne Warwick (4, 2, 2)
18 Capital Radio DJ and quizmaster, he started his broadcasting career partnering Kenny Everett on one of the pirate ships (4, 4)
19 See 7
22 Manchester's contribution to the West Coast sing-a-song-writer mafia
23 J. Arthur Rank meets the Pot-head Pixies!

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: Blockheads; 6 & 7 Lee Brilleaux; 9 "Venus And Mars"; 10 Steve Priest; 14 Eric Idle; 16 (P.J.) Proby; 17 Spirit; 18 "(Glad To Be) Gay"; 19 Pete Shelley. **DOWN:** 2 Lurkers; 3 Culture; 4 Elaine Paige; 5 (Bobby) Keyes; 8 Dave Berry; 11 "The Idiot"; 12 Voidoids; 13 (Paul) Jones; 15 Bobby (Keyes); 16 Paul (Jones).

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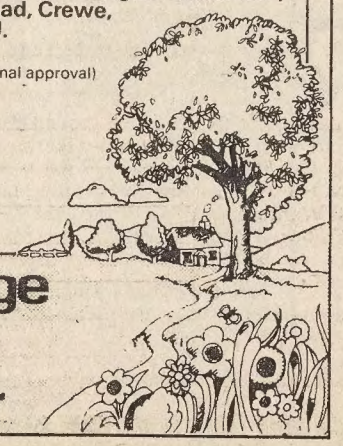

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We-e-e-e-llll. . . .

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BAG!!! disorganised and semi-edited by CSM

What has happened to the *NME?* You're becoming a pain in the rectum. You slag off people like the Drones, Slaughter & the Dogs, Eater for being Pistols imitations, Wire for being bleak on stage, the Damned for splitting up "after musical indifferences" (when you said their last-ish single had "no chewn") the Vibrators for being bandwaggon jumpers and not admitting it, the Roxy farewell album because you say the sound is gone, Pete Shelley for being a romantic and countless other new bands for being Pistols imitators (again) and putting out "badly produced records".

Listen, people still like those bands and still think punk is good. Your mag is fast becoming a weekly contest between writers to see who can use the biggest words to confuse the average reader. Your articles are becoming boring i.e. articles on Boney M and page after page of how Steve Jones and Paul Cook are destroying the name of the Sex Pistols by making records with any old fart bastard.

This time last year you sold yourself for punk, Led Zep were boring (and still are) you said. Now it seems because the Pistols are dead, punk is dead. It is unless you still believe in it. So get out, see new bands and stop printing all that crap about Dylan.
MARK BENSON, Leeds, Yorks.

All *what* crap about Dylan, Mark? Your main point seems to be the same as that made continually by aggrieved Heavy Metal freax, 'cept that HM is essentially conservative and punk is (musically if not politically) revolutionary. Any band worth a damn (in any scene) is developing — take a look at Buzzcocks, Clash, Lizzy or anyone else who's good — and punk can't stand still no matter how much it jumps up and down. It's too late to stop now. — CSM.

DOES THE panel think that being a common criminal is worse than being a common (pompous, ligging, immature, self-obsessed) journalist? Yes. At least Burchill doesn't kill people.
CLEOPATRA, Cranbrook, Kent.
P.S. Am I being too naive?

You *are* being too naive. How do you know Julie's never killed anyone? — CSM.

THERE'S BEEN some criticism of the high style of certain *NME* critics recently — but give me them any day in preference to the inconsequential and illiterate drivel of a Ms Emma Ruth in her report on the Clash Leeds gig last week. (A) She cannot spell i.e. "exite", "pidgeon", "shakey". (B) She uses impressive words without knowing their correct meaning — "mandate" (in fact, an order from a superior to an inferior and totally wrong in the contest of the turnout at a Stranglers gig), "ethic" (a system of morals — there is a punk code or doctrine, but not a punk ethic). (C) She uses jargonese phrases in the manner of an uneducated pinhead who's just read them in Parsons' reviews and puts them in to colour her English — i.e. "shifts the units", "quasi-virtuosity" and "tight time limbo". What the shit do these mean, tell me? All I can say, my good man, is that if you're having such trouble getting reporters who can write English, I can recommend some primary-school kids who can do better than Ms Ruth. Yours exasperatedly,
LORD PHARTONBY, Ponshouse, N.F.A. Hartlepool. P.S. She also spelt *Messerschmitt* wrongly and it's crap about The Clash moving towards HM — they're more a reggae group than that! P.P.S. Anyway, Wilko for P.M.

Spelling errors courtesy of Sleepy Summer Proofreading, so don't blame Emma — controversial lass that she is. — CSM.

CAN I just quote Paul Rambali on the Sex Pistols in last week's *Thrills?* It's only one short sentence but then length is not proportional to inanity. I think a lot of people must have looked at the front of their ish's just to make sure, it was the *NME* they were reading and not the *Daily Mail.* The sentence is "This sort of things gives the 'Sex Pistols' a bad name." I don't think I can live with the knowledge that the Sex Pistols have soured their name. I always thought they were a nice bunch of lads.
NODDY, N.W. Essex.

They are, they are. . . — CSM.

MUST ADMIT I had that sinking feeling as I bought *NME* this week when I saw bloody Devo on the cover (again). With all the hypocritical rubbish we've had flung at us lately about this group of gonzoids, I was expecting a few thousand more words of pretentious drivel similar to that fervently pen-pushed by one Paul Rambali back in March. But thank God for Tony Parsons. At least *NME* has caught itself on. How could it have taken you lot so long to suss out this bunch of homo jockstraps with their "Zen word-wanking bullshit? Nice turn of phrase that, Tony. Your next assignment, Agent Parsons, will be against the shit thrown by Andy Gill about Kraftwerk (NME April 29).
A TALKING HEAD, Belfast.

Thanks, Tina. This page self-destructs in five seconds — CSM.

I WAS wondering if you could help me to realise a life-long ambition that I have had for some time now. I would like to vomit over Tony Blackburn during one of his afternoon radio programmes, Being of a shy and retiring nature, I wouldn't dare ask Tony myself, but I thought that nice Tony Parsons might slip it casually into conversation with Mr. Blackburn at one of his tupperware parties. Failing this, I would settle for wrestling with an ant on one of John Peel's programmes.
DAVE THE SHEEP DIPPER, Nantwich. P.S. Please print this letter or I will declare war on Russia.

Fine! — JIMMY CARTER.

YOU BASTARDS, how are you making your newsprint *smell* so good nowadays? Bandwagon jumpers please note that I was the first to initiate the trend towards smelling pages rather than reading them.
COUNT HORACE VON ILLEGIBLE, Somewhere over the Atlantic.

Our ink is packaged by Ted Lapidus. — CSM.

DEAR MARGE, Last night I took four Valium, drank a bottle of Dry Martini and dreamt I was Wonder Woman. Should I get psychiatric help or just sleep with the window closed?
WORRIED MALE HETEROSEXUAL, Hendon.

Just tie yourself up with your magic lassoo and keep quiet — CSM.

I CAN'T stand it any longer. Why doesn't your paper ever write about Radio Stars gigs? Just coz you've heard "Nervous Wreck" which everyone knows is bog-awful, you write them off, but I can tell you, mate, that they're orgasmic on stage. I mean to say, what greater pleasure can there possibly be in life than to see Andy Ellison jumping off amps, diving into the audience, hanging from the roof, sommersaulting, breaking his neck as well as singing? I'm sure he's Batman in disguise. I've seen em 4 times but all you stiffs at *NME* are just concerned with Ronald Biggs, Brotherhood Of Man and the Smurfs. So this is an order to you to shift that man Kent's arse down to their next gig to help them on their rise to fame. By the way, their music is good too. They're at Reading in August so they must be good.
PAUL HALLIDAY (no address given: not even a silly one)

Monty Smiff declares himself an ally of yours, Paul, so reeeelax just a bit. Incidentally, I've seen some of the crappiest bands of all time at Reading, so I'd keep quiet about that if I were you — CSM.

WELL, SORRY that I haven't written before but I've been so confused!? In an issue of *NME,* "Ass-bag" Boomtown Rats were in. I know them, but who is Johnny Bollocks? I thought his name was Fingers! And some more, more words. STOP calling us Swedes bollocks, we ain't bollocks, just human ones. Hurray for TRB, but come more often to Sweden, we miss you all. And I bet that you don't print this letter, why not abroad letters as well?
MARIE THE PUNKROCKER, Sweden.

Why not indeed? — CSM.

HOW COULD you do this to us? Tell us *now* or we'll scream ourselves sick *and we can!!* Why is *NME* against The Jam? i.e. not printing any gig reviews? So, you boring old farts in flared jeans and platform shoes, give yourselves *a good kick in the arse* and wake up to The Modern World, or would you rather stay alseep with The Moody Blues??????
PEARL VERT and SUE AGE, Aylesbury, Bucks, HP sauce 57.

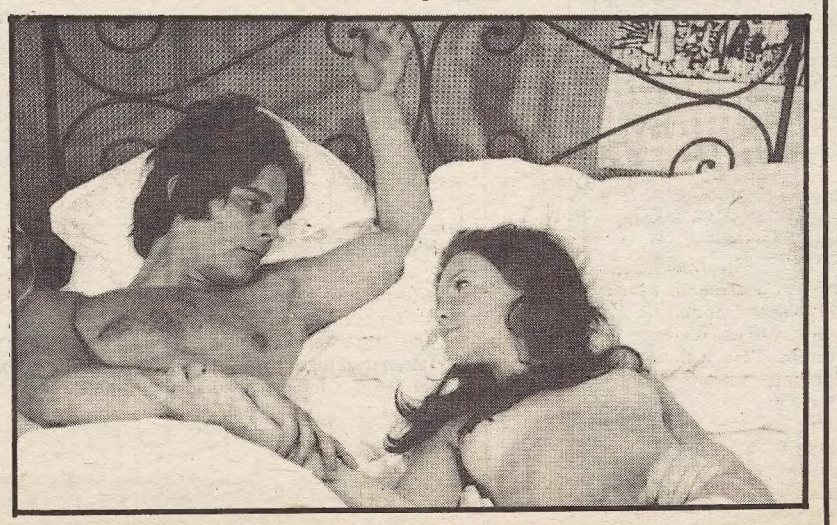
The only person in the office who wears flares and platforms is Phil McNeil, and just *lurves* The Jam, so ram that up your Rickenbackers — CSM

WHY DON'T *NME* have a West Midlands correspondent? What right have London bands got to rip off our groups' names? Did you know that the best bands in the world are the Coventry Automatics and the Coventry School Meals?
SIMON FRITH (Boring old sociologist voyeur etc), Birmingham.

Don't think much of the Coventry Henry Cow, tho' — CSM.

COME ON, NOW; you must surely have realised by now that a few of us punters out here can actually *read* some of the rubbish you print in Fagbag?!!! What's the big idea, printing "Marquis de Sardine's" letter two weeks running? It wasn't even good enough to be printed once! If you're short of letters, why don't you use some of my superb, brilliant, etc, etc contributions?
JULIE SHEPHERD, Het-up of Hesketh Bank, Nr. Preston.

Pity you haven't sent us any, innit? — CSM.



"The bag was wonderful for me too, darling. . ."

INTERESTED to read the piece in last week's *NME* about the Lorelei fiasco in Germany. However, disturbed to see that Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers had "pulled out". Not ture. The band were all set to travel to Germany, flights and hotels were fixed up, possible gigs in England at that time had been turned down, when the promoter rang our office to tell us the festival was probably going to be cancelled as the weather was bad. Rats being smelt, phone calls were made to the Fatherland which established that not only was it a beautiful day but the forecast was pretty optimistic too. So. The promoter was contacted again and this time the truth started to appear. Seems he no longer wanted the band on the bill. Strange since only a month earlier said promoter had seen the Modern Lovers by common consent steal the show at the Dutch Pink Pop Festival and grabbed them for Lorelei. He refused to account for this sudden change of heart but was prepared to be sued rather than have them on his stage. Now it doesn't take a genius to conclude that maybe one of the big bands on the bill didn't want our boys there. No names, no pack drill. Just like to set the record straight even though we've no regrets about missing out on the fun that evidently went down.
BESERKLEY RECORDS, Kingston-Upon-Thames, Surrey.

Evidently. — CSM.

A FEW weeks ago I spoke to someone who had stopped buying the *NME.* "Not serious enough, man." A couple of pints later he asked if he could read my copy. Soon he was laughing his head off. He was having a good time which, surely to god, is what rock and roll is all about. Over the last couple of years the N.M.E. has been arrogant, disrespectful, angry and prepared to take sides on Racisism, petty officialdom and mediocrity in general. Various socialist publications have been doing the same thing for years but they've reached only a small section of the public. This isn't because the average person is dim witted or narrow minded. It's just that politics and partying up till now, haven't exactly gone hand in hand. The *NME* seem to be trying to do something to rectify this. You probably don't get many letters like this, and I'm possibly just coming out with all this to get my name in print, but you're such bigheaded sods, you'll probably print this anyway.
R.J. SLAYTER, Hendon.

Howeverdidjaguess? — CSM.

LAST NIGHT Nicky Horne played a track from Bob Seger's new album. He said "Mmm, that's one of the best exports from Detroit since . . . er . . . cars I suppose." He's got to go.
SHAKY MICK, Islington (centre of the universe).

Where? — CSM.

IT WAS with disdain that I contemplated the correspondence from one 'Pete the very obscure' contained within your letters page this week. This chap seems to be under the delusion that his obscurity is greater than mine — the cad. One cannot tolerate such insolence. I, Jude the obscure, am the zenith of true obscurity, just ask anyone who I am and they will reply instantly; "Never 'eard of "im, mate," or words to that effect. So I issue a challenge to this 'Pete' chappie. Meet me at dawn on Finsbury Park and we shall see who is truly obscure!!!
JUDE THE OBSCURE, Islington.

No-one from Islington is obscure — CSM.

MY GIRLFRIEND says that whenever I've been reading *NME* I leave nasty black print stains down her bodee (and she's not a racist). Please leave nice white spaces at the bottom of each page so that people like me can pick their noses without being beaten up by the National Front.
AN ANGEL WITH A DIRTY FACE (THE KING CREEP), Winchester.

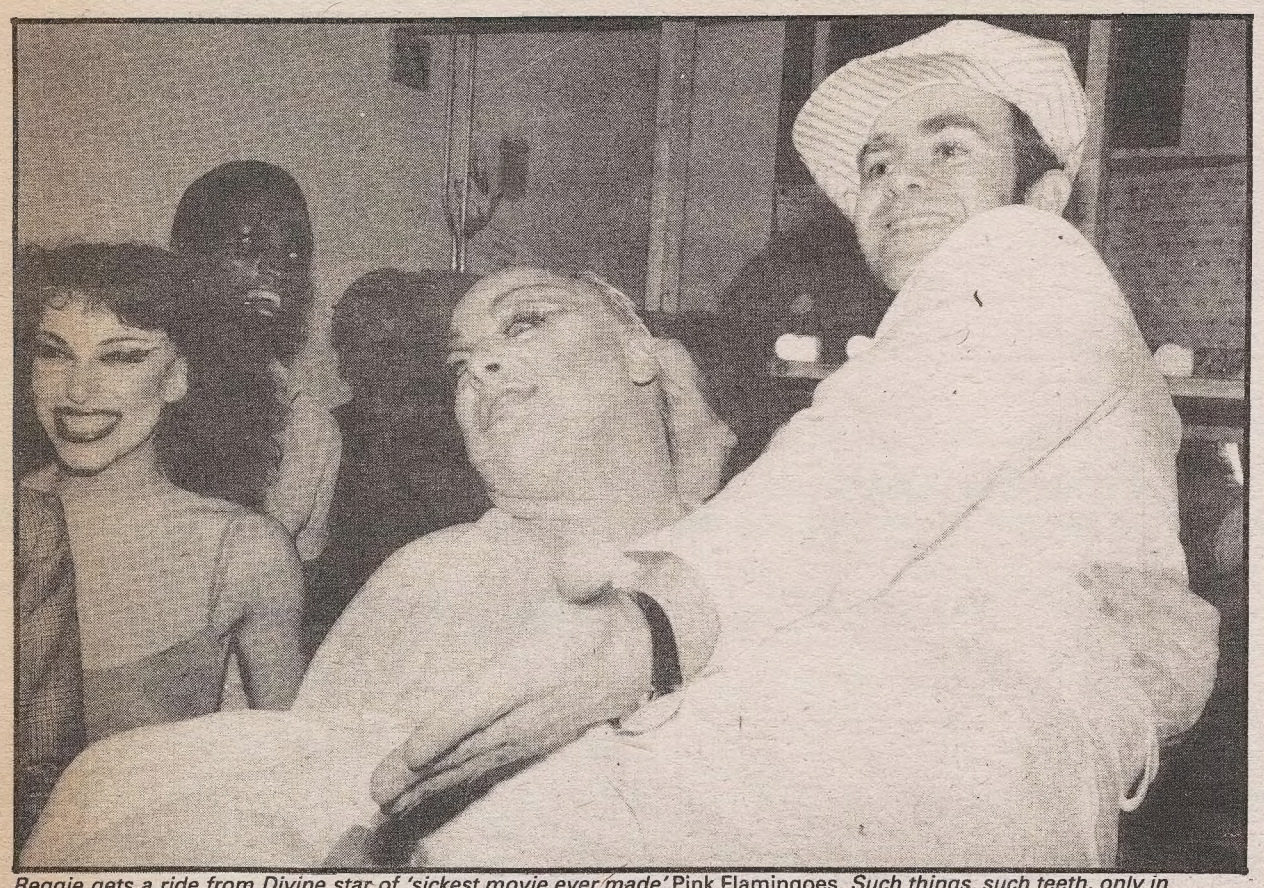
Try rubber gloves. — MARTIN WEBSTER.

IS PENNY his Reel name?
STEVE, Wimbledon.

Who's real name? — PETER SIMON.

I'VE HAD more curries than you've had hot dinners.
W. IMBLEDON (nee Theo Wrist) Preston, Lancs.

Huh? — CSM.



Pic: JOHN MICHAEL COX JR.

Reggie gets a ride from Divine star of 'sickest movie ever made' Pink Flamingoes. *Such things, such teeth, only in New York.*

T-ZERS

TRA-LA-LA

LISTEN, SUMMER may or may not be still here — depending on whether you believe your calendar or your barometer — but sleepy London town still ain't no place for a street-fighting girl. At least, Kensington's rock and roll palace the Nashville certainly isn't — a conclusion arrived at by its manager **Dave Young** after a youthful person of the female persuasion clobbered him with a bottle after being refused admission to a **Penetration** gig there last Friday on grounds of being under-age.

Some 600 punters had showed up to clock the Newcastle punkos, and 100 of them had actually gained admittance when Young stopped the bottle. Fortunately, he wasn't cut up too fierce, but decided to close the doors there and then anyway. At which point the bodily wastes collided with the ventilation and the remaining punters (a mere 500 or so) broke down the doors, a violent penetration which led Young to holler cop in order to safeguard his premises against further rape.

Order was eventually restored, and after some persuasion Penetration played to the lucky 100, though they've now been informed that they're "too big for the Nashville" and won't be seen there again. After a similar incident at the Marquee a fortnight or so back, their warm-up-for-the-Reading-Festival gig has been blown out, and they won't be seen playing there again either. Can this mean stardom, we here at *T-Zerz* ask ourselves ...

There was also an acute shortage of sweetness and light **The Clash** gig at Crawley orts Centre the following ight (Saturday, for those of ou who're not keeping count) when **Suicide** were forced offstage by ten minutes of concentrated bottling, singer **Alan** receiving numerous cuts about the face *(Call that a face? — Ed.) (Not any more — Other Ed.),* while gangs of rival skinheads punched it out during The Clash's set. C'mon, guys, if you wanna fight you can do it outside the gig for and save yourselves bread nd the bands and punters convenience and aggro. owzaboutit?

nyway, peace'n love'n naaaaaaan, and on with ow ...

agazine had a laser stolen heir van outside ster's Russell Club last much as they'd like k anyway, are it should fall into carefree, careless or even criminal hands. But what, *Tzerz* asks, were Magazine doing with a laser anyway? In the U.S. a government department has told **Blue Oyster Cult** to tone down their use of such potentially harmful instruments . . .

The U.S. rock fraternity's admiration of each other rages unabated. Detroit band **The Seatbelts** have penned a ditty called "I Want To Marry **Patti Smith**", while a Chicago punk band called **The Crucified** own a music publishing company named **Joan Jett** Is My Hero Music . . .

And LA outfit **The Cramps** have written innumerable love songs to Hollywood gossip columnist **Rona Barrett;** this is more than **Mike Oldfield** will be doing for any *Daily Mail* staffers. Last Friday the paper carried a story about the one-time Hermit Of Hergest Ridge — in which they playfully rechristened him **Ike** — baldly stating that he was selling up his Cotswolds home and moving to the South of France. In true Fleet Street tradition, this story was a subtle blend of fact and fiction; it is true that he's moving house — driven out of Gloucestershire by the noise menace of the U.S. military

Pic: CAROLINE COON

Topper & Paul make up with champion pigeon breeder Mr. George Dole, after agreeing to pay him £700 compensation for pigeons they shot. Only in London.

aircraft operating from nearby RAF Fairford — but he's not leaving England, this scept'r'd isle, this earthly Eden *(et cetera ad nauseam)* in the foreseeable future . . .

Devo on their one-time mentor, **David Bowie:** "Some of his achievements are pretty incredible when you look back on them. It's a shame he's pure Las Vegas now." Sounds pretty bitchy to us. Wait, there's more. "He used to go round telling everyone Devo were 'One **Eno** and Four **Robert Fripps.**" Ah, so that was what hurt. "Christ knows what he meant by all that shit. We haven't spent more than five minutes of our lives with Fripp" . . .

Quick unsolicited football *Tzer:* **Spurs** should be worth watching next season — all those attacking midfield players and no defence to speak of . . .

Stop the presses and hold everything (limits of decency permitting, of course): **Bill Wyman** (bass player of **Charlie Watts'** Great North-Eastern Stoned-Out Wrestling Champs) is under observation in hospital after taking a tumble from the stage at a gig in the wonderful city of St Paul, Minnesota. All we here at *T-Zerz* can say (apart from "Get well soon, Bill", natch) is it must've been the back of the stage he fell off. Whoever heard of Bill Wyman at the front? . . .

Raunch, decadence and life in the fast line: **Graham Nash** and **David Crosby** recently went bowling together *(that's a pretty boring piece of non-news — Ed)* and during the festivities, ol' Willie dropped a bowling ball on Dave's foot — and broke it. This should result in a rather unusual footprint when Dave (along with Stills and Nash) plonks his paw into cement for Hollywood Boulevard's Hall Of Fame . . .

When **Linda Ronstadt** turned up at a Los Angeles restaurant with governor **Jerry Brown** on her arm last week she was wearing a boy scout uniform and roller skates *(I thought that's what she always wore — Ed.)*; perhaps the skates were necessary in case she needed to flee *toute suite* from passing *paparazzi. (But does Jerry insist that she wears her boy scout uniform in their more intimate moments? — Erogenous Ed.)* . . .

Talking of rich, attractive ladies over 30, **Olivia Newton-John** recently refused to tour Japan because of that country's indiscriminate slaughter of dolphins, remember? Well, seems that the tour is going ahead after all (Japan, you will recall, is the world's second largest record market; this fact is, of course, irrelevant) after assurances had been given that steps would be taken to safeguard the interests of yip dolphins. Really? We can hardly believe it . . .

John Otway, now finally separated from **Wild Willy,** was last week spurned in court. He was scheduled to do jury service, but the defendant in the case for which he was a would-be juror objected to him, and he was dismissed . . .

One-half of the **Althia and Donna** duo is pregnant. Lessee now, it's Althia — no, no, tell a lie, it's Donna . . .

The Runaways are no longer without a recording contract. **Joan Jett** dropped on to *NME's* offices last week to reveal that the band are re-signing to Phonogram . . .

GOLDEN PROSE

"David Bowie is one of a dying breed who'll live on forever."

Rock On, July 1978

"Billie's interests outside writing are breeding cats for shows, tennis and yoga."

Magnet press release accompanying new Billie Davis single, July 1978

Contrary to some front-page reports in the national press, Darts' **Thump Thomson** didn't thump **Elvis Costello's** drummer **Pete Thomas,** last week; they're really the best of friends. However, Thump, harmless lad that he is, did recently spend a night inside, courtesy of the Danish government — for carelessly tossing vodka bottles from a fifth floor hotel room . . .

Weird one, this. Several members of the *NME* staff appeared to suffer a fit of collective apoplexy last week. When **Suicide** withdrew from the support slot in the **Clash** Leeds gig, **Emma Ruth** stated that the replacement support acts were **Siouxsie and** the **Banshees** and **Chelsea,** and even reviewed them, well, less than favourably. However, both bands had perfect alibis — they were gigging elsewhere that night; the real replacement act were **The Specials,** a Coventry band. Should we, perhaps, make a deliberate policy of slagging bands at gigs they never played? For example, **Zeppelin** were *terrible* last week at the Hope and Anchor . . .

BETTER BADGES

New Releases	This	Last week	TOP TEN
20p Sonics Rendervous Band, Rock Action, Ants Phys-ic-al, Ants Valaise	1	(1)	BUZZCOCKS
25p Cosh the Driver, No One is Innocent, Sid Vicious My Way.	2	(6)	CLASH POLICE
30p Here & Now	3	(7)	999
	4	(–)	LAZY SOD
	5	(4)	SHAM 69
	6	(–)	IF IT AIN'T STIFF
	7	(3)	STEEL PULSE
	8	(–)	SIOUXSIE
	9	(–)	LURKERS
	10	(–)	DEAF SCHOOL

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THE WHO

Double A single
'Had Enough'
'Who are You'

Polydor